RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY — THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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Literary Department.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

Self Inspection and Government.

BY F. SKINNER.

What can we say of our passing time
Where dwell our thoughts in life's musical rhyme,
At morn, at noon and the twilight of even,
Are they growing with hate or the spirit of heaven.

While time, as it rolls on its passing car,
Brings thoughts of all hues and forms from afar;
Have we nothing to do as we gather them in,
In selecting the gems and discarding the sin?

Does the power within us have nothing to do
With the thoughts that live in their outward flow?
Has the soul no power to govern and guide
The thoughts to a heaven or wilderness wide?

Our souls have power we may use if we will,
To guide and govern the mind's running rill,—
Each impulse to teach—each passion obey—
That rule and that power is our wisdom's sway.

Grant that we may, in each present time,
Acknowledge the right of this power sublime,
To guide each thought in its outward flow,
That shall bring to us heaven as we onward go.

And what shall we say of our passing acts—
Flowings of mind that have crystaled in facts?
At morn and noon, and the evening's shade,
What marks through each day have our actions made?

And how will they square with integrity's rule?
Have we played a farce, a knave or a fool?
Have our willing feet been driven around
By fierce daring passions, or by reason sound?

Remember, O soul, that the acts of thy life
Whether made up of love, of hatred or strife,
Will be woven in garments thy spirit to wear,
When thou leavest the earth for the world of the air.

Oh, then may the acts of each passing day
Be so free from huge discords and inharmony,
That the garments we wear will ever be bright,
And the land we go to be radiant with light.

The Rostrum.

(Reported expressly for the JOURNAL, by H. T. Child, M.D., and secured by Copyright.)

LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

Delivered Friday Evening, Oct. 23, 1869, on the subject of Capital Punishment.

One of the most striking features which appears to greet me to-day at the very outset of this discourse, is the anomaly that any human being should be called upon in the nineteenth century to address an audience of civilized, christian people concerning the question of the institution of legalized murder; that in an age when every form of civilization is culminating to its very highest possible pitch; when we know with what keen analytical power every institution is scrutinized, that there should exist an occasion for one human being to rise up and plead with the mass to do no murder. Such is the position in which I stand before you to-night. It is possible that I may be addressing veterans in the cause, whilst, I myself, am but the youngest soldier amongst you. Nevertheless, although I can offer you nothing new, present you no arguments but what have already become well nigh too familiar, but so long as that dreadful institution exists, the legalized public shambles, just so long does it become every man and woman that comprehends its nature to arise and protest against it; therefore am I here to-night. I do not propose to appeal to you, for I know that every friend to the cause of humanity, feels as I do, ashamed of the subject of which I speak. I believe that every sad friend of humanity feeling this, requires no appeal. I shall simply reiterate, for our own strength and counsel, those arguments which I deem to be most necessary as applicable to the work with which we are called upon to deal. We must commence by putting the feelings of humanity, the emotions of charity and kindness, and even the appeal to shame out of the question. We must take only the expediency. We have to do, it seems, with legislators, not with men of hearts, certainly with men who practically reverse the edicts of the christian religion. Therefore, I repeat, we must deal with the world, and with those whom we would influence upon the strict principles of expediency. On this ground I shall attempt to be the mouth-piece of some present, and show you how we may act to remove this relic of barbarism. In the first place, the death penalty inflicted as it is by law, by legalized acts of a state, is made up by the various forms of judge and jury, who meet together deliberately and publicly to protest against murder. I say such an infliction is opposed first to common sense, next to justice, next to morality, and finally to religion; the religion which you all profess; the religion by which Europe and America claims to live, to legislate, to act and to think. It is opposed to common sense. We must suppose that no condition of men would be guilty of murder, by which I mean killing a man, unless they had the strongest reason to believe that in so doing they were performing some act absolutely necessary for the well being of some one or many individuals. This is expediency you perceive. I shall show you there is no expediency in this act, and therefore it is opposed to common sense,—defeats the very purpose attempted. One of these assumptions is that it is to protect individual life. The victim of the murderer—for the death penalty is only inflicted for murder—can no more be benefitted, he is out of the question. Who else are we about to protect,—society generally? Then it is supposed that the murderer would repeat his crime upon society if he were let alone; but why let them alone to do this. The first question that arises, is there no other way to protect society than by repeating the crime of killing, doing the same thing? We shall tell you that in the prison the murderer is not likely to repeat his crime.

In order to judge of this subject correctly, we must take facts, not hypothesis. What are the facts concerning the crime of murder? It is committed under three classes of impulses; one passion, violent emotion of any kind whatsoever. Another of insanity, openly proved. Third, premeditated. I shall show that society is not in danger from any one of these three classes after a murder has once been committed. The first class of persons does not premeditate the crime; he does it under the impulse of passion and violent emotion. Let us see how the world deems this character of mind. I must speak to you plainly, you American people, how you deemed the crime when Mr. Sickles murdered Mr. Keys, openly, under the influence of jealousy. The American people deemed the plea sufficient to acquit him, set him free, justify his act; the plea was sufficient to induce an enlightened nation to set him free, and give the precedent that violent emotion, violent passion, is sufficient in the judgment of an enlightened community, to extenuate for the crime of murder. I will not speak of the class of the murderer at all. I will not degrade my subject by assuming that this could operate upon the minds of the community. The circumstances were deemed sufficient to extenuate the crime, and those who thus deemed it, did not suppose the community was in any danger from this man, nor was there. They deemed rightly that whatsoever violent emotion had induced him to commit this crime, found a remedy in the inevitable anguish, agony and shame, the destruction of peace, which must have ensued. His great agony was supposed to be sufficient and has proved itself so. The man who committed it has since become one of those members of the community whom the American people claim to be proud of. I am not speaking in extenuation of the crime. This case applies to every one of the kind where there are strong and violent emotions. Such persons are dangerous: all crime is really madness, because it is an obliquity of reason, and therefore it is insanity and should be dealt with accordingly—the person should be restrained. We don't kill our lunatics. We don't kill every madman for the sake of society, even the most dangerous amongst them; we are not reduced to this great necessity that we don't know how to deal with them and therefore must kill them. Every wild and ungovernable passion is an act of madness and should be so treated. Ninety nine per cent. of crime is committed under the stimulus of ungovernable passion. Judge for yourselves, therefore whether we are privileged to take the life of a man, who in an ungovernable moment of passion, strikes down and kills another, and who, the very next moment, is a prey to the most agonizing remorse, and does not really know what he has done, and we, who do know what we are doing, should take him and execute him in anger and revenge, without any possibility of gain, without any of those stimuli to action which have excited the madman to perpetrate the crime, we coldly and deliberately repeat it upon himself. I need not ask if it is not opposed to common sense. I need not question what the community is to gain,—whether we attain any end, whether the community has received any benefit by this act.

Of the second class—the insane—we do not admit that these can commit any crime, hence we do not kill our lunatics; but we know how to deal with them, to protect them and society. We know there are certain strange tendencies to crime which is a form of insanity, physiologically considered. I know that there are human beings in the world so unhappily organized as to rejoice in destruction, to take pleasure in the very act. I have beheld in the faces of little children the tendency to destructiveness. I know the solemn words that for thousands of years have been repeated with a terrible interpretation, "that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children," both philosophically and religiously has gone down the ages and stamped upon every generation the inharmonious conditions of a tendency to destructiveness,—but must we kill these? Is it the best thing we can do to kill them? If it please a man to raise his hand in an ungovernable moment of passion, why should we not deal with him as we deal with the lunatic? The latter is equally dangerous but no more. In the case of deliberative crime, I repeat, it is not common sense to kill such an one.

Every murderer who plans his acts is not deterred by the fear of the gallows, but simply plans his act in secrecy for fear he shall be found out; all his effort is for concealment. He plans his crime and is not deterred by the gallows—in this premeditated murder the possibility of the gallows has never had the least effect upon them. They are not a class of mind that fear the gallows. You should deal with them differently if you desire to protect society against such persons as these. You should commence at the right end to reform society. You do not reform them or strike at the root of the evil by killing. The death penalty is opposed to common sense on either of the three classes. It does not protect society against the criminal, or the repetition of the act. The criminal can do no more than the madman, they are both in the hands of society. It is not him, but others that you must fear, by dealing thus with him, you do not in any respect guard the welfare of society, even by example. Justice requires that there should be something equivalent in the result,—there should be an alliance between cause and effect.

We have said that the murderer is either a lunatic, brutally ignorant of what he does, or else he is stimulated by the conditions which do not apply to the judge and jury. There is no equality, and you cannot do justice to the victim. Whom are you to do justice to. What kind of justice is that which quenches out the life, disposes of the power of thought, puts the criminal asleep forever, and gives him no chance to atone for his crime. There is no justice in this to him, but again you plead society! Do you perform any justice to society? You may give society an opportunity of revenge, but justice there is none. There is no atonement, no compensation, no retribution done either to the victim, nor yet to society.

Justice requires that you should be disposing of something over which you have a right. Have you a right over life? Who gave you this right? You protest against it, even to the very gallows foot. You protest against the right of one man to deal with the life of another, even with the loudest tongues by which you can proclaim "Thou shalt do no murder," and every protest that you utter is a soul condemnation of the hypocritical society that proclaims to one man "Thou shalt not kill," but does not apply this to twelve; does not apply it to the great State, that assembles together, as on a public holiday, to see a man publicly strangled—done to death—killed—murdered, and all because society must be protected.

I repeat, that those who commit this act are seldom persons who are likely to commit it again. You may suppose I am extenuating the crime. Far from it. But in conversation on this subject, with prison chaplains and wardens, and all who have ever dealt with criminals, I am constantly assured that the murderer is a class that stands alone. He is rarely a hardened criminal, but a man or woman of peculiar idiosyncratic tendencies. These tendencies are dangerous, and must and should be restrained, but he is not an anomaly, in the usual sense of the term, that you can associate with hardened criminals, who return again and again to the self same act. Murder is committed under a different stimulus, and requires a different form of treatment. The very word justice, therefore, in such cases, is a mockery, and cannot apply. There is no justice done to the victim, and there is no justice done to society, in any direction. How can you call it justice, if you yourselves are repeating the very act? If you can call this justice, then have a new code; but justice has a meaning. Courts of justice are instituted for two purposes, first, to protect the right of individuals; and next, to restrain others by example and penalty from the commission of crime. We must, therefore, assume, that besides the restraining power, which the death penalty exercises by cutting off the criminal, there is yet another and a higher function in this public act of murder—a deterrent act. I shall not burden my address with statistics, but I am laden with them. When called upon to address an audience on this subject in behalf of a Society in London who were about to agitate an appeal for the abolition of the death penalty, my request for statistics was answered by piles and piles of these from every part of the world, from which I was amazed to find that so far from a deterrent effect, the death penalty, in every instance wherever it has been perpetrated, has produced an increase of the very crime, for the suppression of which it was used. In the first place, let us consider the effect on the public mind. Does it not destroy all respect for life? Does it not show that life, instead of being that sacred thing which belongs in the hands of the Infinite alone—His to give, and His to take—does it not show that it is ours to take or lose? Do we not usurp the authority of the Life Giver, and take His place, in taking human life ruthlessly in our hands? Is not this the lesson that we teach the people? Is this likely to promote that respect for life—that terror of breaking into the house of the living, from which we never can retreat?

We read that a mark was set upon the brow of Cain, the first murderer, which, instead of teaching this terrible lesson of murder, was placed as a protection. I have seen one of the most awful spectacles in the face of the murderer with such a mark that every man should recognize them, and ought to fear to slay them, but instead of this, it is done with impunity. We take man's life into our own hands, and deal with it as we please. But in the act of committing this public murder, what do we produce besides this disrespect for human life? Do we not render those who thus become familiar with it so indifferent to it that it scarcely seems a punishment? Sympathy is excited; does it not produce the most terrible psychological effects? There is contagion in the very act, and when we pander to this morbid appetite which is so common, for the terrible, do we not conjure up the very phantoms of death until, in morbid and diseased minds, they produce a repetition of the act? We know that public executions have been the most rife and terrible teachers of murder. We know from established facts, as from keen observation of the human mind, that very often the murderer is one who has constantly attended executions. We have hardly known a case to fail, where the brutalized and ignorant man has perpetrated murder, that he has not again and again attended public executions. He has thus become familiar with this frightful spectacle, and perceives in it either the glory of martyrdom, and blank indifference to death itself, or has laughed at the fears of the poor victim, and has learned to understand that there is nothing to fear in death.

The results, however, prove that where the death penalty has been abolished, the safety of the community and the good order of society have been promoted.

There was a time, when in England the death penalty was inflicted for many petty crimes—for stealing and forgery. Statistics prove that these crimes have diminished since its abolition. One of the jail chaplains in London assured me that the effect of imprisonment was far more deterent than the death penalty itself.

Death is always considered very remote, so far distant that those who commit crime, very seldom contemplate it. That is not the case in penal service, and solitary confinement there, even to the most hardened criminals, are schools of reform.

There are many instances on record of the time when the death penalty was inflicted for the most petty crimes, of their being committed in the most reckless manner. It is well known that juries and judges are loath to do this thing. When brought face to face with the necessity of writing that word that shall put their fellow creatures out of life, it is most difficult to induce juries to convict these. It became impossible to procure just conviction. Many instances were brought before us of the fact. I need cite but one. It is well known that, when in England capital punishment was inflicted for the crime of forgery, no conviction could be had, and the bankers, to the number of one thousand, petitioned for the abolition of the law. It was abolished, and forgeries became much more rare. Those who commit them are mostly of a higher class than the hardened criminal. They have a much greater fear of imprisonment.

At one time, the terrible crime of garroting was committed to such an extent in the streets of London, that few persons ventured out in many places without being well guarded and protected for fear of being garroted. These are the peculiar cases, when society, driven to the wall, is compelled to seek out the best method of prevention. Did the wisdom of the country in this dreadful straight, resort to the death penalty? No, for they were aware that it would not have the result desired. Were it the last and most terrible penalty that could have been enforced, it would have been called for. It was found that this would not do. Having put it to the test, they placed the public prison in use, and there was no more garroting.

I remind all who have investigated this subject carefully—I ask you to remember the multitudes of cases where the death penalty has been unjustly inflicted. How many in your own experiences, some amongst you could state. I could state many instances. I am prepared with statistics to show that hundreds of persons are now known to have suffered unjustly the death penalty, from the exceeding difficulty of procuring evidence upon all the circumstances that surround crime.

There is in this city a man known to most of you. They call him a prison agent, Mr. Wm. J. Mullen. I know that he has made for himself a peculiar occupation; it is to sift out the nature and intimate causes of convictions for various crimes, from the smallest to the largest offence. This gentleman has obtained the remission of the sentences of some thousand individuals proved to have been innocent of the crimes for which they were accused.

Now, if this obtain in one class of crime, it obtains in all; if it obtain in petty offenses, it obtains in larger cases. Not but what juries may be much more careful and more guarded in pronouncing the death penalty than for small offenses. But consider the difficulties that surround the evidence; consider the difficulty of obtaining accurate information. If this be so in petty offenses, which are less guarded in their commission, how much more in crimes of great magnitude. I was furnished by a magistrate in England with an account of seven executions which had come under his immediate experience as a magistrate on the bench, in which the victims were afterwards conclusively proved to have been innocent. The cases are on record. If but one in a single life time had been unjustly publicly butchered—if but one innocent man had been thus sacrificed before a gaping multitude, should not the whole world have put on mourning? Should not all mankind have blushed to remember that by their barbarous and savage laws they had destroyed one innocent being? If it were but for the possibility of a mistake, the possibility that we might recklessly take into our hands the life of an innocent being, that should be sufficient to prevent it. I plead against it first because it will teach our children that life is not sacred, although we have prated about it, because of the very fact that we are committing the dark and hideous crime. Because it impresses us with the contagion of crime, because it hardens those who look upon it, and creates that sympathy which is well known to have followed executions with the very spirit of murder. There is no more a plea to be set up for the perpetrators of this legal murder but one, and that one is made in the name of religion. It is said that the great Jewish Lawgiver declared that "Whoso sheddeth blood, by man shall his blood be shed." I have heard his argument, on the one hand, set up as an excuse for this crime, and they claim that the legislators do not know how to deal with murderers in any other way while this command stands. I propose to glance at this position. I insist that it has no deterent effect either on the murderer or on society. The infliction of the death penalty can not be of the smallest use in this way. I insist that whatever means we may take with our lunatics, with those who are afflicted with contagious diseases, with those who are morally or socially dangerous, we can and should do the same with the murderer. Granted that we consider ourselves compelled to kill because we do not know what to do with the murderer; granted that we assume the most terrible position of crime for the sake of putting him out of the way, are we not equally bound to put out of the way all other persons physically, morally or socially dangerous? Is this our last resort? What are our tall steeples for? what are our churchmen for? what are our churches for? Are they not moral hospitals? Are not these priests paid surgeons and physicians for abused consciences and diseased moral beings? Why do we not call upon these to deal with our criminals? The argument truly fails, for we are compelled by them to inflict upon society the evil and shame and disgrace of the public gibbet—the shame of seeing twelve men steep their hands in their fellow's blood—the shocking crime of murder, cooly perpetrated without the common excuse of the murderer. Think of this, place it against any possible good; if you can see any use, as Burke says, you can put a man to by hanging him.

My last argument is in reference to certain sentences enunciated by the Jewish Lawgiver. If we take all that Moses ever said, we must remodel our society, our institutions, our Sabbath, our custom. There are many other things besides this one edict that he set up that if we were to obey literally, would change the face of society. It was said by him, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," blood for blood. He also enunciated, on another occasion, two solemn sentences—sentences which, if you must refer to Moses for our legislative acts, must have their effect. Then let us take the sentences which Moses received amid the thunders of Sinai. "Thou shalt not kill." Thou shalt do no murder. Did this apply only to ignorant men? Did this apply only to the insane, who knew not what they did? or to twelve men, who did know? If our lives are in danger from the midnight robber, if he breaks in upon us and we strive with him and kill him for the sake of preserving our own lives, in the midst of this bitter strife, and conflict we know not what we do; but if for the sake of preserving our own lives we kill our enemy, we can not bear to look upon our own work. But supposing we overcome our enemy and still preserve his life; supposing that we bind him and carry him away and place him under restraint, put him where he can harm us no more; suppose we then go and look upon his shame and degradation and after taunting him with his crime, make a spectacle of him, we then cooly and deliberately slay him. Is this murder? Supposing we attempt to extenuate our crime by saying to the world he was very penitent. We spoke to him of his crime; we told him how he could obtain pardon, and yet we kill him after we had placed him in a holy and penitent frame of mind; yet we kill him after we have asked the Infinite Father to pardon him we kill him, we deliberately slay him. Or suppose he is unrepentant or that God would not pardon him, yet we put him out of life, put him beyond the means of reform here; send him in his sin and give him no chance to learn the crime he has committed or to atone for the same. Juries do this, communities sanction it and a Christian country called it law, justice and religion. We take the murderer, we prevent him, by shutting him up, from doing any more harm, and then we make him a public spectacle, and either we make him a sinner or make him penitent; either a hardened ruffian, not fit to die, or a saint too good to live. Whichever condition we reduce him to, we deliberately kill him. Where is the difference whether I, one, or you, twelve, kill him?

Suppose that two, three, four or a dozen should combine together in an association and agree that if either of us did certain acts the others should kill us, it would be still murder. It is not the number who do an act that changes it. There is not a civilized society that would tolerate such an association in it.

Which of the two commandments in your Scripture will you take? You must decide between Moses the lawmaker and the law giver who gave the law to Moses, for we must go back to the olden times before Moses. We find a higher tribunal than his, one before which the first murderer was placed. Here is divine authority and divine wisdom; here is a precedent how to deal with the murderer. What said the Infinite One to the first murderer, Cain? Did He slay him? Did He give any man leave to slay him? No! He put a mark upon him, lest any man finding him should slay him. He said vengeance seven fold should be taken upon those who slew Cain.

If we want to know how to punish the murderer—if we want to know how to make him conscious of his crime—if we desire to pierce his heart and yet do justice to the victim, let him be an outcast and a vagabond. Oh, let him cry with Cain, "My punishment is heavier than I can bear." I suppose we are more merciful than the great good God that let Cain go. We don't want to inflict a punishment heavier than the murderer can bear. Oh short sighted, blind humanity! go back to the primitive days when thy God was thy judge; when the All Father of the race was the priest and judge before whose tribunal man was arraigned, and there learn what vengeance He takes. The voice of the Lord unto Cain made him carry his own retribution. The mark is on him which can never fail to make the murderer an outcast and a vagabond. Let there be in every State, for the murderer a dreadful dreary home, no excuse, no possibility of ever expiating the crime; let him be dead forever amongst his fellows. But let him live, or you become a murderer yourself. Don't steep your hands in that blood which you can never wipe away. Don't usurp the prerogative of the great and mighty One who has not intrusted the destiny of your fellows to you. Don't dare to quench that light which you can never relight—stay your hand when you would attempt to commit this fearful crime; dare not to do it and make outcasts and vagabonds of every creature that thus infatuated dares to raise his hand against his fellow. Be sure that the punishment of Cain is better than the repetition of the crime, which you commit when you inflict the death penalty.

But you are Christians and can speak to me of religion, in the same breath that you can pronounce the name of that merciful Man, who, in the presence of his murderers, prayed to his Father in heaven to forgive them because they knew not what they did. You can speak to me of that religion that calls them the followers of him who bids you forgive your brother seventy times seven—who bids you resist not evil; to return good for evil; who raised not his hand, and suffered not his followers to raise their hands to protect his own sacred life. Prate to me of your religion; profess to be followers of him who wept at the grave of Lazarus, who extended kindness to the publicans and sinners and money dealers, and in the last dread moment of death had more pity and commiseration for his murderers than for himself. Even if you could set up the word of Moses dealing with savages; if you could set up the great law giver, who, finding himself surrounded by a wild nomadic people who knew not a hereafter, knew not religion, who saw nothing but the darkness of the grave; the very rudest society, wandering in the wilderness; a wild people, in the midst of whom Moses stood—it would not be adapted to this age. But when you speak of the religion of Jesus, you should never dare to raise your hand against your fellow man, and yet it is done by professed Christians everywhere. I have seen the case of a young girl, she was but sixteen. I was called upon to speak to her in the damp cell of the prison where she lay condemned to die for the crime of infanticide. She was a servant girl, very ignorant. She had a stern mother and father at home, and their ignorant child, who knew not her right hand from her left, became the victim of a gentleman who knew his right hand from his left, a wise, rich, and powerful gentleman, who forsook her. She was left alone in her shame and despair; turned from the house by a harsh severe mistress, who should have protected her, cast out alone in the world, driven from parents and friends and society in the bitter streets, a wretched wanderer; her child was

Pacific Department.

State of Oregon.

Having returned from California with our wife and baby, we have taken up our residence in the "Land of web feet" for the ensuing year. Salem, Oregon, will be our post office address for the present. Perhaps some of our readers are not aware why the name of "web feet" is applied to the Oregonians. We would inform them that it is on account of the vast amount of rainy and foggy weather which exists here. But the weather clerk this season seems determined to wipe out the slander that has been put upon the character of Oregon. For the last four weeks, a more beautiful Indian summer never visited any portion of our globe. Day after day of clear sunshine, with air as soft and balmy as ever blew over the favored land of Italy, makes the weather everything that could be desired.

Albany, Oct. 6th.—We left Salem in the stage for Albany, twenty-five miles distant, there to strike our first blow in the year's work that lies before us. This is a fine town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, lying on the bank of the Willamette river. The river is navigable to this point only in the winter season and early spring. The town or city boasts of four gospel shops where the truth of the Lord is dispensed with every Sabbath, and six church organizations. So you see some of the churches have no house for their God to stay in, consequently He has to stay out of doors over night. There are some Indian camps close by here—perhaps He goes and camps with them. The Presbyterians have a house of their own, and they let the Congregationalists bring their God into their house every other Sunday, while they say their pretty things to Him. Hence the Congregational God gets His head under cover once in a while.

The Methodist church has been in a quarrel for a long time among themselves with regard to instrumental music in their Sunday meetings. A portion of them (the old liners), declare that it is of the devil and that they won't have it. If it is the devil indeed, we think it is unkind in them to abuse him so outrageously, for he is their friend and has done more for them than their God ever did, by far. It promises to be a kind of Kilkenny cat affair, for there is but little left of them but their "tales" even now.

We gave six lectures here, with fair audiences and growing interest. The last three were upon the Bible, its miracles, its internal and external history; also the origin and history of the Christian religion. The result was what we might naturally expect in a promiscuous audience. Many were well pleased, some angry and some fairly howled with rage to think their God, Devil and religion should all be swept away together. We shall go there again in December, and give them another dose, and it will not be of the Homœpathic character either.

We would not fail to mention the family of Perry Driggs, who are the foundation and front of Spiritualism in the place. We tarried with them some two weeks when we visited Oregon two years ago. It has never been our lot to fall in with a more congenial home in all our travels.

A Grave Injustice.

In the JOURNAL of Oct. 23d, is an article entitled, "Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast," bearing the signature of "Love of truth," which demands a reply from us, from the fact that we were instrumental in introducing the articles of "Satan Junior."

This is not Satan rebuking sin, like the old adage, but it is sin and falsehood rebuking "Satan, Junior."

So far as attacking the "reputation of the exponents of the spiritual cause," at divers times and in sundry places, we believe the charge to be an unmitigated falsehood. When we were publishing the "Banner of Progress" in San Francisco, J. N. Mackie contributed to its columns a synopsis of the peculiarities of all the speakers, as he viewed them in their public career. Mr. Mackie is a man not given to flattery—nevertheless we think he did them no injustice. If any had reason to complain, we had more than any one else.

When Mrs. Garden came out very bitterly in the BANNER OF LIGHT concerning the Spiritualists of San Francisco, Mr. Mackie thought it demanded a reply from his pen, he being one of the trustees of the Spiritualist society. We think he did her no injustice then. We have been intimately acquainted with him ever since we have been on this coast, and we never heard him say aught against the character or reputation of a single lecturer on the Pacific slope. Mr. Mackie is a perfect gentleman, possessing a sound mind (perhaps a little too analytical to suit some), an unimpeachable moral character and unswerving integrity.

The writer of that slanderous article should have signed his true name, if he was wont to assume the office of censor or umpire of other men's affairs. But his nom de plume does not blind us in the least. We are too well acquainted with the productions of his pen, and have too often thrown them in the waste basket under our editor's table, rather than publish his petulant and fault finding articles against others.

Poor man, his temper has become soured from some cause or other, but he is harmless where he is well known. It is only when he assumes the garb of truth by a pretended love of it, and finds his way into a widely circulated paper like the JOURNAL, that he does harm. We doubt not Mr. Mackie has spent four hours to his one, and likewise, four dollars to his one, in forwarding and building up the cause of Spiritualism in San Francisco.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Radical Wedding.

This is said to be a progressive age, and we were most happy to see it verified on the 2[illegible] inst., in the marriage, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs Wells Brown, of the well known and popular speaker, Mrs. Frank Reed and Mr. William Knowles.

It was expected Sister Horton would officiate upon the all important occasion, but she was prevented by illness.

Under the circumstances, it was decided that the *next best thing would be for the parties to marry themselves.* Accordingly, after a few moments consultation, the following ceremony was repeated by the parties, and legalized by Justice Hulburt.

"Frank, with your consent, before these witnesses, I acknowledge you as my true and loving wife."

The bride responding, "I, too, William, with your consent, before these witnesses, receive you as my loved and lawful husband; our souls united, we shall be true to each other here, and in the grand hereafter."

After the ceremony the guests, some fifty in number, partook of a bountiful and handsomely arranged repast.

It is to be distinctly understood that this is *not* an *obituary*, as Mrs. Knowles does not leave the lecture field, but will continue as ever an earnest worker for the cause.

The officers of the society being present, were very desirous that the new speaker, Mrs. Knowles, should, nothwithstanding she had so recently emigrated to the *state of matrimony*, fill the appointment previously made for Sister Horton, which she did on the following Sunday, in her usual happy style.

The friends in Coldwater have also engaged Mrs. Knowles for their Convention on the 18th and 29th insts., and Brother Tuttle of Decatur, for the Van Buren Co. Convention in January.

A GUEST.

Breedsville, Dec. 11th, 1869.

The Norwalk *Experiment* thinks he has heard equally as good and interesting discourses from the village preachers as the discourse of Rev. S. H. Tyng, at that place for which the people paid $50.

Burlingame and suite dined with the King and Queen of Prussia.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Have Charity for All.

BY E. F. WILBUR.

When e'er you chance to meet a man
That's sunken low in sin,
Scorn not, but find out if you can,
The cause that led him in.
See if you can to virtue's path
Your erring brother call,
And thus bring forth the good he hath,—
Have charity for all.

Perhaps the man was tempted long
Before in sin he fell;
You might, if tempted just as strong
Be overcome as well.
Then spurn not off the fallen man,
But think what made him fall,
To raise him up, do all you can,—
Have charity for all.

The man who tarries at the cup,
And fires his brain with rum,
With kindness may be lifted up,
And back to Temp'rance come.
Then take him kindly by the hand,
His mind to virtue call,
He yet may live to bless the land,—
Have charity for all.

The fallen sister doubtless fell
By trusting heartless man;
She loved "not wisely, but too well,"
Oh, help her if you can.
Perhaps, if kindly used, she may
Escape that gloomy pall
That now enshrouds her present way,—
Have charity for all.

Where e'er you see a fallen one,
Stretch forth a helping hand;
An act of mercy thus begun
May lead to deeds more grand.
Then gently use each erring heart,
Make sweet its cup of gall,
Make this of thy religion part:
"Have charity for all."

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MIRACLES.

Raising of the dead—Christ on the Waters—Individuals seen at different places at the same time.

Miracles, according to the common acceptation of the term, means something wonderful, supernatural, or out of the common order of nature, and nine-tenths of those who profess christianity at the present day, believe that the healing and other seeming wonders which occurred in the time of Christ and his Apostles, were "bona fide" miracles, or supernatural effects, produced by them, outside of the laws of nature. This, from a philosophical or natural standpoint, is impossible, for everything that has ever taken place, has done so according to natural laws, and to say that it has done otherwise, is to assert that God is not omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. No one can doubt that God is perfect, and His being so, makes it impossible that any thing contrary to nature (which is as infallible as Himself), should ever take place; but, if we could suppose such a thing possible, it would rob Him of His attributes, and consequently of His existence as a perfect Spirit. The healing of the sick and other wonders of this age, are as extraordinary as those which occurred eighteen hundred years ago, and the laying-on of hands is doing the same wonders to-day that were done in the time of Christ—viz: the blind are made to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk—all from the same causes that produced them then, but which are as little understood by the savans of this age, as they were in times gone by, the effect being now ascribed to "Animal Magnetism" instead of supernatural causes, the one being as far from the truth as the other. Christ must have had correct views in regard to this matter, when he said—(upon several occasions), "Thy *faith* hath made thee whole," and in this brief expression we have the whole truth, or cause of the seeming mystery—viz: *faith, belief*, or a peculiar condition of the mind, which amounts to the same as a resolution upon the part of the patient, especially when in a somnambulic condition, and as a resolution cannot be made in any condition without *faith*, faith is, and always has been, at the bottom of all cures. But the advocates of the supernatural doctrine urge that Christ did many other extraordinary things besides healing the sick, and ask, how the changing of water into wine, his raising the dead, and his walking upon the water, is to be accounted for? To the first question, I answer that the same thing is done by itinerant persons, called psychologists, every day, and there are not a few who have seen numbers of persons, while in that peculiar state, accept as true any operation that the so-called operator may advance, and they have not only made their subjects acknowledge water to be wine, but wine to be water, ice to be hot, white to be black, or harmony discord, &c., yet these erroneous impressions are as real to the subject as they are false to those who witness them.

To the second question, "raising the dead," I reply, that there are but three cases recorded in the old testament, viz: the son of the widow Zanephat,—1st Kings, 17, 20. Second, the Shunammite's son,—2d Kings, 4, 35. Both were children, and said to have been restored by Elijah. And the third was a man, by being cast into the sepulchre of Elijah, and upon his bones. There is no positive proof given in either of these cases that decomposition had taken place, and it is likely that the hurried casting, or rough handling of the man's body, had more to do with his recovery than touching the bones of Elijah.

Six cases are only given in the new testament—viz: first, the son of a widow at Nian,—Luke, 7, 15. Second, the daughter of Jairus,—Matthew, 9, 25. Third, the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue,—Mark, 5, 55. Fourth, Lazarus,—John, 11, 44. Fifth, Tabitha,—Acts, 9, 40;—and sixth, Eutychus,—Acts, 20, 12.

The first four are said to have been restored by Jesus; the second and third of which, were emphatically declared by Jesus himself, not to be *dead* but sleeping, and it is nowhere stated that he ever said the others *were dead*, and from what he did say before he "cried with a loud voice" for Lazarus to come forth, he evidently knew that he was not *dead*. The fifth is said to have been restored by Peter, and the sixth by Paul, who also declared that life was still in the boy. We have, therefore, here at most, but three cases that were supposed to be dead. Martha, the sister of Lazarus, supposed that decomposition had taken place in the body of her brother, for she said: "Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he hath been *dead* four days;" but there was no proof offered, or positive assertion made that putrefaction had really taken place, and as he was soon after aroused, or restored to his friends, it is more than likely that he, as well as the rest recorded, were but in a trance. Trance, or the seeming suspension of life, is a very common circumstance, and there is scarcely a day that the papers do not detail cases of the kind. This fact is too well known to be questioned, and some extraordinary cases have lately occurred, in which animation was apparently suspended, for weeks instead of days.

A singular case, that of a young girl, occurred in Baltimore, about eighteen months since, who lay in a trance, giving no signs of life, save that the color of the lips, and general appearance was not materially changed. Much doubt was, in consequence, expressed, as to whether she was *dead*, but finally after six or eight days she was buried. The case created considerable solicitude in the community, as clairvoyants and spirit mediums declared that she had not passed away, or was *not dead*.

The prejudice against clairvoyants and mediums prevented a disinterment, and as there was no other way to prevent her from waking in the grave, her spirit friends determined to sever the chord which held her to life. This was done at a powerful circle, while she had control of a medium. Many of my friends in Baltimore will remember the circumstance. I am simply giving the facts as they occurred, without attempting to explain how that severing was effected. Whether the girl was, or was not dead, when her body was buried, is not for me to say, but there can be no doubt that a great many have been buried alive, while in a trance condition, and it is dreadful to think of the fact, and to know, that upon the removal of the remains from old grave yards, many bodies were found to have changed position in their coffins, or were lying upon their stomachs, instead of their backs. These facts cannot be denied, and it is more than likely that they have taken place in all ages of the world, and may do so again, until the condition is understood. I, therefore, deny that such a thing as raising the *dead* (or bringing back life after decomposition), has ever taken place, because it is contrary to the laws which God Himself has made, and which it is impossible for Him to break, without destroying His own identity.

With regard to the third question,—viz: that of Christ's walking upon the water, I have but to say, I believe that his disciples (who were all noted mediums), did see the spirit of Christ walk upon the water, and as we have many instances, even at the present day, where a partial separation of the spirit from the body has taken place, so as to be seen by other persons (and especially by those who are mediums, clairvoyants or somnambulists), it is not impossible or outside of natural laws, that Christ should have had the same powers in an eminent degree.

Many of my readers will, no doubt, remember the instance of the school mistress, who was discharged from nineteen different schools, in consequence of having been seen in two places at one and the same time. The evidence in this case is too positive to be questioned.

Again, we have the case of Baron Swedenborg, who, while in a somnambulic condition, visited the husband of a lady, who had been absent for years; described him, and brought information back to her which was afterwards confirmed, and when the husband returned, he recognized the Baron as the very person with whom he had conversed, and to whom he had given the information which was conveyed to his wife, and yet the natural body of the Baron had never left home.

Every one, too, must remember the well authenticated account which went the rounds of the papers and periodicals, detailing the remarkable fact that a somnambulist upon a vessel in distress, visited while in that state another vessel several miles distant, sat at the desk and absolutely wrote upon the slate, "Steer North." The spirit of the somnambulist was seen by the mate of the vessel, who reported the fact to the Captain, but when he went to see the stranger he had disappeared, but upon the slate the words "Steer North," were found written in a plain hand, which, upon comparison, did not resemble the hand-writing of any one on the vessel. Upon steering north, the vessel in distress was in due time overhauled, and there upon its deck, the mate discovered and recognized the person whose spirit he had seen at the desk writing, on their own vessel, then many miles distant from that which they had just boarded. Here they also learned that the somnambulist upon awaking, told the distressed crew that they would be saved, and upon comparing his writing with that upon the slate, it proved to be the same.

Here is a case of absolute writing by the spirit of a living man whose natural body was at the time many leagues distant. But as no person saw the spirit come or go, it is impossible to know whether it walked upon the sea or not, but it is no great stretch of the imagination to conceive that, having been there, it might as well have walked upon the water as any other way. The fact of its being there, and writing upon the slate, proves that some portion of the material body must have been there also, or the writing could not have been effected, and I may here observe, that if the spirit while in the natural body, can translate itself to a distance, and there write, converse and be seen, why cannot a spirit out of the body do the same? In the case of the school mistress, I have but to remark that she was seen plucking roses in the garden at the same time that her natural body was in the school-room, attending to her duties there.

How the spirit of the living Swedenborg crossed the sea, it is impossible to say; but that it did so—and, when there, conversed with the husband of the lady for whom he made the journey—there can be no more doubt than that the spirit of the then living Christ walked upon the water and conversed with his disciples. Verily, there are more truths developing than are dreamed of in the world's philosophy.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Immaculate Conception.

BY H. H. SMITH.

Will you permit me, through your columns to give my opinion upon the origin of Christ and his powers, and the effects of his teachings.

In the first place, God rules and moves all things by eternal laws, and every species or kind of living existences have laws relative to their own peculiar condition and generation. The race of man has a generative law now in full force, that is performed by the operations of a father and a mother. Now, if this is an eternal law, when was there a time that it was different, or when could there have been a time that God created mankind in any other way? Now, if God has one law of generation and that eternal, Christ cannot have come under that law, and have had an earthly father and mother. But, says one, Christ was God, and came under the Divine law. But, remembering that God is a great Spirit and cannot be limited, we may be sure that He never was in form or shape like men, and therefore never begot a son by the generic law of a finite being. "But," says one, "do we not tell you that it was immaculate, and by a different process, and by a special law or act?" Remember that God does all things by universal law, and that man and woman is the same as to their origin.

Is God partial? If he is, then, perhaps Mary the mother of Christ is an exception to general law, and Christ might be God, which we might believe; perhaps, if we thought God could be limited. I believe all minds will agree that to limit God would destroy His infinitude, and consequently His omnipresence. We must all believe that if God is a great Spirit, pervading all things, at one time, He is eternal, He always was; and then Christ could not have been God, in person at least. If he was the son of God, he must have had a father and mother, or else He was partial to one son, and he must have been begotten by some other law than His one eternal law of generation. To say that Christ was begotten of a woman in any other way than what all the sons of God are, would be to deny one eternal law of generation, and cause God to vary in his dealings with humanity, and impeach his wisdom and perfection. He is either God or Mammon, or no God at all. And if He is God to-day, He always was, and ever will be.

Christ was a man, then, like unto other men in formation; had a father and mother, and was just as Divine in his nature as any other man, and had a sphere to fill characteristic of himself, and that he filled it as well as the circumstances and conditions under which he was placed would permit. If his history in the Bible is true, he was a good man, and inspired by those that were able to perform many wonders and many good deeds—deeds that will save mankind from sin and its effects, if they will pattern after them. His healing capacity, his power to move upon the waters and his inspiration were imparted to him by spirits that once lived in the earth form, and the power by which they moved him was magnetism, which was done by assimilating with his spirit upon a plane of congeniality, and he was moved by their will all under the same eternal mesmeric law by which God magnetizes and moves all that is negative to Him and the universe. Then Christ should be adored and imitated just so far as he was right, and no farther. Common sense should govern all our movements in all conditions and under all circumstances, and a principle of right should be maintained, whether we live after Christ or any other good man, if we would be happy. The effects of Christ's teachings are to give us a knowledge of what is right, that we may, by our good works become happy, and learn something of a future life, where Nature can accomplish all that she failed to in earth life, for Nature is always true to herself.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

DREAMS.

Their Peculiar Nature.

BY M. C. YOUNG.

That many theories have been advanced as to the cause of dreams, takes not from their interest, for as yet, many are their mysteries that remain unveiled. Doubtless, too, here are some of the links in the great chain that binds together spirit and substance, which *will* be but partially revealed to our dim sight, until the inner eye is brightened by the closing of the outer. Still, as some dreams are so delightful as to cause pleasure, others so forboding as to excite fear of o'er hanging evil, others so eccentric as to awaken wonder, and *all* mysterious to us looking through dust, though the questions remain unanswered, the active mind yet inquires, whence comes these wonderful productions? What power is it which paints the vivid scenes of "dream land" and impresses them upon our memory as fixedly as are the actual scenes of day-life?

Some think dreams accompany sleep only when the body is in a diseased or over-taxed condition, preventing a *perfect state* of sleep. This idea would divest these night-thoughts of pleasing interest and render them instead, a source of no little anxiety. A person would prefer health and dreamless slumber to those fancies that come with sleep, however agreeable they might be, if produced merely by a disarrangement of the material part of our existence.

Others attribute to dreams higher sources than this. Some think many of them are revelations of the past, and premonitions of the future;—whispering, perhaps, from spirit attendants who have gone before us to the invisible sphere, and who are now anxiously and lovingly guarding and guiding us; that, when our minds are, in a measure, free from external surroundings, these unseen, ministering angels can more easily impress us with their presence, and with purer thoughts than when we are awake to outward things.

Still others think dreams but show some power of our *own being*, which acts independent of the bodily senses, of which they are not conscious.

Whatever be their origin—whether produced by one agency alone, or by a combination of causes, there is, at times, great power manifest in dreams. We often hear instances related of persons having had events made known to them in sleep, that afterwards really *did* occur just as had previously been shown them in their dream.

We often hear, too, of philosophical, mathematical and many other questions too difficult for the waking senses, having been clearly solved in dreams, and as easily as if there were nothing hidden or perplexing about them. Here is artistic skill shown also—greater than that displayed by artists who paint on canvas, or daguerreotype with the camera; *they* copy or imagine, while the dreamer not only brings familiar scenes and faces to view, but new forms that we have never seen, but afterward *do see* and *recognize* as the acquaintance of a dream.

What power of speed, too, does the disembodied spirit seem to possess. We close our eyes at night on the well known objects around us—in a few moments we awake and feel as though we had been visiting distant parts of earth, or even other spheres, so far has the spirit wandered, and so swiftly it gets through space. Sometimes we are highly entertained with the pictures she brings back—some are so grandly beautiful, surpassing our waking conceptions; others such strange medley pictures with the parts composing them so nicely fitting together—though so greatly contrasting, that we can but wonder how they could be blended in one scene. There seems to be nothing connected with our natural habits of life that lies farther beyond our power of comprehending, than the action of the mind when the bodily senses are dormant in sleep. At times so clear and far seeing—even bringing to light things long ago forgotten, and again surpassing in confusion and inconsistencies the most disarranged thoughts of the normal condition. Some of the most painful labors of the mind when the body is active with it, becomes as easy at times in sleep, as though the soul were engaged in mere pastime. It would appear that then the spirit is partially released from the body, and exhibits something of its natural powers.

The readiness of the soul when she has laid her charge to sleep, to soar away, is an evidence that here is not her congenial clime, and that she is ever fluttering to get away and catch glimpses of her native home; and the keenness of perception with which she sees through intricacies and the skill with which she weaves new ones, shows that freedom from the body is not death, or inaction, but freedom for more activity. When the poor tired body needs rest, *then* is her time for amusement. She unconsciously to the sleeping one, feels a happy release, that for a little while she can be spared to go at will—that, unfettered she is free to indulge in that which is her own special delight, while the organs of sense are getting their needed repose in order to be better able to be her companion of the day. How is this escape of the soul in dreams like a mother who has had the care of a sick child until she has grown very weary! She gladly sees it close its eyes in sleep, then how carefully she lays it away from her arms lest it should awake, and seeks the bright sunshine and pure air to invigorate her tired frame! but it is not entire freedom from care, and her thoughts are not wholly on the beauty around her; there is a strong tie to what she left behind that soon takes her back; so there is a close link binding soul and body that will not admit of long separation, until the Keeper of both, intimates that they have worked in unison long enough. *Then* will be a long sleep to the body.

Is not the thought beautiful and pleasing, that the slumbering of the body is the awaking of the better part, and that as these periodical slumberings are followed by short awakings, so the last long sleep will precede an awakening that knows no more dull slumbering.

Correspondence in Brief.

GENESEO, ILL.—Paul Davis says.—We can not do without the JOURNAL. It is quite as essential as our daily food, and we hope to receive its weekly visits as long as we remain in the form. We think every number grows better, and hope you will long live to send it forth a blessing to the world.

BAKER CITY, OR.—Wm. F. McGrany writes:—The work in this part of the country goes bravely on. I hope soon to be able to send you a new list of permanent subscribers. Many of our most prominent citizens are becoming much interested, and we have no fears of the result, after a candid investigation of our beautiful philosophy.

Lyndon, Ill.—Milton A. McKery writes:—I see by the little monitor on my paper that the three months for which I subscribed is about up. Inclosed find one dollar and fifty cents for the next six months, this sum being all I can spare at one time, for if a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven, I shall go in on a run.

ANAMOSA, IOWA.—Geo. W. Field writes:—I am much pleased with the improved appearance of the JOURNAL. It is growing in favor, and it is a general sentiment of its readers here that it is a first class paper and is all they ask for. The cause here is in statu quo. There is no special interest. We contemplate a course of lectures this winter.

Des Moines, Iowa.—A. Harvey writes:—In your paper of Nov. 20th, J Bacon says, "There may be many things God can not do." I wish to ask who then, does them? If it is a thing does it not show for itself that it has been done? But says he, "God can not blot out a fact." I admit it, which I consider is simply saying God can't make a nothing—being precisely the antipode of saying—God can't make anything.

CORDOVA, ILL.—J. Hoke writes:—I notice the time of my subscription has expired. You will please find enclosed $5,00, for which send me the JOURNAL twenty months. We all love the JOURNAL, and can not well live without it. We like the bold, free, outspoken manner in which you treat subjects that come before you.

BARRE, MASS.—J. M Winslow writes:—I send one dollar for Austin Kent, and hope others will do likewise.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.—Henry T. Child, M. D., writes:—A scamp, assuming the name of George Wood, has been about here borrowing money of the Spiritualists. He says he is a medium, and that his wife is one also. We suppose him to be the McDougal to whom the BANNER refers, and think it well to caution the Spiritualists. He goes to the post office and finding who takes the JOURNAL or BANNER, pounces upon them with a story of his pocketbook having been taken, or some other trouble.

NORTHWEST, OHIO.—Wm. Morgan writes:—I will give one penny to erect a monument for Adam, two for Eve and three for the serpent, but not one penny will I ever give to erect a monument to the God that fibbed to them about their dying. He has fooled people so much, the quicker he can be forgotten the better. He is now lying at the point of death, and would soon expire if the preachers did not rally every Sunday with their air pumps, and pump the breath of life into Him. You may think this is hard for an old man, sixty two years of age, but then, I can't help it.

Canastota, N. Y.—G. F. Phillips writes:—Enclosed find N. Y. draft for $9,00 to pay up for the JOURNAL and one year in advance. I should have remitted a long time ago, but had the misfortune of being burned out, and have been very poorly off for the necessary funds to send you. Thank you for your kindness in sending me the JOURNAL for so long a time without being paid.

REMARKS:—We publish the foregoing letter, as it shows the spirit of true manhood, as in bold contrast with another, a letter we published a few weeks since, where the party abused us for compelling him to pay postage for two years on our paper, with the intelligence that he was not a Spiritualist, and did not wish us longer to send him the paper. The writer of the above is a Spiritualist, the other was not. Can our orthodox opposers, who so often enquire what good Spiritualism does, see the point?

WESTON, MO.—L. Grasmuck writes:—According to promise, I write you to report the success of our meeting here last week. Brother E. V. Wilson spoke to large and attentive audiences four evenings. The house was full, although we charged fifty cents admission at the door. The result of his engagement here has been a complete stirring of the mental world among us—it is the subject of conversation in all places and on all occasions, and the bitter tirades of the clergy after he left, only add fuel to the fire he kindled. Some now the impression has got abroad that Brother Wilson is a good medium, but an eccentric speaker. Nothing could be farther from the truth. His power and eloquence are something truly wonderful, as admitted by all who heard him here. In his delineations of character, he was correct to a fault—never failed, but quite a number of incidents of the past in the lives of persons were not recognized at the time, while many have, upon mature reflection, brought them to mind afterward. Several of the descriptions of spirits were very startling, and were at once recognized. Two ministers of the Christian church were present and gave respectful attention, and have acted fairly with us, while others were too holy to attend, but not too holy to misrepresent and abuse him when gone. The actions of one of our Methodist brothers on last Sunday showed that he was badly hurt—his fine church was almost empty, while Wilson had a full house. We were successful financially and have some money left. We want another good speaker at once. They will be welcome and have large audiences, for the people are hungry. Please find money enclosed for subscription. Will send more anon.

PHILADELPHIA.—Thomas M'Clintock writes:—I have just risen from the perusal of an article in the JOURNAL of 27th ult., headed "Confession of Saul of Tarsus, as given by him through Alexander Smythe." I have no recollection of ever before reading a production which gave origin to such unpleasant feelings. I can only compare it to a pall of darkness spread over the serenity of my spirit. I can not give it credence as a veritable history of the career of the Apostle Paul. Say, if we please, from the evidence extant of his actions and writings during his apostleship, that like other men, he was fallible, sometimes inconsistent, even absurd and puerile; say that his rabbinical learning and other educational influences, often detrimentally obscured his mental vision. But that his whole course, preliminary to and first and last throughout his ministry, was a studied imposture, and that all the beautiful gems of inspiration which sparkle in his writings were part and parcel of that imposture, is too monstrous an absurdity—too contradictory of all legitimate rules of judging human character, to be rationally believed, no matter who are the mediums, or who the spirit purporting to communicate.

REMARKS:—The extract from that wonderful book given through that most excellent medium, Alexander Smyth, and purporting to come from the spirit of St. Paul, is undoubtedly calculated to elicit more criticism and thought than any other book yet published under the dictation of spirits. It is a work that every person should read. For sale at this office. [See Book List.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:

A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery.

BY GEORGE SOMMERVILLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ANONYMOUS NOTE—A DESPERATE GAME—DEBAUCHERY.

"It is the basest fabrication—why, do you not remember, Media, the evening named in the note, is the very one on which we enjoyed our pleasent drive in the country, the very evening I passed in your company exclusively?" So reasoned Dr. Stettler, as having arisen from Media's side, he stood beneath the chandelier in the center of the room, scanning narrowly the contents of a note which Media had placed in his hand, and now sat resting her head on her hand, pensive and sad. The letter was from Linda Ray, giving briefly the base treatment she had received on the evening in question, at the hands of Stettler on the banks of the Schuylkill

"I now remember Doctor," said Media tremblingly, "that you arrived here that evening quite late, and not a little flurried. Oh Milford, to be thus deceived, I never dreamed."

"And I remember now, Media, there was a time—you suspected well, at least impugned my motives—is it not so, fair one."

"O God! too late, it has come too late, undone, and my misery mocked at. Can heaven forgive—oh! pity pity!" She reeled from the sofa, and fell to the floor near the doctors feet, who gathered her hastily in his arms, and carried her back to the sofa, then hurried to obtain a glass of water. The cooling beverage applied to her quivering lips, she drank, and opened her languid eyes."

"Oh Milford, what will become of me—will you not fulfil your promise, and avert my shame?"

"Media, be calm. If you indulge in such frenzies as these, I can not be responsible. You must not give away to these impulses of excitement."

"Impulses of excitement. Oh Milford, how cold you have grown! how changed from the man I loved. Yet I'll be calm, and Milford you will not forsake me?"

Poor Media could no longer restrain her tears, and now they freely flowed glistening adown her cheeks like pearl drops.

"Desert you! Media, no, never. Dry those tears, and be calm."

"Tears!" Said she looking up through them with a melancholy smile. "Ah! welcome, thrice welcome to grief, kind messengers of relief. Yes I will be calm. O Milford, you will wonder, I'll be so calm!"

"Media, I have a proposition. Listen."

"Well, you see I am calm."

"Will you pass a period in the country, until—or— —" He leaned forward and whispered the conclusion in her ear, lest the very walls should hear, she started from him as if stung by an adder, and as she shrank in horror away, exclaimed in answer. "Milford! can this be you, who makes a suggestion so base! Nay, tis the prince of fiends that triumphs now! No, no, never can I consent to act a part so wicked. I'll hear meekly the very worst, the remorseless pangs of self accusation—the scorn and derision of an unforgiving world. But murder, never—no Milford, I will not consent to that."

"Then get thee to the country and——"

"Yes, any thing but murder——"

"And bring unto the world an ill——"

"Wretch, sayest thou so——". She sprang on him like the tigress, clutching at his throat. Media, said he in a changed and milder tone. She instantly relaxed her hold, and changing her manner also, sighed, "Forgive me, Milford. But you should not make a meck of me. I was not myself. Yet, O! I'll be calm, very calm. I'll leave the city, do cheerfully what you wish. But, oh! you must not mock me." "Humph! ahem, Media. You would really excel in the drama. Your carriage is queenly, your declamation majestic, and, in truth, you appear gifted sufficiently for the most splended stage effect. Make the drama your study, and I'll——"

"Milford Stettler, stay—I'll hear no more of this. Cease your heartless taunts, or as there is a God above us——"

"He must delight in——"

Finish it Media, Stettler sneered again.

The insulted Media gave flushed evidence of her keen sense of the wicked taunt, and with a sudden twinge of agony went on. "As there is a God of justice, a law of recompense, I'll be avenged for this!" Leaning forward now, her soul thrilling with intense excitement, until her face almost touched his, she glared into his eyes, and in a voice of stern resolve, hissed, "Doctor Milford Stettler, you have a reputation—sneer at me again, and I will blast it forever."

"Silly girl, that would but hasten your own ruin."

"I care not. I'll post you to the world. Society shall know you. I'll blast your name, though it involve my life."

"Do not be hasty Media. You shall have justice, but let dispassionate reason be your monitor within, and I may see you again. For the present good night."

He stepped into the street, and hurried along, he scarcely knew whither. Halting beneath a street lamp, he noted the time, and then hurried on his uncertain way. Can it be so late, "he muttered." 'Tis too bad fooling my time away with that foolish girl, when I should be at the club in better company. I must need's be careful. She may do me harm. Egad! can it be Media hates me! Humph, womans love, and womans hates are extreemly uncertain until—settled. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us. She must be quieted—yes, she must be quieted. Again, he paused, looked about him, then hurried off on Walnut street, and after turning several corners with which he was familiar, he entered the room of the O——club. The place where this select association nightly met, was in a small, though cleanly street, within sight of the tall waving trees of two of our public squares, and also Independance Hall and the court house where even handed justice is daily administered quite impartially. The room—rather the rooms of the celebrated O——club, are superbly furnished, the first you enter being the bar-room. The second, a sort of private reception, as well as retiring room, is arranged and furnished in the strictest taste for ease and comfort. A soft, pliant carpet covers the floors, sofas and spring-seat chairs are arranged round the room, a number of paintings adorn the landscape tinted walls, while two massive mirrors hanging opposite to each other, reflect the flood of gas light getting from the large chandelier decending from the center of the ceiling in a brilliant sheen of light. On a large marble top table, lay a number of news papers, a selection of books, &c., with which members of the club, whose minds may perchance be given to the contemplative mood, may read, reflect, and amuse themselves unannoyed by the buisness of the noisy car on one side, or the ringing of gold and silver on the other, the imprecations of the loosers at cards, or the self satisfied numbers of the victors. So cosy and quiet is this appartment indeed, that even poets here may amuse, libertines mature their plans to rob virtue of peace, and the gamster perfect his tricks and speculate on his sanguine successers. On this evening we follow Doctor Stettler here. This room was occupied by but a single individual. As the doctor entered, he glanced hastily about him, then advancing to the door of the third room, gave three low significant raps, and the door was opened slightly ajar, the attendant still holding it firmly, and demanding the pass, which being promptly imparted, Stettler was at once admitted. The lights of this room are even more brilliant than those of the second, and the furniture and equipage generally are of a more magnificent, and costly style. Beside, a splendidly figured and pliable brussels covering the floor, numerous pictures and mirrors, garnish the exquisitely painted walls. There are a number of gaming tables arranged throughout the room, round which are seated, all absorbed with the wild changes and chances of the game, men of various callings, from the age of two and twenty up to fifty years. A sorry sight is this, to see the aged parent, whose locks are sprinkled with the silverings of, may hap, fifty winters, and youth, just blooming unto manhood, waisting their health, reputation, character, and talents, and precious time, in the intoxication of the midnight revel, prostituting their energies to the peace destroying passion of gambling.

"Well, doctor, good evening doctor," fell in socially familiar salutation from several members of the club, as Doctor Milford Stettler entered their midst.

"Why how pale you look, doctor, what has happened you. How have you left Media——"

"Ha! on my honor, the doctor looks as if his fast 'bays' had been running away with him this evening." Really frightened, pale as a ghost, and quite as interesting. Ha! ha! fifty to five boys that the spirited Media has been taking him down," said another. "There is something in the wind, something brewing sure. I'll stand the wine that she has been reading him another lecture on the danger and frequent fatality of procrastination," another chimed. "Then come doctor, repeat the story, give us the benefit of the lecture."

"No!" said he in answer, petulently, and throwing down a bank bill on the table, added, with the man who will cover that I will contend until one of us cries 'hold! enough.' I am sad to-night and must have excitement. Come, the game, others threw bills on the table, and they were soon engaged with cards. Without lingering to note the varied phases of alternate change which the play assumed, suffice it, that in excitement and intense interest, it soon became the leading game of the club for the night, drawing all present round the board, and when it closed in the morning, the sun shone in the place, and on the haggard face of Stettler, paler even than it suddenly blanched the night before. Wildly he paced the floor in the delerium of defeat. With his arms folded tightly on his chest, he compressed, and bit his lips with chagrin until they grew purple and bled, and anon his body trembled and writhed in the terrible struggle of torture-humbled feeling. He had bet extravagantly, and lost all—recklessly staked his beautiful bays, and forfeited them, put up his carriage, and it, too, was sweept from his grasp, by the infernal infatuation of a flimsy pack of cards. In the mad frenzy of the moment he fled to the bar, and calling for liquor, he drank quickly, and passing into the middle room, threw himself on a lounge, in despair. Covering his face in his hands, he buried his teeth deep into his crimsoned lips, and reflected in torturing anguish, on the stern obligation of initiation into the O——club. Springing to his feet, he again stood at the bar, calling for more liquor. Poor, Milford Stettler! how ominous the words of the lightly given challenge.

CHAPTER XVIII

HAPPY SOIREE—AN EPISODE—ROBBERY—THE SECRET.

The glittering lights burned brilliantly and cheerfully, pleasingly shone smiling faces, while soft, bright laughing eyes, sparkled with the free flow of easy, congeniality, betokening the real pleasure experienced by the favored ones who attended the happy *soiree* of Annie and Randolph Haines. Ella Russel, Amelia Stephens and the count, Linda Ray, and Sylvan her beau; Josephine Kennedy, and her gallant, Fred Weldon, were there in all their easy flow of fun. Pleasant, indeed, charming was the scene. How lovely! happily unconscious of her parents strange life, said Annie to Randolph in low tones, as their eyes rested momentarily upon the sweet face of the blithesome Linda Ray.

"Yes, and it would appear almost unpardonable in one who would voluntarily inflict the pain which its saddening knowledge would give her." Good angels lead her on gently through life, until, if, indeed, the disclosure must be made, so shield her—that she may profitably bear it, chimed the gentle Annie. Linda at this moment though in a distant part of the room, and as if by the influence of mind on mind, looked up and met their glances resting on her. A modest blush crimsoned slightly her face as she immediately sped to where Annie had removed from her husband's side. Reaching out her hand and smiling, she said playfully, "Your, pardon Annie. What were you saying of me a moment ago."

Annie kissed her and answered, "Not the least harm, I assure you, Linda. We were speaking of your mother. Is she well?"

"Quite well, thank you. You must favor us with a visit, Annie."

"Thanks; we shall. How do you like your new home?"

"Right well, I assure you, and we are doing excellently since we removed."

"Real happy to hear it. I do wish, Randolph would permit me to open a similar store on a busy thoroughfare. But he only laughs at me, and says there is no need of it yet. I know I should enjoy better health, if engaged in some such occupation."

Some of the company calling now for music, Annie declined, and prevailed on Linda to favor them. The appartment was soon made vocal with a beautiful sonnet, and Annie seating herself at the piano, started, by a lively air, the entire company off into a happy dance. Anon they were whirling through polka and schottisch, till giddy at length with pleasure, they ceased. Gentle good-bys were imparted, invitations extended, the kissing of hands in lively adieus, and anon darkness settled round the mansion, late so resplendant with light and pleasure.

Annie and Randolph, had retired, and nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep visited them soothingly, and they very soon wrapt in slumber quite profound. Nestling closely to its mother's breast, lay the pretty babe, also fast asleep, and smiling anon, as if pleased with angel visits to its sinless pillow. But, hark! there is a muffled attempt at the chamber door. As it opens slowly, we catch the sound of subdued and hasty whispering. As it opens wider, we catch by the dim light of a small lamp, a glimpse of two men hideously disguised. Stealthily they glide into the room, and one of them leaning noiselessly over the sleeping ones, hastily applies to their nostrils a small uncorked vial, and the strong smell of chloroform pervades the place, with stifling effect.

They now ransack the appartment, searching closets and every place appearing to contain anything of value. Leaving here with some eleven hundred dollars, which they took from the bureau, and Randolph's gold chronometer, they descended to the lower rooms, and entering the parlors, the late scene of so much gaiety and joy, they help themselves to the unfurnished feast, cakes, wines, etc. Then forcing the family 'safe,' stripped it of every article of silverware, plate, &c, which it contained, and left the house without detection.

The unconscious sleepers are still under the influence of heavy sleep, and the strange effects of the drug, the latter applied by the villian Stettler, who indeed planned and led the midnight robbery.

Maddened by his heavy losses at gambling, he plunged deeper and still deeper into the vicious vortex of dissipation and crime—neglected his medical practice, of course, losing all reputation he may once have possessed in his profession, he now became the sworn confederate of a band of out laws, and a greedy partaker in all their unwritten crimes and vices.

Near mid-day the sleeping ones awoke. The babe, fortunately, not inhaling much of the drug, and feeling the cravings of hunger, awoke first, and creeping over the mother, so disturbed her that she awoke also, and pressing her darling gently to the source of its nourishment and its joy, raised her head partially only, to see with surprise that the sun was shining at meridian. As she sprang to the floor, a peculiar weariness came over her, and she only saved herself from falling by catching hold of the bedside. She roused Randolph, who complained, also, of giddiness, and wondered at their slumbering so late. Proceeding with his dressing, he missed his watch, a sudden tremor passed over him, and rubbing his eyes, he looked closely about him. Closets and wardrobe opened and their contents scattered about in confusion, and the defacement of the bureau stared him in the face. In a shuddering voice, as the truth flashed on his brain, he gasped, "Heavens! Annie, we have been robbed. My watch is gone, and look at those closets and drawers forced, and money gone!"

As Annie followed him to the lower portion of the mansion, entering the parlors, he continued:

"Yes, yes, Annie, it is even so. Our silver is also gone. The villains have made a clear sweep of everything of any value to them. How strange, that all this could have been done without disturbing us!"

"See—here they have left something. What is this?" said the trembling wife, as picking from the floor a small emptied vial, she passed it to her husband.

"Explained!" he ejaculated. "Drugged, while sleeping, and then effectually plundered. A villain capable of this would scarcely hesitate to do murder."

A grateful exclamation, for their escape from the latter, burst from Annie's full heart.

The unhappy Randolph failed in all his efforts to recover the stolen property, and after a season of much trial, he sailed for Australia, to try his fortune there.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Voices from the People.

Matter, Mind, Life and Motion.

LETTER FROM Z. HOUGHTON.

I have been a close reader of the JOURNAL for nine months, to ascertain the drift of its publishers. I had not a very favorable opinion of it at its commencement the last time; for the reason that when it changed to a *thing* called Spiritual Republic, I was disgusted with it, and made up my mind that the whole clique connected with it, were managing and laboring for the earthly instead of the spiritual; but since it has returned to its first love, we hail its weekly visits with joy and gladness. Your article on Life, Motion, Mind and Matter, were to me worth four times the cost of the paper. Why? Because some ten years since, the same ideas were advanced to me by the spirits, and I accepted them as truth, and have advocated the same since, and have never found but one Spiritualist who agreed with me, until now you are advocating the same; and I thank God, that the spirit of eternal truth is, and ever will be working, to develop and manifest itself to the children of earth, through the various media which it may search out. Yes, Bro. Jones, you and I have always existed; our physical, mental and spiritual, are co-existent with matter, but not concentrated; and God the prime moving element of all matter, is interblended with it. I believe the time will come when man will so understand the laws governing all things; that he will be enabled to govern and control all things, in and through the exercise of those powers given him by this eternal prime moving element in matter, which is God. But I did not intend to write a sermon. Go on, Bro. Jones, and may the Great Spirit of eternal truth, acting through the angel world, ever guide and direct you into all truth.

Jamestown, Grant Co., Wis.

Letter from S. Jenkins

Being one of your subscribers, and having passed the meridian of life, and my robes whitening for the other shore, and wishing to do all I can for the cause of truth as revealed to us, and owning a large farm of 1036 acres—700 under plow—and my health, and that of my wife also, having failed, we propose to sell our farm in 40, 80 and 160 acre lots, to Spiritualists, as we feel very desirous of establishing a Spiritual colony in this vicinity. My farm is considered the best in the State. I raised over ten thousand bushels of grain this season. It will yield from three to five hundred tons of hay yearly. It is well watered. Its location is four miles Rosmount, and four from Farmington, on the Minn. Central Railroad; also four miles from Bayfield, on the Hastings and Dakota Road—located within four miles of three stations, in one of the best agricultural counties in Minn.

Having a desire to devote my time more fully to the cause of truth as revealed to me from the other side of the river, and not being able to carry on my farm and do as I am requested, is the reason that I offer my farm to our brothers in the faith of our immortality.

There are quite a number of Spiritualists in this county, but they are very much scattered. They compose some of the best talent in the county. We lack teachers, and how can we learn without teachers? We want one or two good lecturers to come and locate with us, as there is a good field for labor.

Lakeville, Dakota Co., Minn.

INDIANA—K. GRAVES IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—We learn that Mr. Grave's labors, since his return to the lecturing field, are attended with immense success. The people turn out *en masse*, and are much pleased and benefitted with his able discourses. We give place to the following testimonial of his usefulness:

WHEREAS, We, the Fountain County Society of the Friends of Progress, in Convention assembled, on the 16th of November, 1869, have been highly delighted and greatly instructed by a course of lectures by K. Graves, of Richmond, State missionary for Indiana, on the Spiritual Philosophy, Theological Reform, and kindred topics, in which was ably, forcibly and eloquently set forth the necessity of a higher plane of moral, religious and spiritual development or unfoldment, as a practical recognition of the great law of human progress; therefore,

RESOLVED, That we take great pleasure in in cordially recommending Bro. Graves as an eloquent, logical and powerful expounder of the principles and claims of the new Spiritual Dispensation.

HENRY CRANE, Pres't.
JACOB ROMINE, Sec'y.

SPEAKER'S REGISTER.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

[To be useful, this should be reliable. It therefore behooves Lecturers to promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for Lecturers only, and it is so rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address having particulars to be learned by special correspondence with the individuals.

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Dr. H. P. Fairfield will answer calls to Lecture. Adress Ancora, N. J.
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Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, address, care of S. S. Jones, 189 Sou. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

Concluded from first page

born. What did she do? What could she do? Nothing, nothing, unless a strong principle of religion had bid her to trust in God—had taught her to lay her burden on the Lord. She had not this, and in her wild despair, her misery, her utter loneliness and helplessness she destroyed her child. She was convicted of the crime and sentenced to die.

But who were those men that sentenced her to die. Christian men—men, who, Sabbath by Sabbath, read the history of the woman of shame, who kneeled at the feet of Jesus and washed them with her tears. Christian men who knew how he pitied her; how he commanded her to be forgiven, unless they were perfect enough to cast the first stone. Christian men who had heard of the dear, gentle Nazarene when he cried, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Well, the end of all came, and they dragged this girl to the gallow's foot, screaming, shrinking back, kneeling, clinging with her hands, turning and pleading in her agony, clinging to the spirits of her murderers; but they strangled her as best they could. They perpetrated one of those shameful and revolting spectacles that is a disgrace to any country or any age. They did it in cold blood without one single circumstance to exterminate their crime. Am I to believe the words of the man who related this to me, that she will go to perdition? No! I believe she will go into the kingdom of heaven, and that wretched, woeful creature in her great agony, will find a place at her Master's feet; when her murderers who put her to death in spite of her cries and supplications, and they who deceived her, will veil their faces before Him. This is a part of my faith. I may be mistaken in such a faith.

I call upon you, therefore, each one of you, to go forth and protest against and labor for the abolition of this fearful institution; the public shambles. It is in vain that in your country and in my own country, they have pronounced against this by committing their murders in secret. I appealed to the society for the abolition of capital punishment—I could not ask that it should only be removed from the eye of the public and done in private. When they asked me to speak for this I said, "No, it is better that you do it in public, if it is right." I indignantly refused. I urged them as I urge you now: that that which can not bear the light; that which we call an act of justice, a public necessity; an act of virtue, because an act of law—such an act as this should not be done in secret. The very fact that it must be so done is a strong protest against it. If indeed, it be a spectacle needed to be looked upon to deter crime, and they are obliged to keep it from the eyes of the public, does it not pronounce at once the verdict upon it? Are they not doing that in secret which they dare not do in the light? I was speaking of religion—they dare to do it in the face of their God, but they do not dare to do it in the face of their fellow men. They commit before high heaven the crime which is too dreadful to be perpetrated in the eyes of the public. View it in that light and there is no possibility of any exercise. There is no possibility of preserving it any longer. Let us away with it! Away with it, the dreadful thing! Away with all those institutions that have been so long maintained by prescriptive right that humanity can scarcely realize that it can do without them! It is for you whose hearts and brains have been pierced by conviction. It is for you to press home these arguments and all such as you can command. Take away the sophistical veneration of the law that they have so long presented to you for want of a better argument. Tell that which has been proved in those countries where this frightful gibbet has been abolished—murder has not increased, but that a higher standard of respect for life is generally growing upon the community. Show them, by statistical facts, no less than by appeals to common sense, and to reason that is wise. Your own experiences will furnish you with many arguments that I have no time to present; and when you have exhausted all arguments that experience and observation, humanity and religion suggest, ask of those to whom you appeal, to give you one sufficient reason for the maintenance of this hideous institution of the gallows; and when all is done, answer them with a cry which has thundered down the ages for thousands of years until it has grown to the chorus of a mighty voice, "THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER!"

At the close of this eloquent lecture, our venerable friend, Lucretia Mott, who had accepted a seat upon the Rostrum, delivered the following address:

CLOSING ADDRESS BY LUCRETIA MOTT.

I presume the audience has been so deeply interested with what we have heard, that there seems no room or desire for anything more. I have been listening with double gratification,—first, that this subject should have obtained such an examination,—that so many statistics can be piled up as our friend has given—that there may be such appeals made to the public.—I have hardly kept the subject in my mind, so gratified have I been that these appeals should be made by a woman. This is something not entirely new. I know that the public mind is little accustomed to hear appeals from the mouth of woman. I rejoice greatly, that the time has come, when women shall be heard; and I am especially pleased when one gives the evidence we have had to-night, that the subject has been so closely studied, as to give reason, argument and statistics and to furnish such an address. With the speaker I am astonished that at this age, when the religion of Christianity had culminated in the highest civilization, that there should be need of this kind of appeal. It strikes me in a moment, that it could hardly be yet said to have thus culminated while the position of woman was such, that few of them could be found able, capable to urge such appeals; to go forth and make them. It must be a union of men and women that shall produce these reforms in societies. Many of these reforms have sprung up in New England; and there, there has been a co-operation of the sexes. We know, too that the Bible has been brought against these forms, and, indeed, all reforms—even the Temperance reform. How it shocked me! How it proved for a time an obstacle. It always has been an obstacle where the example of the ancients have been sought as authority for wrong, rather than the corroborative testimony for truth. We know that these sayings may be quoted and applied with very different significance. They have been thus quoted against reforms; but since it has been found that reforms have become popular, there has been plenty of Scripture in favor of them. I was sorry to hear our friend say, she should confine her remarks to "Capital Punishment;" and then, was glad that she introduced so much of the religious aspect. We know the people are beginning to examine more carefully, the religious sects are reading the Bible again and are finding, as she has well presented to us, what were the obligations of old; but they hear the words, "I say unto you, come up higher in the scale of righteousness." So it was with regard to slavery; you know how the Bible was quoted to prove that slavery was a patriarchal institution. So now, we have to deal with this great subject of war and the death penalty apart from any outward authority. We must take man as the great subject, and everything which does wrong or injustice to him must be removed. I felt like criticising when our friend spoke of these evils as applied to one. It seems to me that they apply still more to war, which is murder on a larger scale. I want all that has been so ably said this evening on the subject of "Taking Life" to be applied also to war.

I listened to a lecture some thirty years ago in England, by the Rev. Geo. Harris in which I was greatly interested, and never since then till now, have I listened to a lecture, on this special subject. It seemed to me then as it does now that all the arguments and everything that was said, might so well apply to the great subject of war. If we can do away with capital punishment for the greatest of crimes that can be committed and I think we should, how much more can we see the propriety of putting an end to this resort of taking human life for a little injury, a national insult, for the claim of a little land or property. It seems astonishing that we are so blinded by custom; false reverence for ancient error; that our veneration has been so misdirected. I want that we may look upon the subject of war in its true light; that we may endeavor to put an end to war by using weapons that are not carnal, but spiritual and mighty through God to the pulling down of the strong holds. I want the women to be aroused; many of you have the power of awakening the public mind by your earnest appeals. It is a day when these subjects will be considered, and there is a mighty influence abroad in the land to put an end to war. The Peace Society has begun, as all these other reform movements, by a few persons entering heartily into the work; and now that we are in a state of peace, is the very time to educate the people to understand these things; to impress upon them the fact that, "Glory to God in the highest," can only be given by peace on earth and good will to men." If we have confidence in truth that it is of God, we must endeavor to make worthy the vocation whereunto we are called; and use all our influence on the side of right. We know there is an increasing interest in all these things all over the world, and if we are faithful in this great work, it will not be long before other nations will take up the subject in earnest.

There is a demand now for the best essay, a standing premium, in Boston, for an essay on the best means of Settling National Disputes. The question of arbitration and reference, is not new. In the Society of Friends, for two hundred years, all disputes have been settled in this manner. I was told that at the Chamber of Commerce, in Boston, there had been no dispute for twenty years, but what they had been able to settle in this way. I believe we shall come up higher and higher until we shall see that "Violence shall no longer be heard in the land, or wasting and destruction in her borders."

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S. S. JONES,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE.

Did an Infinite God, a Personal God, or Beings Resembling Man, form this Earth, Sun, etc.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness *was* upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

And God said, let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, *and* the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed *is* in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: *he made* the stars also.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl *that* may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so.

And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that *it was good*.

So God created man in his *own* image, in the image of God created he them.

And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, *it was* very good.

Oh, the wonders of the Universe! Wherever you may turn the attention, whether to the arched dome above, the vast ocean, the high mountains, the roaring river—anywhere—everywhere—you will find food for reflection. The human mind is so constituted that it cannot remain inactive without suffering greatly therefrom. The Universe of God embraces within itself the characteristics of its Infinite author, for, bear this in mind, that every work must necessarily partake of the peculiar nature of that personage who rules and directs it. The Universe of God is infinite in its nature and capacity, and while the same can not be enlarged in the least, it can be better adapted to the necessities of intelligent beings. The immense realms of space are not in every particular now adapted to the wants of man. He could not well live in any locality between this and the moon, without a house in the shape of one on earth, in which to reside and subsist.

We find in this vast Cathedral of God, the bells of which are constantly ringing in joyous anthems, no end to the diversity of objects that are constantly demanding our attention. As on earth new houses are built, navigation of our rivers improved, cities laid out and made the business centers of large districts, canals dug, railroads built, and improvements of various kinds carried on,—so in the infinite realms of space, new worlds and systems of worlds are springing into existence, new rivers are projected, etherial currents formed, magnificent districts opened, large bodies of water formed, while planets and comets without number are being launched into the realms of space, for some grand object known to those through whose instrumentality they are brought into existence.

We imagine that on this little planet scarcely 8000 miles in diameter, wonderful things are being accomplished, and we have no doubt such is the case. Indeed, we know that the inhabitants of earth have the material and spiritual very nicely combined, thereby giving an impetus to thought, that places them far above the residents of many other planets in all those things which relate to the arts and sciences. The inhabitants of Venus are, however, more spiritual—indeed, communication there with the Spirit World is carried on much more easily and satisfactorily than here.

The improvements that are made on this earth, are consummated through the instrumentality and ingenuity of man. Whether a landscape-painting, expressing the beauties of nature, or some exquisite work of art, or some wonderful machine—it makes no difference,—you observe nothing but the work of intelligent beings. Go where you will, then, you can detect nothing but the enterprise of man. However exquisite the work may be, however finely wrought, however ingeniously made, it points significantly to man as its author! Look at the earth, 8000 miles in diameter, teeming with life and intelligence, moving through space with automatic regularity at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour,—who constructed it and gave it a position among the stars, to travel around the sun year after year? Did God make it in six days? or did it "make itself?" The orthodox will say emphatically that God made it, while the geologist, perhaps, will tell you that it was formed through the automatic action of Nature's laws, and required thousands of years to bring it to that perfection required for the residence of man. Well, we reject both theories. In one sense, however, God did make it; but in another sense, he did not. If God made that magnificent villa that decks so beautifully yonder hill side; if He made that palatial residence that the aristocrat lives in; if He made that beautiful work of art, we might conclude that He made this earth. As man is a part of God, and as it is impossible to separate him from Infinity, in that sense, then, God made this earth; but in no other. Through the instrumentality of man alone the grand works that we see dotting the earth's surface, were brought into existence. You may live a million of years, and travel from planet to planet, from sun to sun, from one system of worlds to another, still you will find no one who ever saw God. Moses never saw him; Adam never saw him; none of the prophets ever saw him—he never was seen and never can be seen!

We spoke of improvements that were being produced through the instrumentality of man on the earth's surface; but that embraces but a very small portion of the infinity of space. There is room for improvement between earth and sun—even beyond the most remote planet to our solar system, there is a space unoccupied that is admirably adapted for a planet less in size than Uranus, but much larger than some that traverse the realms of space around the sun. This void will be supplied at the proper moment when the condition of things require it. As we look around on the teeming multitude of earth making improvements in every conceivable direction, we are led to exclaim, how wonderful! But while we control affairs of earth, there are those still higher in the scale of existence that are constantly making improvements in the various spheres that surround the earth, and which are the abode of those who have passed over the shining river.

Man, in the first place, improves that home where he is first placed. Though forced into the world through the automatic action of law, he is led to make improvements during his short sojourn there, thereby preparing himself for a still grander work. While man lives here, he makes improvements, carries on gigantic enterprises, and aids in the construction of works that immortalize his name. He makes use of the materials at his command. Performing his mission here, he is finally forced into the Spirit World, and there he continues to improve and elaborate on those things that surround him. The more he studies and investigates, the more experience he has, the more he advances in the understanding of those things that surround him, the more of a Creator he becomes. Separated from the body, his aspirations to accomplish a great work are intensified, his knowledge of things become more comprehensive, until he finally becomes a Creator! On earth he could readily build a house, construct the majestic ships, and perform many wondrous things, but in his advanced condition, he can control those forces which elaborate from nature the tree, the flower, the golden wheat, the luxuriant corn—in fact, he is in one sense a God, the only Personal God you will ever see.

Now we will explain to you, dear readers, something of the occupation of Spirits—it is transcendentally grand and beautiful, and our statements we know to be correct. Man's sphere of action here is very circumscribed, from the fact that he creates nothing. He puts the seed in the ground; it germinates and produces the flower glistening with rainbow tints. He will put the acorn under a clod of earth, and by and by it assumes the grand proportions of the king of the forest. He will go into the bowels of the earth, and take therefrom the crude ore, and from that construct the invulnerable iron clad. He will go into the forest, cut down the stately trees, and make lumber therefrom, and form the same into habitations for man. He creates nothing, he simply makes the best use he can of those things that surround him, and in so doing prepares himself for a grander work.

In all those things that surround us, we might well ask whence their origin? Where did that little acorn that you sent forth to do a great work by placing it beneath a clod of earth, obtain that massive trunk, those towering limbs, those green leaves? Where did that little bulb that you placed in the soil find that green stalk, that beautiful bud, that magnificent flower glistening with so many tints? Where did that little seed go to you dropped in the field, to produce that ear of corn? From what source did that stalk obtain that delicious sweetness that circulates so freely through every part of it? These are pertinent questions indeed, yet they are easily answered thus: To the elements of course. You can send the acorn there for the tree and the little seed for a flower, yet you cannot go there yourself, and it is well you can not. The Spirit World has wisely arranged it that you shall not become Creators here, but simply constructors or builders! You are simply serving an apprenticeship here, and you obtain from the elements just what you want by sending the seed after it. You get your berries, your apples, figgs, oranges and grapes from the elements by simply sending the various kinds of seed after them. This, however, will not always continue to be the work of each individual. In order to obtain wool here, we find a peculiar process necessary. First, we send the seed to the elements, and, under the genial influences of soil, rain and sunshine, it produces grass. The sheep eats the grass, and from that extracts the wool. This, indeed, is a circuitous route to travel in order to get a few pounds of wool. The reader will readily see the source of all our supplies—that it is from the elements. This condition of affairs, however, will change. In the Spirit World men are not compelled to obtain a supply from the elements through the instrumentality of animals or seeds; but he goes direct to the elements themselves, and extracts therefrom wool, berries, choice fruits, or anything that his knowledge will enable him to.

In the Spirit World, then, we find the chemist unfolding new laws, eliminating from nature the choicest extracts, or forming direct therefrom a flower, that surpasses in loveliness anything on earth. With various kinds of tissue paper, wax or leather even, beautiful artificial flowers on earth can be made. That material was taken from the elements. But spirits go direct to the elements, and extract therefrom any color they choose—can mould the most exquisite flower.

Thus you see there is untold grandeur in all of God's vast universe. Man finally becomes a Creator, and, when standing on the summit to which he is capable of attaining, and many have attained, he will, indeed, appear majestic—his soul full of pure thoughts, and his countenance radiant with love for all humanity—he will devote his time, in connection with a circle of wise sages, in improving the realms of space, on principles bearing a slight analogy to those called into action in improving the surface of the earth.

Look upward, then, struggling man of earth to the peerless realms above, for thy destiny will be inconceivably grand, if you really deserve it, and direct your energies in the right channel. Be cheerful and hopeful, ever remembering that "knowledge is power," and that in proportion as you possess the former, your sphere of action for the exercise of the latter will be enlarged, until you will appear to the puny children of earth as almost omnipotent—then, glorious! it will be as easy for you, in connection with a circle of wise sages, to form in the regions of space a planet, as it was for Cyrus Field, in company with a corps of competent engineers, to launch the Atlantic Cable.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LIFE AND SPIRIT.

A word or two more about Life and Spirit, as the first cause of existence—next after the first cause of their own existence.

It would hardly be rational or logical to limit these two powers in the exercise of their faculties. So far as we can judge, they occupy all space; and what they have done is good evidence of what they will do.

It is claimed they have done everything that has been done, and will do whatever is to be done in the future! Being infinite, they have the powers, rationally understood, usually ascribed, in Christendom, to a "Supreme Being." If it be objected to these views, that we have not seen, and cannot see, any appropriate evidence of their existence and power, it may be replied, that neither have we ever seen any appropriate evidence of the existence of the God of Christendom—except what is *alleged* to be His works. May not the same thing be said of Life and Spirit? We see what we can of the doings of Life and Spirit; as much as we can of the God of Christendom—lacking only, if any thing, the traditional education.

But there are serious and conclusive objections to the scriptural-historic character, and alleged works and government of the God of Christendom, which are not chargeable to the above named powers, Life and Spirit.

A few of them may be named:

1. He is declared to be a personal being, and is worshiped as such.

2. That he created all things out of nothing.

3. His conduct with Adam and Eve and the serpent.

4. His murder of all the inhabitants of the earth, except Noah and his family, by the flood.

5. The wrong account of the rain bow.

6. Giving liberty to Satan, on a mere banter, to torment most unmercifully the innocent and upright man Job.

7. The difficulty with the human race through Adam and the Serpent, through all time and eternity.

8. Allowing the devil to be an opponent in his family, and to be the successful competitor in their strife for converts.

9. The family of God and man in irreconcilable, endless war and division, and He making the sentence of his own condemnation, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

But have we not gone far enough in this direction, and more especially so as there would be no end to it? Yet, to give further certainty and assurance of truth in evidence, briefly, a few more instances may be added:

10. Jonah and the whale.

11. The staying of the sun and moon one day, at the request of Joshua.

12. A mediator appointed to settle the difficulty between God and man, and how to bring it about.

13. The Immaculate Conception.

14. The murder of male infants to insure the death of the infant mediator Jesus.

15. The crucifixion of Jesus, the mediator, by the "determinate counsel and fore knowledge of God."

After considering these instances of sacred scriptural history, and their unfit connection with the Deity, the believer in the truth of them must have large credulity—faith to remove mountains—for a camel to go through the eye of a needle—and should be able to stop the sun and moon in their course, to create all things out of nothing, to swallow a whale for his breakfast, and fight a duel with Satan and get awfully whipped.

"OUTSIDE AND INSIDE PRESSURE."

The gentleman that voluntarily put himself in a condition that "bled his soul to the very core," to the detriment of others, thousands of dollars, is reminded that men sometimes get a good living by minding their own business—that poor tray was the sufferer by being found in bad company—that belligerents may know more of the *casus belli*, than *neutrals*—that the desire of a man's heart is sometimes the father of a thought, and lastly, that it is needless for him to longer hope for the failure of the JOURNAL, for as formerly, he is bound to be disappointed. In a word we have to say to him, (inasmuch as his soul has been bled to its core—clean gone!) fret not thy gizzard with other people's business, lest you have a bigger job on hand than you bargained for.

Miracles.

Read the interesting article of Wm. B. Fahnestock, on the 2d page, on Miracles. He is the author of Artificial Somnambulism, a work of thrilling interest.

A new street in London, leading to a new bridge across the Thames, has been named Peabody.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

Dark is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea;
Little care I, as here I sing cheerily,
Wife by my side and babe on my knee;
King, king, crown me the king.
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king.

Flashes the lovelight on the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer as onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us and places
Brightness around us and warmth in the glow.
King, king, crown me the king.
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king.

Flashes the lovelight, increasing in glory;
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul;
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll,
King, king, crown me the king.
Home is the kingdom and Love is the king.

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words can not measure,
Light hearted I on the hearth stone can sing
King, king, crown me the king.
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king."

The above by W. R Duryek, was recently adjudged, by a committee composed of Alice Carey, Bayard Taylor and Chas. A. Dana, worthy of the prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the publishers of *Hearth and Home*. There is beauty in those lines, the pulsations of which cause a thrill of joy to pervade the whole being. That poet had a home, a wife whose love-nature was constantly wreathing a fresh garland from the choicest treasures of her heart to crown him—then that babe, with dimpled cheeks, sunny smiles and innocent caresses, that he fondled on his knee, sent sunshine into his soul, drove away the clouds of care and trouble, and made all radiant within and without. Such a home, where there goes forth from the lips of a man, the words—

"King, king, crown me the king,
Home is the kingdom, Love is the king."

is certainly worthy of admiration and pattern.

If there was a disposition among all classes, to make home the ideal of perfection, as is foreshadowed in the above, there would emanate radiations therefrom, that would throw a glorious halo, over—first, the family, then the community, then the state, and lastly the entire nation. When that desirable end shall have been accomplished, the millenium will make its advent, with its "glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people."

This poet was happily married, or in his mind's eye, he constructed his ideal home, and gazing upon it, the muse came and softly whispered in his ears, in loving accents, the ideas embraced in the above; or, under the inspiration of the real or the ideal, the actual or imaginary, his pen seemed imbued with life, and gave utterance to thoughts that should be enshrined on the altar of every family circle.

There is something really sublime in the family circle that is entwined together by the bonds of true love, for there you see harmony which constitutes one of the principal features of heaven, and he who stands at its head, may well ejaculate—

"King, king, crown me the king,
Home is the kingdom, Love is the king."

Sudden Death of Charles H. Crowell.

We are pained to learn of the sudden death of the above named gentlemen. He was formerly connected with the BANNER OF LIGHT. That paper speaks of his death as follows:

After our paper had gone to press, we received a telegraphic dispatch from Nashua, N. H., conveying the intelligence of the sudden decease of Mr Charles H. Crowell, from heart disease, Thursday evening Dec. 16th. Mr. Crowell has been residing in Nashua for about fifteen months. This event was entirely unexpected, as he was apparently in his usual health at the time. He was walking in the street, when he fell, and immediately expired. We have no further particulars at this time, but shall have something to say concerning our brother in the next issue of the *Banner*.

LECTURES IN CLEVELAND.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou who has been lecturing during the past six months, in various parts of Ill, Wis, and Ohio, has been holding forth at Cleveland. The *American Spiritualist* gives her efforts there the following notice:—

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou spoke at Lyceum Hall Sunday morning and evening. Although the weather was most unfavorable for meetings of any sort, yet Lyceum Hall in the evening was filled by an audience, who seem to think that they were well paid for venturing out upon so stormy a night. We have heard the lecture spoken of as deeply interesting and instructive. Mrs. Ballou speaks again next Sunday.

Benjamin Todd.

Under the head of "Pacific Department," may be found items of interest from Mr. Todd. His Post Office address is now Salem, Oregon. He is doing a great work on the Pacific coast.

The work of Friends.

The continued efforts of our present subscribers to procure new ones, is rapidly increasing the circulation of the JOURNAL, which speaks well for the intelligence of the people. One hundred and forty seven new subscribers last week.

Personal and Local.

Two Mormon elders, G. B. Wallace and Dr. Samuel L. Sprague, are now in Boston, trying to make converts to their faith.

The sewing women of Boston have petitioned the Mayor for aid. They are represented as being in a very destitute condition.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield, an eloquent Trance Speaker, will spend a portion of the winter East. During this month he speaks in Lynn, Mass.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is now traveling in Italy.

E. S. Wheeler, we are informed, is now ready to accept calls to lecture in the West.

C. B Lyn is working bravely in the Missionary field in Ohio. In this month, he is to hold a discussion in Delaware, on Spiritualism.

In case names have been omitted through mistake in the Speaker's Register, we will gladly insert the same on being informed of the fact.

E. V. Wilson's lectures caused great excitement at Weston, Mo. He is doing a great work for the cause.

Philadelphia Department.

BY........................ H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

An Improvisation.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

Strike! strike! the harp till its chords overflow
With the drops of the musical rain,
And all the glad harp-strings in harmony glow,
And change in the light, while the music notes blow,
And waft to sad hearts in the dark world below,
The angel's accordant refrain.

We are glad, we are glad, and our hearts find a voice,
We are glad and our spirits pour forth
A song as we come to the friends of our choice,
And bid them with us in our beauty rejoice.
We are glad, we are glad and no sorrow alloys,
The bright beaming cup of our paradise joys,
And our hearts blend with thine on the earth

There is music and dancing where angels abide,
There are garlands of joy for the brow,
And the wings of our bliss bear our forms o'er the tide
Of the ocean that rolls where the star-heavens bide,
And our joys are all sweet as the bliss of a bride.
Canst thou rise where thy loved ones abide?
We wait, and we summon thee now.

So sang an angel in a darkened chamber,
Casting a blended light of rose and amber,
Where lay a spirit clothed in frailest form,
And while the gloom of night was lying
Upon the pallid vision of the dying,
He opened wide the gates of morn.

Then came a troop of spirits bearing roses
Red as the crimson day when it unclosess
Its glorious blossom in the purple east,
Crowning the maiden with celestial flowers
Fresh pluck'd from those unknown elysian bowers
Where angels on sweet joys perpetual feast.

And so while outward friends were mournful kneeling,
While death like midnight frosts was slowly stealing
O'er that frail flower, that heart of holy love,
The angel watchers opened wide the portals
And led her spirit where the pure immortals
Chant endless praises in the home above.

Come away, come away from the shadows of night
That darken the world, come away to the light;
Rise child of the sun, see the skies are unfurled
Like a banner of glory that floats o'er the world.

Hearest thou! hearest thou the voices that cry
Come away, come away to the spheres of the sky?
And seest thou, seest thou the angels that glide
Joy pinioned and love robed o'er the heav'nly tide?

Feelest thou, feelest thou thy spirit forsake
Its ashes, a form like the angels to take?
Knowest thou, knowest thou the path thou shalt run,
So it leads from the earth, and it ends in the sun?

The Aims of Life, what They are, and what They should be.

These have been the questions with all minds who were capable of asking any questions, in any age of the world. Perhaps no other questions have received a greater variety of answers. Each mind has answered on its own plane, and no answer can go very far from the plane of the mind that gives it forth. To the savages, roaming amid his native forests, the aim of life is hunting, fishing, and the few creature comforts which are derived therefrom. To the mass of mankind in what are called civilized countries, the means of supplying the demands of the physical nature are almost the only aims which they know; even the most aspiring look to wealth as the means of adding to their happiness and their power, mostly with selfish feelings. The sectarian sees in his own religion the only true aim of life. Scientific man is too apt to ignore every thing, but his own particular studies, or at least to consider them as less worthy the aim of life than they are. But we need not particularize. The fact that the condition of life must express its own aim, is an important point. A few thoughts on the aims of life as presented by the women of this age, and we shall proceed to consider what are the true aims of life.

The history of the race shows that woman has never had favorable opportunities to express her highest ideas of the real aims of life. The tyranny of man, and the customs of society among both sexes, have weighed upon woman in all ages and countries. Under these circumstances we have no right to expect woman to give expression to those highest aims which her best intentions may present to her; therefore, when we see a very large class of highly intelligent women, dressing themselves like catterpillars, with a vast amount of strange and fantastic ribbons and ruffles, and worse still, violating the laws of physical health by interfering with the freedom of motion and respiration, we must not suppose this to be their ideas of the aim of life, as it is calculated to present mere outside show, rather than true dignity of character, and beauty of appearance. But we may excuse these things when we look back to the causes which have so long been operating to deprive woman of her true independence. We shall not dwell on the aims of life as presented to day, but turn to the more important question, what they should be!

Spiritualism gives us a better key to this important question than any other system, and the Spiritualists who realize its mission will be able to present a better and more practical solution of this question.

It is not alone with the iconoclastic axe that Spiritualism comes, but having removed the idols and the barriers from our pathway, it is on the better appreciation of life and its aims, that this becomes the most valuable aid to us. It reiterates the saying of the ancient philosophers, "Man know thy self." We find ourselves the recipients of three forms of life—a physical, an intellectual and a spiritual. The aim of life on the physical plane is illustrated in the little child prior to the time when the intellectual and spiritual natures are unfolded, when the whole aim of life is the development of the physical. This is all right, all good; but when the intellectual comes to be unfolded, it is not wise that all the efforts should be devoted to unfolding the physical, and where they are mainly so, the result is not the most satisfactory. Spiritualism teaches by the solemn lessons which come to us from the other world, that we should attend to the proper training and culture of all the physical powers, and the various intellectual faculties, each one of which has its appropriate mission to perform, and spiritually we have a variety of powers which in like manner demand culture and unfolding. To be true to ourselves, we need the whole of these powers unfolded. We do not stand outside of ourselves, but these faculties and powers constitute our individuality.

We pity the cripple or the person who is paralyzed, but have we enquired carefully whether we are crippled or paralyzed in some faculty which has never been properly called into action.

Have we some room in these divine temples in which we live, that we have never gone into to set the furniture in order, and remove the dust and cobwebs that may have settled there? The most successful mode of cultivating all these, is by coming into association with those who are actively engaged in this great life-work. We see ourselves reflected in their thoughts and actions, and there is a mutual calling out of the powers of the body and mind.

We conclude, then, that the true aim of life is first, to know all that life consists of, present and prospective, as far as we may, and then to use all that it is, and thus develop and unfold the beautiful and harmonious powers of a divine human being—a God man, for such we are, made in the image of our Father, but too often imperfectly unfolded and fragmentary, because we have failed to put our shoulders to the wheels of life everywhere.

Beauty.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

On the external plane, two things are required for the realization of beauty. An object having some of the elements of beauty within it, and the power to perceive these. The mass of mankind see and admire the forms of outward beauty only, and there is provided by the bountiful hand of the Creator, a vast array of those objects which are continually calling forth sentiments of pleasure because of their manifest beauty.

The love of the beautiful is one of the most elevating feelings of our nature. Perception of beauty is in a great degree dependent on the culture of the mind, especially the higher faculties, each one of which is adapted to realize beauty upon its own plane. It is well, therefore, that every human being, whatever may be their condition, should be surrounded by those things which will call forth this love of the beautiful. In our communion with nature, we are continually inspired in this direction, and just so far as we are capable of appreciating these, do we grow towards that condition which is the most desirable that we can attain to, in which through the unfoldments of the soul, we realize not only the external beauty which had been to some extent perceived, but a perception of some of the internal beauty which had hitherto been unknown, and which is unfolded to us from time to time in proportion as we become capable of appreciating it.

The beauty perceived on the external plane is not that which the poet declared was "a joy forever."

All the outward forms of beauty, which feed the external mind, fade and become dull and uninteresting to us. Not so, however, on the soul plane; here "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and is unceasingly revealing new forms of beauty, love and use, for these are all combined, and hence the soul has unbounded sources of joy. The beauties perceived by the earthly mind, may pass away as a scroll; but to the unfolded soul here, and to those who revisit earth from the home of the beautiful, there are new and living beauties, ever opening even in the most common-place things around us; beauties which attract the soul to these objects, that it may learn the interior meaning and soul of all these things which we are continually passing by with scarcely a notice.

There are various objects in the return of spirits to earth. As the traveler who explores unknown countries, returns to his native land prepared to comprehend its resources better, so these explorers can often give us a new meaning to our surroundings.

The gospel of use and beauty are one, and the mission of the angels to earth is thus manifold. They are here with us to complete their education, to learn the significance and beauty of every thing in nature, and in order that they may impress these lessons fully upon their own souls, they are seeking to reveal these things to us; hence the freshness and beauty of many of the inspired illustrations which flash out with so much power in the communications from the spirit land.

We have never before been aware of the real mission of the soul. The poet and the artist, who have dreamed of beauty and have sought to embody their ideas, have been considered as vague and impractical visionaries. But since the school masters from the spheres have been abroad, inspiring us with a deeper sense of interior beauty, and awakening the soul to a conception of its own nature, new fields of beauty have been opened to humanity. When we realize that there are abundant elements of beauty in nature around us, as well as in the spheres of life above us, and that it is designed for us to become unfolded to the perception of these, either here or hereafter, we find a stimulus for the culture of these noblest powers of our being. The feeling is impressed upon us to endeavour to make not only our surroundings, but ourselves and all our acts beautiful, and as we have already said the gospel of use and beauty are one. They harmonize and produce their fruits which are even for the elevation and happiness of mankind in all conditions and under all circumstances. Let us, therefore, aim not alone to see all the beautiful everywhere, but to be beautiful ourselves, and thus realize the idea of the poet in our heaven of "a joy forever."

Small Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardner.

We are in receipt of this valuable little monthly paper, edited by A. M. Purdy, (successor to Purdy & Johnson) of Palmyra, N. Y. It contains the most practical articles in relation to this subject we ever saw, and should be in the hands of every person who has a garden of even a rod square. The price is only 50 cents a year. Send stamp for a specimen copy and circular containing offer to those getting up clubs. We notice any person getting up a club of six, has one copy gratis.

Purdy & Hance, of South Bend, Indiana, also send out a valuable little work, called the "SMALL FRUIT INSTRUCTOR," which has received the highest testimonials from the most prominent horticulturists and pomologists in the United States. It tells how to plant and grow all kinds of small fruits. Price only 10 cents.

Our New Books.

The readers of this paper will do well to look over our advertised books. Several new books will be found advertised—all of which are for sale at this office.

Information Wanted.

Any person seeing or hearing of this notice will confer a great favor upon the undersigned, by advising them of the whereabouts of Dr. C. S. Manchester and wife. They have in their custody a little girl, four years and six months old, called Ida Flora. She is a charming singer for a child of that age, and is the only child of the undersigned, and was left in charge of Dr. Manchesters wife, at Washington City, for a few days only, during which time they removed to parts unknown. Any one who will communicate any intelligence to these almost distracted parents in regard to their lost child, will confer a very great favor.

Address N. S. WELL and ABBY N. BURNHAM,
Weston, Massachusetts.

☞ Robinson Fletcher,—yours with $3.50 enclosed is received. What is your P. O. address?

PRICE OF BOOKS.

Those wanting books, will find the cost of the books in the "Book List" published every week. Those ordering books to be sent by mail must be careful and remit the extra amount required for postage.

We supply any book in the market, having arrangements with publishers and book sellers throughout the country. Those who desire other books than those found in our "Book List" will send in addition to the regular price of the books desired, one sixth more to cover postage.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Spiritualists Association will be held at the Baptist Church in the village of Burlington, Racine County, on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1st and 2d, 1870.

MRS. P. J. ROBERTS, President.
J. M. TROWBRIDGE, Secretary.

HOME.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148, 4th Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office.

☞ Good mediums always in attendance.

Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

GOOD, EVIL, ETC.

Communication from Henry Whittemore—Mrs. L. Smith, Medium.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Allow us to occupy a little of your time in the framing of fresh thoughts or spirit revealings. We come, from time to time, to engraft thoughts now foreign to *you* at least—to assist in your development, and perhaps through you, a large class of readers who look to these plain matter-of-fact utterances for the explanation which more scientific revelations cannot approach. All classes of mind require their own peculiar aliment, and what is best adapted to the one, affords no nutriment to the other. All forms of communication are needed for the unfoldment of the spiritual theory and every phase of its wonder-working power. We listen for the time to the tiny little rap, asking admission for our claims; this granted, we have spoken, written, and in various ways calculated to draw out all the opposition there is in man's nature, and by these means prove how futile are all his attempts to overthrow our efforts. Next comes higher forms of manifestation, viz: the exercise of the reasoning powers more thoroughly developed, where before only loving words were spoken, as friend communicated with friend, Scientific problems are now being solved with certainty, and minds generally being brought upon a higher plane,—more largely diffused than at any time before since the world began.

There is a world-wide difference betwixt spirit revelation and the substance of thought proper—that is, *your* thoughts and ours. We come and suggest—present ideas foreign altogether from what originated spontaneously there; but once you have incorporated them, they become as component parts of yourselves. No longer are they revealings, but settled convictions. So with the majority of mediums; we find the food for their consumption, of which they partake, and forthwith it becomes an active, living principle with them, forgetful even that they were not always supplied from the same fountain. We suggest thought—enlarge mind, by the reception of its necessary aliment, and man attributes the source from whence it flows no longer to us, but to his own individual effort—vainly supposing himself equal to the solution of all truth without extraneous aid. Man grasps at truth with eagerness—seizes it as the animal does its prey, tenaciously—accepts it all as placed in his keeping without limits to commence with, but after a time he sees imperfections, discovers errors; then his investigations commence, he is more ready to examine minutely—draw conclusions, or carry on his researches, than in the beginning, because more thoroughly unfolded for the work. And this brings us to that portion of our subject which we wish to tender for your consideration, and ask not for your acceptance of a single theory advanced, unless it meet with your fullest approbation. "The study of Evil,—its various causes,—what it is, &c." Theologians define it in this wise: The opposite of goodness, virtue and morality; the innate principle of anarchy, confusion, disorder,—a misnomer for all that is debasing, demoralizing, sensual, &c. While we, on the other hand, perceive it to be a growth, indigenous to earth, subject to change, improvement, perfection even—an index of that which is to come,—a first formation out of which good shall result, agreeable to nature's law, an imperfect condition, but not necessarily the false, but on the contrary every way truthful, as we hope to be able to point out to your fullest comprehension. Evil is chaotic matter, out of which formation must come. Material not wanting, but arrangement of particles not yet coherent together. Ebullitions, volcanic eruptions, must arise, and strata after strata become disrupted with intestinal convulsion—nature's processes for throwing off waste matter; each evolution giving higher forms or conditions of life. Evil, then, is a natural result—a working out of the imperfect into more beautiful, harmonious development. All life is more or less imperfect, consequently evil, according to our understanding of the term, and its varied forms and manifestations, co-existent with its first faint pulsations of conceptional power, because departed from nature's highest behest, truthful formation. This first departure gave organization, and the individual works according to the letter of the law within himself, ever dependant, even as earth in its mighty, grand changes, created within and of itself, its wondrous working power toward purification, as we ascend step by step from chaotic, interminable abyss, to the present home of man, and its ultimate growth always present, but fathomless—the spirit's home. Man is accounted evil in all that he does, and taking our view of the subject according to geological survey of earth's growth from its bed of chaotic warfare, he is most emphatically so. But if, on the other hand, you can prove by analytical science, that the earth at any period of its existence has been in a higher state of advancement, and man more perfect than at the present time, then we fail to show our premise correct.

History is pregnant with facts which go to show that with each separate epoch, there has been advancement, growth, progress, and as we look back, so may we not look forward in expectation of that which is to be in the wide-spreading future?

Let us look at some of the evils in society cursorily, and note and learn as to the paramount influence of this good or evil principle, whichever it may be; learn from daily experience which is the absolute, positive or grand motive power, or inferior agent or negative principle—the effect of a cause. Prior to birth comes law creating, and cause back of cause underlies all social fabrics, so that man is but a cause within a cause, and disturbance after disturbance equalizes and breathes of harmony in prospective, not present, but to come. The grand working principle of the universe is Love,—the interior high resolve, or angelic germ power, and fold within fold, it lies hidden far from sight, but evil answering, as it unquestionably does, to the effect of a cause, as the body was created, not the creator, remember.

You may now see that the grand working principle in nature is good, but the natural life, or effects of birth, the growing out of, to higher forms, convulsion like—spasmodic—revolutionary, like earth's troubled throes for deliverance. That good may come, evil must wear itself out, struggle and come to the surface, rack its patient wofully sometimes, and well nigh drag them down to perdition, that they be purified. Man is ignorant of the uses of tobacco, likewise its pernicious effects upon the system. He has realized none of its evil tendencies as yet. Becomes fond of it and, craves that indulgence with an earnest longing. You may preach to that man with zeal and a determination to imprint upon his soul a detestation of the vile compound; pour forth volumes of denunciation, and what have you done more than to exact a promise for the time being, which he will put into execution only to break that promise again? You have not convinced the man. It stands in the place of good to him, he *loves* it, and has not yet renounced it. Argument has settled the point in his head, but not taken the love from the heart. But this is all that you can do and you have done your duty. Struggle on: His conviction and conversion only comes from interior resolve, and you have done very little toward that. But how are we going to convert the man? You are not going to do it. One resolution strengthens another, the conflict is going on in his own mind now. You have aroused an inquiry meeting within the precincts of brain to further its own investigation, and regular arguments are there being held and resolutions are formed, which, according to strength of purpose thereby gained, attain or defeat said object. The seed has been sown, which, if it has taken deep root, will bear its fruit in due time. Now which is the strongest working principle? Is it all evil now? It predominates to a fearful extent perhaps, but the little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Again,—virtue versus vice. That boys organism says thief. Small benevolence, large secretiveness, acquisitiveness. He borrows from his neighbor that which he most desires,—money perhaps. Lack of benevolence says he don't need it,—I must and will have it. The money is taken. No one knows it. His purposes are strengthened because not defeated, and a life of wickedness follows. Mark that man's career. Recklessness, wantonness, vice, are sure to follow. The good he secures by wickedness hardens the heart. Granted. From the beginning it was not so, but evil is strengthening. Is there hope for the underlying of so great a vice with good, which shall regenerate the sinner? We hope so. Wait a moment. Has not God implanted in the formation of that child in its mother's womb, the vital spark of life from His own immaculate purity? Then see your working out on the same principle of goodness some day.

(To be continued.)

FRANK'S JOURNAL.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.

Walter Walker.

I lived in the reign of Edward I. I hope you will let me come. I have a curious history to give. I am a little confused, for this is new to me, but I hope I shall be able to manage it.

I was a halberdier, having command of a company. I stood guard over Walker when he was captured, and also witnessed his execution. After that occurrence, the war ended and I returned home to my father—he had a small farm in Sommerset, and I helped him to work it. We got along pretty well. Peace had discharged many soldiers who were roaming about, depredating whenever they had a chance. I had to keep constant watch, for my father was aged and infirm.

One day there came a man who asked for employment, but we had none to give, for I could do all that was required about the farm. He appeared greatly disappointed, and seemed to be suffering for want of food. This excited my compassion, and I placed before him an abundance—he ate like one famished. When satified, he expressed much gratitude and took his leave. After awhile he returned, and said he came to inform me of a plot intended to burn my house. He revealed all their plans, and offered his aid for protection. The time fixed, was two days off, and gladly did I accept his offer. As the hour drew nigh I became much excited, and anxiously watched for the evening's approach; but the night passed and no alarm was given. Another night was spent in the same way. At length I suspected that the whole was a cheat merely to get a few day's bread. Seeing no sign of an enemy, I seized him by the throat and threatened his life if he did not confess his rascality. But he made a vigorous resistence, and being a much stronger man than myself, he got the mastery and was about to set his foot upon my neck, when I sprang up, dealt him a ponderous blow, which felled him to the floor, and instantly my knife was in his heart. No one was near,—but there lay the body, and what was to be done with it? I hid it under the stairs until night, then took it to a deep chasm not far from the house and covered it up; not leaving a trace of the deed. I slept none that night nor for several more thereafter. My health began to fail, giving my father much anxiety. Every day I strolled near that spot to see if any discovery had been made; but no change had taken place. After a few months, I became easy in mind, and gradually recovered my health. But this quiet was only as to fear of detection, for a most miserable man was I. How could I get over this terrible deed. I tried to pacify myself by saying it was in self-defense; but that availed me little, as small comfort was afforded me from that reflection.

I lived on in this way until my father's death which occurred about three years after the murder. I then took possession of the property, and in a few months began to look about for a wife. I made claim of a farmer's daughter, living in the neighborhood. She was a sweet girl, and made me a loving companion. But I could not resist telling her of my quarrel and its terrible result. She could not resist telling it to her mother, and she to her husband, and he to his friend, and soon all the country knew of it. The chasm was searched, the remains found, and I committed to jail. Knowing there was no evidence against me, and that the confession to my wife could not be received, I kept silence—all believed me guilty, but I was acquitted.

Remorse the most terrible, now took possession of my wife—I had already forgiven her, but she could not forgive herself. Kind and loving was I to her, striving to efface this act of folly from her mind,—but many months elapsed before anything like peace was restored. About this time, Lord Chief Justice Fanning came to hold court in Pomfrey, our shire town. He had heard of the charge, and felt a curiosity to see me—the moment my eyes glanced upon him, it seemed that my victim stood before me. Fear, the most overpowering took entire possession, and I fell to the ground helpless as a child. It was some time before I could recover strength enough to stand. Lord Fanning the while looking on with astonishment. I could only gaspe out, "Go away, go away," nor could I lift my eyes upon him again. A great excitement prevailed, and none could devise the cause. I was carried home half dead with fright. Not a word was said to my wife, but made pretences that I had fainted. Many months elapsed before anything like fear came to my bosom.

I lived to the age of fifty-one, leaving four children. My wife followed me the year after.

I had been a member of the church ever since I was a boy, and believed all that was taught from the pulpit. I believed that I had repented of that crime, and that God had forgiven me.

I do not know how long I lay asleep after my death; but when I awoke, the first one I saw, was my victim—there he stood looking at me, but said not a word; and beside him stood Lord Fanning his father, as much alike as ever were father and son. I did not tremble, but went right up and asked his forgiveness. He smiled and gave me his hand, saying, that sorrow had brought forth repentance, and repentance had washed away the sin.

I am now a bright spirit, and delight in helping others. I visit the undeveloped, and strive to win them to a better life. It was in one of those rambles that I wandered here and heard you addressing that Methodist preacher,—I listened with deep attention, and was astonished to hear so much good sense coming from one in mortal form. I endeavored to keep it in remembrance that I might repeat it to others.

Farewell, my friend. I thank you for receiving this confession, it has afforded me much pleasure.

GOD.

Prof. Agassiz, Humboldt, etc.

BY L. H. BAKER.

There is an extract from Prof. Agassiz's speech at the Humboldt Centennial Celebration at Boston, published in the *Waxihatchie Argus*, upon which I wish to ask a few questions, doubting whether the Prof. could himself enlighten us upon his ethical logic.

After stating that the modern school of Atheists claim Humboldt as their leader, he says, "It is difficult to find in Humboldt any clue to the exact nature of his convictions. He had too great a regard for truth, and he knew too well the alien origin of the traditions collected by the Jews, to give his countenance to any creed based upon them. Indeed, it was one of his aims to free our civilization from the pressure of Jewish tradition; but it is impossible to become familiar with his writings, without feeling that if Humboldt was not a believer, he was no scoffer."

Does the Prof. deny the origin of the Old Testament? Or does he make a distinction between its tradition and inspiration? A part of it, if not the whole, must be tradition. Where do we get our authority to claim a part of Jewish record while we condemn the whole? If Humboldt refused his countenance to any creed based upon Jewish tradition, could he be a theologian?

Again, he says, "Like a true philosopher, he knew that the time had not yet come for a scientific investigation into the origin of all things. Before he attempted to discuss the direct action of a Creator, in bringing about the present condition of the Universe, he knew that the physical laws that govern the material world must be first understood; that it would be a mistake to ascribe to the agency of a Supreme Power, occurrences and phenomena which could be deduced from the continued agency of natural causes.

Until some limit to the action of these various causes has been found, there is no place in scientific discussion, as such, for the consideration of the Intervention of a Creator. Where is the line between the inevitable action of law, and the intervention of a higher power?"

"There are those who affirm that, in as much as force and matter are found to be sufficient ground for so many physical phenomena, we are justified in assuming that the whole Universe, including organic life, has no further origin. To these, I venture to say, Humboldt did not belong. He had too logical a mind to assume that a harmoniously combined whole is the result of accidental occurrences."

If there is no line between the inevitable action of law and the Creator, and all is a harmoniously combined Whole, how can there be an intervention of the Creator without destroying the harmony of the Whole? And if there is, or ever is to be, such a line, by whose hands is it to be drawn? If the answer is, God's, it must be through the fallible source of inspiration, for as the finite can not comprehend the Infinite, all inspiration is necessarily fallible, leaving all the doctrines and commandments of men subject to public opinion, making void the traditions of theology also.

If we must wait until there is a limit to natural causes, before we can discuss the supernatural, how long will it be? It is a mistake to ascribe to a Supreme Power occurrences that could be deduced from natural causes, is God the Creator of nature, or have we the old mythological creators—one good and one evil—God being the former of the good and Diabolus of the evil? And if so, upon his assumption, is not Diabolus the creator of physical nature, including the planetary system?

I am at a loss to understand the Professor's logic in any other light. If the God-power is not the author of occurrences from natural causes, is it the author of anything having form? Or, since everything has form, and there would be nothing left for God to manifest Himself through, how do we know there is a God?

If we have no right to ascribe any of the occurrences of nature to God, how did the direct action of the Creator bring about the present condition of things, for does not the present condition of things depend in some measure upon physical nature?

Will not the learned Professor make some of his ethical reasoning sufficiently logical for the general reader? Many of our theologians in this darkened corner of the world are at as great a loss to comprehend it as those who have emerged from the fog of its mythology. Can he tell us, too, when the time will come for scientific investigation into all things? Or, if we have no right to investigate religion, had we not better go back to Popery or Judaism? And upon what plea does he justify himself for renouncing the Adamic dispensation?

Lancaster, Texas.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts.

BY WARREN CHASE.

No. IV.

"And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass on which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont to do so unto thee? And he said nay."

This word of God text (Num. 22: 30), is a small part of a very interesting story which is worth reading by all who have forgotten it, as it shows, first, one of the different kinds of mediums through which the Jewish Jehovah gave His Holy Word to the human race, this being quite a different speaking medium from the snake-devil of our last text; but, still, one not much more talkative gererally. Second, in this case, the medium is said to have seen a ghost, and as good spirits do not come to the earth, it must have been either the devil of the Holy Ghost. As the story runs, the ghost also talked to Balaam after the ass was done.—"Spake as the Lord God, with authority, and as he had a sword—talked about slaying Balaam and letting the ass live. It is most likely it was the Jewish God, as this was in accordance with his previous character. Third, this is one of the evidences that the Jewish God was not a very well developed or harmonious spirit, or used his power of ventriloquism to cheat his servants, or else had power to make beasts talk as no power in our day can, not even in the better days of modern spirits that visit the earth. These passages prove the great imperfection of this spirit that set himself up as the God of the Jews—who was so weak as to often get angry and vindictive, when nothing but human blood would pacity him—so weak that Moses is said to have turned his mind by pleading with good reasons. Abram greatly modified his feelings in the case of Sodom by treating him to a good dinner of kid and cakes. I often wonder if this is the same God our Orthodox churches praise so loudly and pray to so fervently. If it is, I think they might do better with arguments such as Moses used. This Jewish God, whose character is so plainly portrayed in the Old Testament—who made so many blunders—seems to me to be far more imperfect than any one of the spirits that I know of as communicating in our day, and not much better than the character latterly given to the devil, especially the devil to which our Orthodox brethren attribute the modern Spiritual manifestations, and certainly not more powerful, as he could not do much fighting against chariots of iron—modern columbiads would have been perfectly invulnerable to him. He certainly was somewhat snakey as well as mulish. We may find some case where he used the lying lips of lying men to give his Holy Word to man. In the case of our text, the poor ass-medium got sorely whipped for a fault which seems to have been the ghost's fault entirely, which did not or could not make Balaam see as sure as the beast did.

Views of a Free Thinker on Matter God etc.

From the Rock Island (Ill.) Union.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

The two divisions of nature are Matter and Spirit. Matter, the material of which every thing is made. Spirit, the pure, ethereal force or life. Matter is composed of atoms: an atom of matter the invisible center from which force emanates. Spirit, unseen unfelt and unknown, except through its forces. There is no force in nature except that of spirit. The relations between Matter and Spirit are inseparably, coexistent and eternal.

GOD.

The omnipresent, life-principle that pervades the universe, we recognize as God—God the Soul of nature; the universe his mode of existence; the laws of nature his mode of action. Outside of nature all is void; hence, the supernatural is impossible. The Infinite can only act in accordance with his unchangeable attributes, which are manifest in the laws and principles of nature. God omnipresent—not personal personality and omnipresence stand in contradiction to each other.

LIFE.

Life is eternal, and pervades all matter. Every particle of matter acts or is acted upon, and feels its relationship to the great whole. The forces that give form to the dew drop, drops of falling rain, the snow flake, and to all forms of crystalization, are as truly living forces as those that give form to the blade of grass, or to the animal. Through natural forces rain drops and worlds are formed from pre existing material.

LIVING FORMS.

The lowest cognizable form of life is that of a simple cell, which may be regarded as the primal organic form. All organic forms of law are made up of cellular tissue, or by the addition of cell upon cell. Through the operation of organic laws, the inherent life principle utilizes or individualizes itself into forms of life.

PHYSICAL MAN.

These organic forms of life, have passed from a monad through countless changes under the modifying influence of changing condition; through almost infinite durations of past time, ascending up through the scale of progressive development, and branching off into all the diversity of life, until the inherent Spirit principle culminates in Man; Man, the ultimate, or terminal link in the creative chain. Thus man physically, was developed from a monad through the complex gradations of past creations, and is thus related to all forms of existence.

SPIRITUAL MAN.

Man is the first fruit of the Tree of life—the receptacle of the individualized principle of the infinite—impregnated with a spark of divinity. The physical life a period of spiritual gestation; at death we are born—born into spirit life. Physical death our Spiritual birth. Man being the fruit of the tree of life, containing within himself the impregnated germ of immortality, bursts forth from this physical state of being into spirit life. Every individual spirit a finite expression of the Infinite, an organ through which the Infinite contemplates himself. Every individual spirit is born into spirit-life with just such an individualized character as the modifying influences of his or her earth-life must naturally develop. High spiritual development only attainable through pure, harmonious lives and spirit culture, and also through a full recognition of the bond of relationship that unites the whole human race; we win Heaven to ourselves through deeds of love and charity. Heaven and Hell are conditions of mind—whether here, or hereafter. We have such a Heaven or Hell as we create unto ourselves.

Spiritual philosophy is the religion of nature—its Trinity, Science, Philosophy and Religion, harmonized into an inseparable unity. Its object, the uplifting of humanity. It comes down to all the practical relations of life.

Through the bodily organs, the senses relate only to material forms or combinations of matter. Under certain conditions the mind, even while in the body, can see, feel or hear spiritually, indipendent of the bodily organs. Through the exercise of this faculty man has been made cognizant of spiritual existence and the reality of a future life.

MAN'S DIVINITY.

In past history, people have ascribed to different individuals a divine character—to Osiris Crishna, Buddha, Jesus, etc. The views here presented accept the doctrine of "God manifested in the flesh," but apply it to the whole human race: accept the Divinity of Man—God manifested in man.

RELIGION VS. MYTHOLOGY.

Religion and Inspiration natural—not supernatural, nor the gift of any particular age or race. Every human soul is an impregnation of Divinity; hence a receptacle of inspiration just in proportion as the mind is in a condition to receive the divine influx, or in accordance with the measure and characteristic qualities of spiritual development. But inspiration, coming through the imperfections of human organism, is never free from the imperfection of human nature. Religious systems and holy books are but the out growths of the religious sentiment of the age in which they originate, each in its time serving an important purpose in the progress of religious development. All systems and creeds must ultimately be tried before the tribunal of science. What ever is not founded on the principles of nature, but only on the authority of tradition, will finally receive a place among the *fossils of mythology*.

Apology.

Hallsport, N. Y.—Job Smyth writes:—Enclosed please find $10, and place it to my credit on account. I have many apologies to make for not sending you money before, and for not sending more now, but I must only say this is the best I can do. I will continue to send you pay as fast as I can. Do the best you can by me. I feel that I could not do without the paper. I have a little advantage of you in some respects. I saw you at a convention in Philadelphia and studied your nature, and I profess to be able to read character by looks, and consequently I do think you will deal justly by me.

REMARKS:—You are a most excellent judge of character? It is only the fear of justice, which we so lose and practice, that makes certain persons, whose, names it is not worth while to mention speak evil of us. Thank you, brother, for your truthful words, as well as for the ten dollars.

WASHINGTON.

Spiritualism at the Capital—Rev. Dr. Boynton.

From the Ann Arbor (Mich.) Courier.

Rev. Dr. Boynton, ex-Chaplin of the House of representatives, is creating quite a sensation every Sabbath in the discourses on Spiritualism of the Bible and spiritual manifestations. In his evening discourse of last Sabbath he said, that the question is pertinently asked, "if spiritual manifestations occurred during the ministry of Christ and his apostles, why do not such powers appear now?" He, Mr. B believed that spiritual powers were designed to be permanent. For 400 years previous to the Christian era, miraculous or spiritual powers did not exist they were renewed under the Christian dispensation, and were intended as a standing evidence of truth in the church: For 1500 years and until Luther's protest, the only Church on earth was the Catholic. Will Protestants say that the Holy Ghost or the baptism of the spirit has ceased through all this period? that the signs that should follow them that believe in Christ were to be perpetual? But through the coldness and unfaithfulness of the christain ministry, only here and there spiritual powers were manifest. There are three stages in man's spiritual development. We are now living in the first, and if the Church now lived according to its exalted privileges, the day of Pentecost would be repeated. Unless we reject all the evdences of the New Testamemnt, we must admit the possibility of spiritual manifestations. Every minister baptized with the Holy Ghost will carry with him the commanding power of an angel ministry. It is said by Jesus, not ye that speak, but the spirit that speaketh in you. This supernatural spiritual power remains in the Church, and it would be folly to deny it. These signs and wonders are claimed now to exist by thousands of living witnesses, and is therefore more a question of fact than of faith. I am inclined to believe there is more of the supernatural at the present day than the Church is willing to admit.

The second stage in man's spiritual development will partake of more of the supernatural than even the remarkable manifestations at the the day of Pentecost. Unless I discard all human testimony, I must believe we are on the threshold of a most remarkable era of spiritual development But with regard to the acceptance of any revelation from spirits, even of the most undoubted character, he would despise all such as evil, that rejected Christ as the only Savior of men. We have reason to fear if undoubted spirit manifestations, come to any Church in this city, the rest of the Churches would prosecute them. He acknowl edged that the admission of manifestation from our departed friends was attended with doubt, he had no evidence *personally* of the fact. He said Christ's appearance was in his *resurrection* body; Moses' and Elias' appearance was to the disciples while they were in a trance, and that Samuel's return appeared to favor the possibility of the spirit's return.

The speaker said nothing of the angel that appeared to John claiming to have been one of the prophets, but admitted that death did not destroy the affectionate relation between friends united in the bonds of pure and holy friendship nor did it affect the memory of earth-life associations. He believes that our departed friend are often near us to warn us of danger, encourage us in well doing. The love they bore for us here is intensified and sanctified there, and he saw nothing in the Bible to deny to them the exercise of their guardian care and hallowed affection.

LIFE.

The Tidings are Spreading.

LETTERS FROM C. A. IRWIN.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me through your column to give to the world a short testimony of the wonderful healing power demonstrated through the agency of Dr. Carman, of Ladoga, Indiana, as a Spiritual medium.

Dr. Carman not only banished ailments of recent, but of long continued standing, with the power of magnetism. Mrs. M. Lindsey, an old and established resident of our city, who had not jumped, ran or reached her hand to her foot for the space of twenty years or more, sprang up and down with perfect ease, reaching her hand to her foot with ease after one treatment; and her cure was confirmed after three operations.

Miss Maggie Burgess, of Shelby County, visiting with a friend in this city, had not walked for seven long weeks, without placing her knee upon a chair, the effect of an ugly fracture, walked across the room alone, after one treatment, and from that time, entirely dispensed with any assistance whatever. We could mention several other quite remarkable cases, but desist, with one or two incidents of spirit communion.

Dr. Carman came to our city as a Magnetic Healer, but while visiting with us, he held several developing seances, he often passing under control, and giving at once astonishing and convincing tests of the presence and identity of departed spirits. I will be brief:

During one of our seances, there were present several gentlemen who were not Spiritualists—among them one who had been a soldier, a fact known to but few persons in the room. A number of his old departed army comrades came, and proved their identity to their old companion; but one most astonishing case was that of a poor boy who had been missed from the regiment; he was supposed to have been kidnapped, and was never heard from, much to the sorrow and regret of the entire regiment and the great agony and distress of his friend, He said he had been treated most inhumanly and cruelly by the rebels, and then brutally hung; he also gave his old companion messages to deliver to his friends on earth, and spoke to the friends assembled in beautiful language. The company were affected to tears, and the gentleman astonished and surprised, recognized the manners and speech of the poor lost soldier boy toward whom he had felt such sympathy.

These are a few of the number of wonderful tests given which prove the fact of the power of spirits influence to communicate through the physical organism of different individuals. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace good will to men."

Shelbyville' Ind.

Letter from J. W. Madden.

Mary's, Ill.—W. J. Madden writes:—By chance I had the pleasure, last evening, of seeing your paper for the first time. Many articles appeared, to me very ridiculous, but on the other hand—many were very philosophical and good. Although not a Spiritualist, I advocate many of your theories. That it is beyond cavil that spirits, being of a kindred nature, can, and, perhaps, do commune one with the other, I agree with you; but that they produce the effects asserted by the Spiritualistic brotherhood, I am not, as yet, so credulous as to believe. However, I am open to conviction, and as my curiosity is aroused, I intend to examine the subject farther. For this purpose, I desire your paper. I would like very much to see an article on "spirit and matter," or how a purely spiritual subject can act upon a material object. One is tangible, the other is not—one sensible, the other not. I exclude, however, the operation of the soul upon the body, whilst dwelling upon this sphere. If one of the brotherhood would be kind enough to treat this matter, he would confer a favor upon many.

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SINGULAR SERMONS.

Human Government Pronounced a Lie.

The following remarkable sermon is from the Methodist pulpit, of Weston Mo., a town of some three thousand inhabitants, lying on the bank of the Missouri river in Platt county. This remarkable sermon is the dernier resort of the Rev. J. H. Pritchett, who dare not meet us when in Weston, nevertheless urged to do so by some of the leading members of his own church.

The main point in the discourse is this. All political government, outside of the rule of the church, and especially of the M. E. Church, South, is "a lie," and of the devil. Of all the fools that ever undertook to rule the world, these religious bigots are indeed the greatest. What is the government of the Church? We answer, a human one, divided and subdivided into factions, opposed to progress, and in favor of slavery. Look at the religious wisdom of the world to-day assembled in Rome, and an old man in his dotage asking to be declared infallible, claiming to be the representative of God. Such as this old man would the Rev. Pritchett be. Give him and his church the power, and this free Government of America would be another Mexico or Spain within ten years. The church North and South, plunged the country into war in 1860-1, over the divine idea of human slavery. God, the author of slavery, through the inspiration of Moses, at the head of the armies of the South, fought against the "lie" of human government, and got whipped. The Divine government at the head of the Methodist Church South, in Weston, in the character of the Rev. Pritchett, who dare not attend our lecture, who would not hear us, and did not, although urged by his leading members to do so, makes his attack when the enemy is gone, and pronounces all human government a lie. Oh Rev. J. H. Pritchett! are you a human being or a divine one? will you tell us? Please do—that's a good fellow. If human, then you are a lie, for the government of your church is human. If divine, then you are the ass that Balaam rode, and after Balaam has whaled you, cry out unto your master, saying, "Have I not been a faithful ass and served you well these long years? Why, then, let the wolf enter my fold and alarm my flock?"

This is the coward's cry. Rev. Pritchett, you should have met the wolf when in your fold, and captured him then and there. You did not, and as a true man and human being, you should not cry over spilt milk. As a divine being, acting under divine authority, you howl fearfully after the enemy is gone. You, like the ancient divine idea, are "some," up among the Mountains of Superstition, but in the Valley of Human Thought and clear ideas, you can not prevail. But enough for this time, my dear Rev. Pritchett. We will leave you in the hands of A. G. Beller Esq., of the Border Times, a true man and good. We only wish that you were his equal, and both good Spiritualists. Weston is a nice town indeed, and we shall long remember the marked attention given to our lectures by many of the Rev. Pritchett's flock, and it is not to be wondered at, for it is the first green pasture they have been in since Pritchett's ministration.

We copy the article from the Border Times, of Dec. 3rd, published in Weston, Missouri. It is as follows:

"It is doubtless unpopular, to criticise ministers of the Gospel; but it is not therefore right to forbear. The delivery of two very singular sermons at the M. E. Church South, in this city, on Sunday last, by the Rev. J. H. Pritchett, impels us once more to this unpleasant duty. These discourses were not sermons; but an ill tempered tirade against the isms, the light, the civilization, and the religious tendencies of the nineteenth century.

The startling proposition was asserted, that human government was a lie, and that the latest phase of it—ours—was the greatest lie of all. It was further declared that, whatever its character or results, the "signs of the times" indicated the near approach of some great era; the speaker bade us infer, however, that it would be bad in character and consequences. As evidence of this it was assumed—for it is not true in the aggregate—that the people were not willing to attend upon the preaching of God's word; that they were ever ready to listen to any error; that this century presented a hundred fold more isms than any preceding one, and that all its tendencies and developments were of an evil character; therefore, it was evident that the time was near when all human government would be proven a lie and abrogated, and God assume the reins of government on earth. Let us test this proposition. It is taught in all the prominent Christian churches of the day, that beyond and above all human governments, there is a power which creates, applies means and produces results. That God, with an almighty hand and in infinite wisdom and love, rules over all. Nothing has figured more conspicuously in the world's history than human government. God either sanctioned it or He did not. If He sanctioned it, he sanctioned a lie. If it existed without His sanction, then there is some other power which has created and sustained it despite of His authority. The advocates of this theory can grasp whatever horn of the dilemma they may choose.

These discourses were based upon a passage from Paul's letter to Timothy. We also desire to introduce Paul upon the witness stand. Not unlike the speaker of last Sunday, the early believers at Rome were evidently under the impression that when they became Christians, they were absolved from all allegiance to the government of Rome. To remove the impression, he addressed them as follows:

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinances of God, and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power, do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same. For he is a minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is a minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

If there is any meaning in this passage it teaches clearly these truths, viz: that God ordained the governments of earth; that it is our duty to submit to their legitimate authority, and that their object is to aid and protect the good and to restrain and punish the evil. This being so, according to the theory of Sunday's discourses, God ordained a lie, bids us submit to a lie, and uses a stupendous falsehood to accomplish his purposes.

The declaration that the latest phase of human government—a representative republic—is the greatest lie of all, because it is declared that under it all are sovereign, and because it rests upon the theory that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, might be reduced to an absolute absurdity, were we disposed to insult the intelligence of our readers by arguing such a proposition. We will say this much, however, that while absolute sovereignty belongs to God alone, it is deemed best in this age of the world and especially in this country, to vest a comparative sovereignty in the hands of the many, rather than with one man, who to-day may be a just ruler, and to-morrow a blood thirsty and relentless tyrant. This is based upon the presumption that the people will take better care of their own interests than a single or responsible ruler would for them. Such is the teaching of history.

We now desire to state a proposition, which we will undertake to sustain in future articles, viz: that human government is not a lie but a necessity; that it was instituted for wise and good purposes; that it has gradually developed, and that, under the softening influences of Christianity, it has approximated to perfection in the United States of America.

We can not forbear stating the cause of these singular discourses. It was last week's sensation—the lectures by E. V. Wilson, the Spiritualist. A bitter deluge of words was hurled at those who attended upon these lectures or favored them in the least degree. We heard them, presume to pronounce them able, and in the main, free from error. If, as is claimed, they are at war with the Word of God, then "to the law and to the testimony." Let us have a "Thus saith the Lord" to the effect that this ism is not true. Or are our ministers afraid of the Word? Are they fearful that it will prove a two-edged sword upon this subject and cut backwards? We will submit cheerfully to a "Thus saith the Lord." We scorn to submit to human declarations, much less will we cringe and cower before human declamations. It would do the world no harm to have Martin Luther repeated several times on a small scale. We know nothing of modern spiritual manifestations. We do know that there is abundant evidence to the effect that spiritual manifestations existed during the Biblical period. "To the law and to the testimony" again, as to when they ceased, or were forbidden. Let us not repeat the folly of ages, by denouncing that as untrue or of the devil which is new and strange to us. Let us have a care! As in the days of Gamaliel, peradventure we may presume to measure arms with the Almighty.

The nineteenth century is indeed full of "isms;" and nothing presents a greater number than Christianity. Why? Because of the fallibility of human interpretations of the Word of God. We do not ask any man to accept our "thus and so" for a "Thus saith the Lord;" nor will we accept his dictum. When he presents the truth, we must submit to it. If we are to accept human interpretations unquestionably, or be denounced as a heretic, we will halt at no half-way station, but go to the Catholic church, which lays a respectable claim to infallibility; a claim which the Protestant churches do not hold. Hence the right of private interpretation.

It is pronounced an omen of the approach of evil times—a general crash of sublunary things—because the people do not always attend up to the preaching of the word. This is not true in the aggregate. When it is true of localities, there must be a special cause for it. Why does preaching often become irksome? Because instead of presenting to the people the spirit of the gospel, ministers surfeit them with dead and uninteresting theological issues. Instead of applying the renovating and ameliorating influences of the Christian religion to the redemption and general elevation of the human race, its sole purpose seems to be to transplant a favored few to some imaginary place of felicity, while nine-tenths of the race are doomed to be lost amid the wreck of empires and the crash of worlds.

Present Christ as "The bright and the morning star," whose beams are to dispel all darkness; whose influences shall constantly elevate our race, until, redeemed and disenthralled, man shall no longer require human government and human law; for each shall be a "law unto himself," of which love shall be the fulfilling, and we venture to assert that men and women will run after the ministrations of the word, and there will be no occasion for angry discourses over the isms and developments of the present day, but the signs of the times will indicate unmistakably, the constant spread of the influence and power of the gentle Nazarene over the hearts and minds of men.

A Letter from an Eye Witness.

A friend from Kansas furnishes us with the following rich scene, under the influence of divine government. It is meet that this should appear side by side with the Rev. Pritchett's sermon. We think the editor of the Border Times ought to hand this to the Rev. gentleman who pronounces human government a lie, and call his attention to the results of divine government. We would then call his attention to the Whitehouse-Cheney troubles in Chicago, as well as the free fight in a church in Cincinnati, in 1865.

BROTHER E. V. WILSON:—Having read in the JOURNAL that you wished the friends of Spiritualism to write to you concerning the doings of the churches in the different parts of the country, I will give you a sketch of what took place near my home in Jefferson county, Ill., of which I was an eye-witness, and know all the parties concerned.

About two years ago at a school house in the county of J——, in Southern Illinois, Mr. A., a Methodist minister, and a Mr. A., a Baptist minister, being pregnant with "good will toward sinners," they agreed to unite and hold a revival (for each of himself being minus the power of revival influences even with their Holy Ghost), to scare sinners away from the path to hell, and out of the devil's clutches. The Methodist would preach one night, the Baptist the next. In the daytime they held prayer meetings. Such was the programme; and so they continued for nearly two weeks, and persuaded about twenty-four to quit their wickedness and become Christians. The last night of the performance came and they must divide the "spoil." Both preachers got up and called on those who had embraced religion to come forward and tell which church they would go with.

The Methodist minister came out victorious, getting the larger number, which made the Baptist a little mad, causing him to say something which displeased the members of the Methodist church, whereupon a lady (?) in front of me called Mr. Hardshell a liar. This caused considerable excitement, and the orthodox devil entered their sanctum sanctorum, and deprived them of all decency. Then men and women all mixed up, shaking their fists and calling each other liars. Some would raise the windows and hop out; others would crawl in through the windows to join in the fracas; but the most interesting feature was to see the constable, a member of the Baptist church, and so drunk he could not stand up without holding to a desk, back in the corner, hollowing, "I command the peace,—hic, by G—d, I am a Christian officer."

They were all brought before the Grand Jury, but being Christians (?) the Court dismissed them.

Louisville, Kansas.

E. V. Wilson's Appointments.

Our appointments for January, 1870, are as follows:

Jan. 1st, 2d, 3d, 8th, 9th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 22d, 23d, 24th, 29th, 30th and 31st, in Washington, D. C., five Sundays. Jan. 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, at Wilmington, Del. Jan. 11th and 12th, at Baltimore, Md.

We will lecture and give public readings in the Culvert Assembly Room, on Tuesday and Wednesday evening. The friends in Cumberland, Maryland, and in Mechanicsburgh and Harrisburgh, Penn., will be governed by our letters to them in reference to their plans. Our address for Jan., 1870, will be Washington, D. C., care of John Mayhew, M. D. We will lecture in Troy N. Y., during Feb., 1870. On the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th of Feb., we will lecture in Vineland, N. Y.

It is useless for friends to write us for tests by letter, or call for private communications. We never give any, our communications are always in public audiences. Again, we never promise a spirit test or communication. We do not control the Spirit World. Parties writing us asking "if that which appears in our department of the JOURNAL is true," insult us. We never send to the Frontier Department anything but the truth—indeed the half is not told. Oil speculators, gold hunters and lead diggers need not apply to us—we are not in their line; nor do we look up stolen goods, lost asses, or cattle, as did the Prophet Samuel in the olden time; nor make or break matches, hunt up absent beaux, wives, or husbands—that was the mission of Jesus. We are somewhat like Paul in regard to marriage. (Read 1st Cor., 7th chap.)

We take subscriptions for the JOURNAL.

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THE DOCTORS AND THE SPIRITS. SPIRITS TRIUMPHANT!

The following extract is taken from a letter written by MRS. MARY A. STODDARD, of Kouts Station, Porter Co., Ind.:

"I have lately been called to take and treat several patients whom the M. D.s had failed to cure. I will here mention one, the case of a young woman who was very sick. Her friends called one of our Doctors first, and then the other. They both called her disease Lung Fever, treated her three weeks, and left her worse than they found her. Her friends then called me. I examined her case, and found her in the last stage of QUICK CONSUMPTION. After I had had her under my care for one week, her friends met the M. D.s who said they knew that she had the consumption, and could never be cured. Some two weeks afterward, the learned DR. UNDERHILL, of Chicago, was here at my house on a visit. He examined her, and he, too, said that she was in the last stage of Quick Consumption, could not be cured, and he would not be surprised if she did not live but a few days. 'Mrs. Stodard,' said he to me, 'she can not live; have you any hope of curing her?' I answered, 'The spirits say that they will cure her if we obey their orders.' In the first three weeks after I commenced treating her, she had three large ulcers in her lungs break and discharge an almost incredible amount. But at the expiration of eight weeks she calls herself well. She will work all day, go to a party at night, dance until the small hours in the morning, take a short nap and then get up and be as gay as a bird all day. Allowing herself to be the judge, she is well, has not an unpleasant symptom in her system, and has taken only six boxes of Mrs. Spence's Positive Powders. I gave her no other medicine. To the Positive Powders, God and angels we give the praise of saving her life and restoring her health."

WHERE IS THEIR EQUAL?

K. F. HATCH, of Huntington, Mass., sends to PROF. SPENCE, the following remarkable report:

"I feel it my duty to report to you what Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders have done for me. I had suffered with a hereditary Headache for 35 years. During no week had I been free from the Headache in all that time. Two years ago last August, I sent to you and got a few boxes of your Powders, and commenced taking them according to the directions, and am cured, as I have had no Headache since I took the first Powder. I had also been troubled with a disease in my bowels from childhood. There was scarce a day that I did not suffer pain in my bowels, up to the time I got your Powders. They have cured me of that, too. I had employed many of the best physicians of the Old School, and none of them could tell what ailed me, and could do me no good."

MUST ONE RISE FROM THE DEAD?

Pinnebog, Mich., Aug. 4th, 1869.

PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I feel that I ought to acknowledge some of the benefits of the Positive and Negative Powders in this place. Well, then, two years ago one box cured my child, one year old, after given up to die. Half a box of the Positive Powders cured H. G. Kilburn of Erysipelas, from which he had been unable to work for several years. He took up the half box, went to work, and says he is now cured. Again, a young girl, twelve years old, who had become blind from pain in her head, has used up one and one half box of Positive Powders; she is now around at work, can read, write and sew. I might give more such cases; but after seeing such evidence if people can't believe, they will not believe "though one should rise from the dead." I should have stated above that the girl was pronounced incurable by our skilled doctors of this place.

Yours, &c.,
W. D. KELLY.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, JANUARY 8, 1870. VOL. VII.—NO. 16.

(Reported for the Journal, by H. T. Child, M.D.)

REPORT OF THE

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists, held at Harmonial Hall, Philadelphia, Dec. 15th, 1869.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Dr. Henry T. Child, who said:

How wonderful are the revolving tides of time. It seems but as yesterday that we met in our Annual Meeting, and yet the half of a period has passed. Standing thus upon the swift rolling flood of time, how important it is that we seek to gather up the rich treasures that are strewn around us by an All Bountiful hand. Truth lies all along our pathway, but it can only be ours as we put forth the energies which God has given us to receive it. The venerable Sojourner Truth said, "God is like the ocean, and we the fish that are living in it, and we can no more live outside of God than the fish can live out of water." So of Truth, we cannot live as we should without continually gathering this, and as a spirit once said to me, through Hester Henck, "Truth is a perfect circle of Light, emanating from the Father of all, permeating all space, and returning again to its Divine Centre, and wherever thou canst find a truth, take it to thyself, for it will ever lead thee towards the Infinite Father of all." Next to the importance of acquiring truth, or knowledge, which is the Divine Savior of the world, comes the duty of bringing others to receive it, and for this purpose we are laboring in our various societies. The physiologist will tell you that if you take a single fibre of muscle, it is so delicate that it will scarcely bear its own weight, but when hundreds and thousands, yes, millions, of these are lashed together, they give us the power, which, under the direction of mind and will, moves the world. The declaration that it is more blessed to give than to receive, is more beautifully illustrated in the giving of truth than in anything else.

I am happy to know that we are extending our labors into new sections, and that wherever our missionaries have planted the seeds, we see the evidences of fruit. The report which our Secretary will read to you, will show what we have done.

For myself, friends, I feel every day more and more the necessity of dedicating myself to the work as it opens before me. The grandeur and beauty of Spiritualism, here and in the illimitable realms of the future, are continually inspiring me with rapturous thoughts, and in all conditions of humanity, I perceive the importance of realizing the fact, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," beginning wherever we may find ourselves, taking that which is good and true and right, as the work of God, and working on and on, just as far and as fast as the capacity is given to us. I find neither room nor casion for discouragement, but, on the contrary, everything seems to grow brighter and more beautiful as I gaze down the vista of time; the angel world is bending low and beckoning humanity on, and we are all moving on nearer to that world Let us, therefore, in coming together upon this occasion, pledge ourselves anew to the work that shall bind up humanity here and the angel hosts of the hereafter, in one grand brotherhood, and thus shall we acknowledge the Fatherhood of God.

The Secretary read the following Report:

THIRD SEMI ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, DEC. 15TH, 1869.

By the reports received from Hannah T. Stearns, one of our missionaries, it appears that she has given seventy lectures, or circles, at which six thousand persons have been in attendance. She has received in collections $147.94, and from members $22, making a total of $169,-94. Most of these lectures have been given in the north-western and northern portions of the State—a few in Harrisburg and York, and their vicinities. She has labored as efficiently as her health would permit, and we have no doubt has performed a good work. We commend her to the friends of the cause wherever her lot may be cast, as an earnest and faithful laborer, and an able exponent of Spiritualism.

The Board engaged the services of Dean Clark, in September last, and during the month ending the 15th of October, he gave sixteen lectures in Philadelphia, Bucks and Chester counties, at which there were about twelve hundred persons. He received in collections at meetings $79. We were well satisfied with his labors, and regretted that his health would not allow him to continue the arduous duties of pioneer work. His resignation, for this cause, was accepted by the Board, and a resolution adopted expressing our confidence in him.

Dr. H. T. Child, our President, has devoted some labor to the missionary work. By his reports it appears that he has given thirty-five lectures to about seven thousand persons. He has

collected at meetings,	$55,58
Subscriptions from members,	70,00
Total,	$125,58

During the past month, J. G. Fish has been employed by the Board as Missionary. He has given thirteen lectures in Bucks and Berks counties, and in Vineland, New Jersey. He has collected at meetings,

collected at meetings,	$47,74
Subrcriptions from members,	3,00
Total,	$50,74

Amount collected from members during the last six months:

Name	Amount
Ellen M. Child,	$2,50
Henry T. Child, M.D.,	2,50
John S. Adams,	1.00
Caroline A. Grimes,	3.00
A. Mary Wise,	1,00
Mrs. Shreeve,	1,00
Ebenezer Hance,	1,00
Mrs. Wright,	1 00
Rebecca T. Marshal,	2,00
Henry W. Marsh,	5,00
Mr. Knight,	1 00
Anna Lowry,	1,00
Mrs. Steel,	1,00
Damon Y. Kilgore,	1,00
Orville S. Poston,	1 00
Mary Thorne,	1,00
Harriet B. Chase,	1,00
Watson Kendedene,	2 00
Jacob Landis,	2,00
Chas. B. Mench,	2,00
Michael B. Dyott,	1,00
Mary Beans,	2 00
Mrs. Wainwright,	5,00
S. Minnie Shumway,	1,00
James M. Shumway,	1,00
Aspasia Ramberger,	1,00
Mrs. Wilson,	1,00
Wm. Spencer,	1,00
Mary A. Stretch,	1,00
Stephen Knight,	5,00
Wm. Knight,	5,00
Louis Belrose,	5,00
Sarah Ely,	1,00
Joel H. Rhodes,	1,00
Anna L. Rhodes,	1,00
Geo. D. Gleason,	1,00
Lydia A. Schofield,	1,00
J. S. Depuy,	1,00
Henry Fettinger,	2 00
Isaac P. Walton,	1,00
James Kirk,	1,00
Sarah Kirk,	1,00
Lizzie Kirk,	1,00
Leonard Benkad,	1,00
Mrs. De Hasse,	1,00
Harriet Fowler,	1,00
C. B. Fobes,	1,00
S. D. Fobes,	1,00
R. L. Lunt,	1,00
Wm. C. French,	1,00
J. M. Follet,	1,00
Mrs. Beale,	1,00
E. Meyers,	2,00
Jacob E. Kenhu,	1,00
A. E. Kenhu,	1,00
Samuel Meyers,	5,00
Washington Barr,	2,00
Mrs. M. Washburne,	1,00
Miss Washburne,	5,00
Total	$100,00

Amount collected by Mrs. Stearns,		$147,94
" " " Dean Clark,		79,00
" " " Dr. Child,		55,58
" " " J. S. Fish,		47,74
" " at Annual Meeting,		6,00
		$336,26
Subscriptions from Members,		100,00
	Total,	$436,26
Amount expended,	$434.57	
Balance in Treasury,	1,69	
Total,	$436,26	

Like the miner, the work that is before us expands with each new vein that we strike. Our state, rich in all the resources of material wealth, with vast means of intellectual culture, offers to us a grand field of labor. We regret that our hands have been staved, and our energies crippled for want of means to sustain our Missionaries. We do not think that the Central Board should, if it were in its power, collect all the funds, to send out Missionaries to lecture, without local co-operation. We are willing and anxious to do our part. And we earnestly solicit the friends in every section of the State to unite with us in encouraging and assisting our Missionaries, not only in procuring places for lectures, but in extending information of their meetings, and also in rendering them that material aid which is so essential to the successful prosecution of the work. There is a feeling in some sections, that the speakers should either give their services without compensation, or, that the Board should collect funds for this purpose. Believing that the laborer is worthy of his hire, we can not sympathize with this sentiment; and realizing that those who are thoroughly embued with the principles of Spiritualism, must be ready and willing to assume the responsibility before the world of our glorious knowledge; we urge upon our friends everywhere, to come out boldly and declare their convictions, and sustain our Missionaries and public speakers by their counsel and sympathy, and take measures to secure that material support which shall enable them to continue in the field.

We shall be glad to have more general reports from all sections of the State. During the past year we have distributed a considerable number of papers and documents, and through the liberality of our members here, we shall be enabled to do more in this direction Friends of the cause who are willing to assist in this direction, especially where they can not have meetings, may obtain these documents by application to the President or Secretary of the Society.

The press is the great educator; its leaves, when freighted with truth, are for the healing of the nations. We would encourage our friends to be liberal in sustaining all the Spiritual papers, and in distributing them—for by this means, hundreds and thousands who famish for the bread of life and the waters of knowledge,—which is salvation, may find that which will so far arouse them as to open the way for a research and investigation. Friends, let us all renew our determination to co-operate with the Angel World in the spread of this glorious gospel, so that all may come to realize the true grandeur and beauty of life; its purposes here, and its glorious fruition hereafter.

Signed in behalf of the Board,
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., President,
634 Race street, Philadelphia.
CAROLINE A. GRIMES, Sec'y.
1919 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

J. G. Fish said there never had been a time in his recollection, that there was a greater apparent soundness of the faith that we have adopted, or that the people were more satisfied of this truth. There never has been a time when if the martyr spirit was necessary, it would be found better than to day; but the apathy, and the reason is, that there is so little persecution. The world gives its assent to Spiritualism, at least to its facts; it is only the theological phase that the churches object to. So far as the truth of it is concerned, no one can doubt it. There are many in the churches to day, who have outgrown the theological barriers, and these do not need a hell and a devil to sustain them. There are a great many others who need some restraint, and, perhaps, these are just what they want

Thomas Gales Forster said, lack of appreciation wearies the heart. He did not wonder that Brother Fish feels discouraged in the itinerating field. I am engaged by the State Society of Maryland. I have found considerable apathy, but I hope we are simply in the trough of the wave. The great beauty of our faith is, that after it once takes hold of a man, he can not put it aside. He may seem to neglect it, but it is fixed in his soul. I know that Spiritualism must live; it is a fact in philosophy, as well as in religion, and it can never die.

Jacob L. Paxson said, I have learned through an experience of many years, that the greater the opposition that is brought to bear, the better it is for the individual; the less support we get from our fellow men sometimes, the more we feel our dependence upon the Divine Power which ever sustains us. I know what it is to be misunderstood—not only in Spiritualism, but in every other reform. I know the rock upon which I have stood. Every person who takes the foreground, must expect to be misunderstood. The position is above the comprehension of the masses. I know there are many persons who accept our philosophy, but who do not come to our meetings because they have not grown up to a condition in which they can stand. But we that know how we are guided, should not hold our hands, and say we will no longer work. I care not what is the position in which we are placed, let us rely solely and implicitly upon the Divine Power within us—even though we may be taken to the stake and burned, which to day, can be no other but that of public opinion. Each one has their particular mission to perform, some as pioneers and itinerants, and others as lecturers at home or workers in private, and this last field is a very important one

Ebenezer Hance said he felt somewhat like the Dutchman who, having heard a lawyer on one side, said his arguments were very good; and then, when he heard the other side, it was very good, too. Itinerants and pioneers were needed; and there were those whose backs were fitted to the burden.

William Collom related an anecdote of a minister who, having a very poor compensation, prayed the Lord to send a pastor from heaven who could give them the grand and beautiful truth from that place, and return on Monday morning, and not require them to provide any bread and butter for them. The result was, that the people were aroused up to do something.

When the Nazarene traveled up and down, teaching very simple but beautiful doctrines, there was a certain success, and there was a distinguishing characteristic that I wish Spiritualists could have. They said, "see how these Christians love one another." We profess to be brothers and sisters, to have a common Father, a common interest, and a common destiny. I have been a Spiritualist for more than thirty years, though I did not know it under that name.

On motion of Caroline A. Grimes, the following Resolutions were adopted.

Resolved: That the Board be requested to published the following from the Constitution,

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The object of this society shall be to promote a dissemination of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism by such means as may be adjudged best by the Counsel and consent of the society or its Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERS.

Persons may become members of this society by forwarding their names to the Secretary, and contributing to its funds not less than one dollar per annum.

Resolved: That copies of the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded to each member, with a request that they shall circulate the same as extensively as possible, and make earnest endeavors to increase the membership of this State organization.

Adjourned to 7 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

Dr. Child delivered an earnest and stirring appeal to the friends of the cause. He thanked God that he was a medium; that he lived in this age, and was permitted to work in this glorious cause.

Miss A. Ramberger said:

"Friends of Spiritualism, have we a truth, and if so, are we willing to make some sacrifice for it?

As we look back over the past, we find that those who thought they had a truth, not only sacrificed property, but life and everything for it.

Now, do we deem Spiritualism truth? Do we know it to be so, when we see that in England, those who attempted religious reforms were so persecuted that they could not live in the country? They were willing to give up friends and family, home and kindred, everything, for what they believed to be truth. They left their homes, came to a desolate country, and endured everything for conscience's sake. We have a truth—a positive knowledge; it is not merely belief, for every one who will investigate Spiritualism may know it is truth and can be demonstrated.

I do not say to you that I believe spirits can return, and can influence us; that I believe we have truths from the higher life. I know these things, because they have been demonstrated to me. They will be demonstrated to any one who will investigate this subject in the spirit of candor and sincerity. When we have attained unto truth, and know we are sustained by hosts of immortals, then, indeed, should we not fear to do our duty, to battle for the truth, though it be reviled; and those who are willing to stand by it may be persecuted. We should willingly go to the front, battling for that which is right. If those who have the demonstrated facts before them are not willing to stand up for the facts, what can we expect from those who are on the fence, undecided as to whether they be facts or no? So I say, those Spiritualists who are positive in regard to the facts, ought to be willing to make sacrifices for the cause; ought to willingly defend what they know to be truth, when they know that God is upon the side of this demonstrated fact; when they know that we are being led forward to inaugurate a new religion—no, not essentially a new religion, for all religion is born in the human soul. It is given to us that we may rouse humanity. What have we done for humanity? Truly, but little to what may be done in the future. We are in our infancy. What is twenty-one years in an eternity? It seems long to the young man just bursting into manhood. He feels like a sage, while to his grey headed grand-sire, he is but a babe, and to the immortals, who have lived for ages in the land of spirits, it is not the millionth part of a drop in the great ocean of eternity. So we are babes, my friends. We could not expect to accomplish much in so short a time; but we are looking to the future, and if every one who knew these truths would do their duty, we should see vast improvements.

We know that we have ascended some rounds on the great ladder that reaches through eternity. Oh, bear in mind, you who have this truth, that much is required of you. You are before the eyes of the world; you are expected to lead pure, moral and upright lives. You should lead such lives that you will not be ashamed for the immortal world to gaze upon them. If your lives are pure; if you strive for the best conditions for yourselves, and throw the best conditions around those with whom you come in contact, then, indeed, will the hosts of the immortals ever assist you. But if your path in life be in the downward course, then you may expect that you will be surrounded by corresponding immortals. You bring your own spirits with you, and you are making conditions, and from your inmost soul the voice speaks to you and shows you the proper path. Even in the most degraded, those whose conditions in life are the most unfavorable, there is a divine voice that speaks—not at all times, we know, but sometimes in their life does the divine voice within point to the path that will lead them to happiness, if they but heed it.

Some may think that the religion of Spiritualism is a very easy religion. I would say that it is not so. We know that every act is registered upon our own souls, and if these acts are impure, and in opposition to the divine law, we are responsible for them. We have no scapegoat whereon to throw our sin. We know that we must bear them ourselves. If we sin, we know that the sin will be brought home to us. We must, therefore, work out our own salvation. But it is a glorious religion; it draws us nearer to the Divinity; not one day in seven, but every day, and every hour. We know God is with us; the angels are with us, and every act is noted down. Whatever may be our condition, the angels are near us, endeavoring to influence us and carry us through the dark places—through the valley and shadow of death, and bring us out upon the bright shores. It is our duty to give to the world these truths.

Truth never dies, and we know Spiritualism is eternal. It has God on its side, it has the angel world on its side, it has humanity on its side. We are here for a purpose—for development. We shall pass from this stage and go upon the other side, and there, in the land of spirits, do we meet those who are near and dear to us. They will know us for we will not be changed, and they will still be our dear ones.

This beautiful truth is needed amongst us in this nineteenth century. We should be thankful, as you have said, that we are so favored as to be among those who are the pioneers of this great work. Though our spirit may rise before we see the greatest benefit from this religious reform, yet we are thankful that we have received it, and we shall be more thankful when we look down from our places on high, and see those who follow us, and know that what we have sacrificed was not in vain, that those who come after us will reap the benefit of our love of truth; though unknown to them, we are all the children of one eternal Father.

We thank Thee, oh, Almighty Father, whose presence permeates all space and is felt everywhere,—we thank Thee that we live in a time when these truths are more fully received than ever before."

Sojourner Truth said:

"I am always ready if there is anything to be done to effect the human race. Although I have been a slave, and been robbed of everything that is dear to a human being, I have been spared, and I believe that God has spared me for your sakes—for the sake of the white people, for I have found out that they were about as needy to be enlightened as any race on God's foot stool.

I have seen a spiritual thing concerning God, how God hath shown those that have never had any opportunity to know him. I feel sometimes as if there had to be slaves—had to be those that were shut out from the light. I think, too, I had rather be a slave, than to have been free and a slave holder; yet those that hold up the slave-holders are worse. They had no right to hold property in men and women. But slavery is done away with now, although prejudice is left, and I am an old creature, left to saw on the nerves of those who have prejudices. They can feel like looking in the glass to see themselves, when the colored people comes among the white people. I am always trying to bring light in among them. If I do not do this, it is not because I don't try.

There is a great prejudice among the Spiritualists in some places. I don't feel much of it here. I can soon tell whether any body feels that they don't want "a nigger" to come among them.

I have had great experiences: forty years a slave, and more than forty years a free woman. I don't speak for any body, but what I know myself I can say. I believe in Spiritualists, because I have found them good. I believe in spirits, blessed be God. I have found that we live again. I have been on earth a great while, but I think I shall live here sometime yet. I got a communication from my son, and I know it was him, because he told me things that nobody knew but him and me. I want you to know what a blessing Spiritualism is. It is like a bright star, giving light to the world. I want you to know the colored people and do justice to us. We have a great feeling for the white people. If the colored people had treated you white folks as you have served them, many of you would have risen up and killed them. I love the white people, my lot has always been cast among them, and I want to do all the good I can among them.

If any body does wrong they will have to suffer for it, without any body else doing anything to them. That is the testimony of an old colored woman, and I want you to remember it—it will do you good, and if you don't see it now, you will sometime.

REMARKS OF EDGAR DAYTON THROUGH THOMAS GALES FORSTER:

"I am sure there is no one present who has failed to feel the import of this meeting, and of what they have been listening to. This, as I understand it, is a semi annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists. Yet I may well ask, where are the ——— of your great state? Spiritualists, as the dear young sister said, I know that Spiritualism is true, but there are many of us neglecting to let our light shine out before men in proof of the profession we have made. Are they not as fully convinced as good sister Sojourner Truth, of the truth of Spiritualism? Her interpretation gives satisfaction and consolation to her soul, and teaches her that God has lifted up one of her persecuted race to be a medium for enlightening the race that opressed her's.

May I ask you, my friends, whether you have a duty to perform in this matter. I congratulate you that you are here at this semi-annual meeting. I congratulate the president and other officers of this Association that, from the reports that have been made, the progress of the cause is manifesting itself more healtufully than heretofore.

We have the evidence that here, and throughout the various portions of the state, man is beginning to realize this great truth—that the angel world is not so far removed but that communion may be realized with it. What are the objects of this State Society? If I understand them, it is to constitute itself a central, pivotal point, around which local organizations may concentrate and unite. But until these societies are more generally formed, its labors must be to send out missionaries to aid in the formation of such local societies, so that they may bring to bear their influence to redeem mankind from the terrible ecclesiastical thralldom of the past. If I understand your mission, it is to teach that man can best serve God by being true to himself. If I understand your philosophy, it is that man can best bring the millenium of true joy into his own soul by cultivating the principles of brotherly love and kindness.

If I understand your ritual and your observances, your lessons and your philosophy, your religion—it is to teach, that, with Jesus, humanity is of no particular color or condition, but that man, as a race, is greater than the Sabbath; that he is greater than the cathedral or church; that he is greater than the priest-hood or the law; that you are aiming to teach him, through the interposition of the spirits, that all old oppressive hierarchies—either physical or mental—shall be overthrown. That you are inviting every individual heart to make a religion for itself. Even the superstitions that are said to have characterized your history, catches a halo from the glorious truths on which they rest. The infidelities into which you, as Spiritualists, are said to have stumbled, have a blaze of glory and a gleam of beauty that redeems them from distrust, and will ultimately rescue them from the world's neglect. If these be your aims, God and good angels speed you. It is a mission for the redemption of mankind from all the tyranny of the past, of whatever character. But, as Sojourner Truth said, I fear many of you are not sufficiently appreciative of the force and efficacy of this great movement.

If you are defending any species of slavery, you have forgotten your lesson, and you must beware as she tells you, of what spirit you are.

Spiritualism, however, has for its object the extension of freedom everywhere, and I may speak appropriately of this object. Have you ever thought, my Brother or my Sister Spiritualists, what your profession is? Have you ever dreamed of the importance of this particular religion and philosophy that has received the term Spiritualism? Why, it is the grandest theme that ever cul-

Continued on fourth page.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

For the Celebration of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

BY WM. F. MOORE.

'Tis only twenty years to-day since first the tiny raps were heard;
But millions will rejoice to-day, to-day their shout of joy be heard,
From east to west 'twill roll along, from north to south be heard its voice,
The angels too, will join our song, and with us in our joy rejoice.

Rejoice that man enslaved so long, shall from his fetters soon be free,
That right shall triumph over wrong, and soon shall perish tyranny;
For lo! the angels are combined with all the good of earth,
To burst the fetters of the mind which in the selfish past had birth.

Then let this day our songs of joy flow free and unconfined,
And pleasure pure, without alloy, fill every thoughtful mind,
For this day, twenty years ago, these tiny spirit raps began,
Which were the heralds, well we know, of glorious news to man.

To lift our spirits up, they come to bid oppression cease!
With love to set our hearts aflame, and usher in an age of peace,
An age that ne'er will pass away, but shall increase for evermore,
Till nations shall no longer slay for selfish lust or love of power.

True, wars may come as wars have been, since first the tiny raps began,
For those who long have privileged been, through teaching false to govern man,
Would dye the green earth red with blood, e'er man should from his fetters freed,
Learn his relationship to God in whom we live and move indeed.

And God is good and God is love, his presence everywhere abounds,
Where e'er we be, where e'er we move, then where, oh where, can hell be found?
Throughout the eternal realms of space, where e'er that space may be,
There hath he fixed his dwelling place from all to all eternity.

All things in love he did create; love was the motive power,
And in his nature dwells no hate,—no! every plant and flower
But show the power of his great love, who clothes with beauty thus
So weak a thing, to only prove how much he cares for us.

To prove the brotherhood of man the angels long have strove,
And when those tiny raps began they were the voices of their love;
For on the miseries of our race, existing through man's selfishness,
The angels long have fixed their gaze, and sympathized with man's distress.

And now with thoughts and words of love, they come to bless mankind,
To fill our souls with holy love and bid us to be kind;
That on the good we do our happiness depends,—
To bid us to be true and all mankind be friends.

Then let us celebrate the day when first the tiny raps began,
To usher in the glorious day of peace on earth, good will to man.
The glorious day of liberty—'twill come to earth e'er long,
And all the world by love made free, shall join in one triumphant song.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Rosicrucian Heart-Leaves, No. 2.

BY B. F. DOWD.

"Jaw! jaw! jaw!!—I wish to GOD there could be a break rigged for your jaw!—I'd check its speed *slightly*—you bet!!" Such were the words I heard one bright spring morning as I was passing a humble yet neat little cot, nestled almost from sight among trees and climbing vines,—while from the neat little front yard there came such a delicious aroma of roses and other little gems plucked from the diadem of heaven—that instinctively I paused in my rapid walk and lingered as I passed. The voice of a woman pitched at a high key as if in anger, grated harshly upon the air, and mingling with the caroll of a beautiful little bird perched upon a branch over the window, sped out upon the ear of the Infinite, seeming to say as it went: "Angel music spoiled by jaw." A man hurried out clad in rustic garb, and as he strode past the unheeded flowers which nodded on each side the little pathway, pulled an old slouch hat low down over his once manly face, muttering as he turned to close the gate, the words which had caused my steps to linger. A little child of eight or nine summers, lovelier than the roses of the wildwood, followed close upon his steps unheeded by him. Her torn night dress, disheveled hair and naked feet, told me that she had just returned to her poverty from the wealth of the night—from her visit with the angels of peace.

As the man turned from the gate, the child plucked his sleeve, saying: "Don't feel bad, papa! this is washing day you know! Give Minnie a kiss!—now good bye!" And as she raised her angel face to his for the kiss, I saw that her large blue eyes were full of dew drops running from the fountain of her childish heart. Clasping her naked arms around his rough neck, she sobbed as if her heart would break. Thus they clung for a moment and then the strong man, with a choking sob, groaned, "Good bye Minnie! Be a good child, darling!" and hurried from the scene. Then the angry voice of the woman calling the child,—"Come in here, you little imp of the old one! Just like your father! Oh! why *didn't* I die before bringing into existence any more of that breed? Now look at your feet, and your night dress! Why *couldn't* you stay in the house and keep yourself clean, and not be running after that fool?" and seizing her by the little arm, hurried her not very gently, into the house. Thoughtfully, sadly I went my way, but ever that child's face, with the tearful blue eyes, looked mournfully at me; ever the heart wrung words of the man sounded in my ear. I could not think, I could not write, for ever my pen would trace upon the blank page before me the word jaw; and so in anguish I let it write, and here follows what it said:

Jaw rules the world. The lawyer, the priest, the statesman, the teacher all owe their success to jaw. The man who cannot control his jaw is always, invariably, in the back ground; the control must not be of that character, however, that will keep his jaw still, he must move it to the overwhelming of mankind, 'tis the lever of the universe. "Silence is strength," said the ancients, but jaw is power, say I. Men by jaw overturn the institutions of the land. Jaw subverts governments and erects new ones. It stirs up to phrensy the dormant passions of the human soul and blackens the page of history with many a diabolical deed. Jaw is the force that moves the rabble and controls the elections. A man may think till he is grey and no one will notice him, but let him demonstrate his proficiency as a jawist, and the multitude hasten to do him homage and elevate him to highest seats of honor and profit. This is the power that lays bare the tender heart of childhood, which it sears and corrodes as with a hot iron. Jaw rules the kitchen, and its influence is felt—*slightly*—in the parlor. It springs from selfishness, 'tis true, but is not selfishness self-love? And is not self love pride? And is not pride the foundation of all civilization? A man's selfishness is in exact proportion to the breadth and depth of his lower jaw. So it all comes back to jaw after all. So jaw away, wives and mothers, you little know what you are doing! You are the foundations of the civilization that is to be. A word thrown in, in the right place, with the peculiar esm of jaw, *may* make your son a murderer, your daughter a —— vixen, or a what not. It is true CHRIST said, "blessed are the meek," but what on earth did he know about the peculiar trials of poor broken down diseased mothers?—or washing days? And then CHRIST owed his death on the cross to jaw.

The late rebellion was brought on, and carried through by jaw. Look at the speeches it required to raise men and money for the awful butchery. Now and then a silent man rises to eminence, but these are exceptions, and then it will be found that they always rise on the jaws of others. What is it that strikes us with a peculiar horror, if it is not the ghastly jaw of a skeleton? It was owing to the peculiar power of jaw that enabled Sampson to overcome his enemies. When a mans jaw is silenced he is subdued. CHRIST was dumb before his accusers; they triumphed by jaw. He by jaw stirred up the elements; if he had kept still it would have been all right, but when too late he found their jaw too large for him.

It is surprising how a little jaw judiciously applied subdues and cowes a family of children. They slink away and hide in fear; or, snail like, shrink within themselves and look on with stupid indifference. An enraged housewife (I can't call her mother), possessed of ample jaw, holds in her grasp the lightnings of the universe,—woe to the luckless head at which it is leveled. Woe to the man who soils *her* carpet or floor, or scents the air of *her* kingdom with tobacco, or anything offensive to *her*—even his presence at times, is sufficient to stir up the muttering thunders and bring the storm cloud from the unfathomable depths of her mysterious jaw. Scandal is a thing we all dread, even with death, and it is the principal study of society to keep clear of his capacious jaw, for to jaw he owes his existence. If it were not for the jaw of society, what unbounded liberty one could take. Surely, what a world this would be if it were not for jaw. I have known the jaw of an hour to cloud the happiness of a lifetime. Why! it is the principal element in divorces; none can be had without it. Woman's rights—the child that is almost born, judging from appearances—will have a monstrous jaw. The "nigger" had a jaw that nearly swallowed up this government. The jaw of the Pope has ruled the world for centuries—but I fear it is broken now. Ah me! let all the earth put on mourning, the great jaw of the ages is broken! But there is a little consolation in the fact, however, that it has given birth to innumerable small jaws.

It has been said that "God is Love." Now in all due deference to public opinion and jaw, I must say that he must be rather a weak GOD, for I have known a *small jaw* to kill love so dead that the angel Gabriel could not resurrect her. Ah! how many weary, aching hearts are thronging our streets and sitting at home, void of the great element of pleasure and happiness—love; and all from the effects of jaw. If it were not for jaw, there would be no smoking or chewing tobacco, nor drinking whisky. There would be no saloons, with cavernous jaws, to swallow up young men and old ones, for they are great places for jawing. POSITIVELY! LOVE cannot exist where jaws are. She is a timid little bird that flutters in and out of our hearts, bringing peace and rest and pleasure all the time; and she is not scared by poverty, sickness, disaster, nor deaths horrible form; so long as jaw keeps still she is our guest, but once let jaw commence its devilish work of devastation, and her pinions droop—from that hour all the M. D's of the land can't save her. When she is gone we are but a wreck, all there is left of us is jaws. After we have jawed away a few more years—a few more pleasures—made a few more hearts heavy, the jaws of death take us in, and the jaws of the grave hides our forms forever. The jaws of hell are gaping wide for the soul in whom there is no love—nothing but jaws. Oh! mothers and fathers! I beseech you in the name of humanity's jaws! In the name of your real interests! In the holy name of childhood!—soul flecks as they are, direct from the bosom of our Infinite Father, showered upon us for our care and culture—in the name of the unborn future, and the angel face, and the tearful blue eyes, with the golden hair, by the little gate—for GOD's sake hold your jaws!!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

The Relations Existing Between Them.

BY J. TINNEY.

Recent declarations of leading spiritual expounders on the relations existing between spirit and matter, seem to require more than a mere passing glance. It has often been asserted that Spiritualism consisted in a belief of the continued existence of those who had passed the change called death, and that means of communication with them had been discovered, bridging the gulf that had heretofore separted us. As such we accepted it, having as conclusive evidence of the fact, as we ever had that they once existed on this side. But it seems this is not sufficiently orthodox. Another plank is to be added to the platform.

Mrs. Hardinge in her recent course of lectures at Philadelphia, said: "In the name of the Great Spirit, I proclaim belief in one God, the Great Spirit. I believe that man, like God, is a spirit; that matter is formation, evanescent, shadowy, transient. That spirit is eternal, permanent, immortal;" and quotes history to prove that belief in a Supreme Being has been the guiding star of mankind from the earliest ages.

Miss Tappan, in Boston, says: "There is no similarity between spirit and matter. Matter is uncreative, inactive, wholly without power; spirit is active, aggressive, all power. Soul is not an outgrowth from the body. Neither is an outgrowth from the other. No spirit can ever become matter; no matter can ever become spirit, and those who hold that spirit is attenuated matter, fall short of their purpose," etc.

We quote from these as representative Spiritualists. Being of that class who believe that spirit does become matter and matter spirit, that the two are different conditions of the same thing, ever alternating from one to the other, matter becoming invisible as spirit, and spirit becoming visible as matter, and that neither can exist independent of the other. That life or motion, for the terms are synonymous, is the result of that interchange. It is but natural that we should ask for the evidence that either is independent of the other. We are well aware that our friends of the opposite have the opinion of the world to back them. So had the Roman priests when forcing Gallileo to recant his, to them, heretical opinions; but that did not alter the fact. The opinion of the world at that time might as well be quoted to prove the earth an immense plain, as its opinion to prove the existence of a Supreme Being. When matter can be shown that is destitute of the power of attraction or being attracted, we shall believe there is such a thing as dead matter—not till then. Mrs. Hardinge calls upon Spiritualists "To define their position, to write their creed." We thank her for the suggestion, and hope it will meet a hearty response from all who do their own thinking. Truth courts investigation, while error shuns it. Comparison is the only true test of merit, that will show what base is best calculated to sustain our edifice. The difference in the two is marked and plain. Ours is the reciprocal relations of the forces of nature in opposition to the asserted aristocracy of one over the other. We believe that existence is founded on change, and that belief in an unchangeable being or condition is in harmony with the atheism that voted death an eternal sleep, as an unchanging being or condition would, if possible, be a deeper death than French atheism ever dreamed of. There must be an unerring standard; a base on which the organic law of existence is founded, which, like a mathematical problem proves itself correct. We believe it consists in the reciprocal relations of spirit and matter, and ask to be shown a healthy form or condition when all or any of the forces that compose it are unbalanced. Had belief in the interchange of spirit and matter been the prevailing idea, and been productive of the baneful effects that have ever followed belief in a Supreme Being, we should spurn it as unworthy of the age in which we live, as tending to lower the standard of morality, and as the foster parent of physical and mental slavery. We need not flatter ourselves that the power that held the African in physical bondage has relinquished its hold on mankind. Mass, in the white house of imagination, holds our boasted Anglo-Saxon race as firmly bound, mentally, as ever the Southern planter held the African, physically. Could anything but a servile belief in a Supreme Power induce men to accept and advocate the doctrine that whatever is, is right, and that a law of necessity is equally productive of innocence and crime. That such belief has ever been productive of discord, the history of the world is cited as evidence. It is founded on two, leaving the number one useless. Much has been said of the cause and cure of evil. The cause is obvious; the remedy simple. The cause may be found in unbalanced conditions, produced by belief in a Supreme Being; its cure in restoring a lost equilibrium, and never till then. A noted Spiritual author says: "None but a fool will ever ask what is before the eternal."

Science claims to have demonstrated that matter is eternal. If matter and spirit are both eternal, why try to get behind them to find a power that produced them, or claim an aristocracy of one over the other, when every healthy condition proclaims their equality? We hope the subject will not be allowed to rest till the truth is found, and I would reiterate Mrs Hardinge's request to Spiritualists, "To define their position, to write their creed."

We give our views as we would were a friend trying to solve a mathematical problem by calling two four, or setting apart one or more of the numerals as supreme and unchangeable. The absurdity is readily seen in the one case and swallowed with avidity in the other.

Westfield, N. Y.

THE EARTH.

The Formation of Coal—Views in Regard to the Interior of the Earth.

BY MRS. M. L. SHERMAN.

An ancient sage once declared, "that there is nothing new under the sun;" but I would respectfully demur from his declaration, and with your permission, will tell the many readers of the JOURNAL, why. First. Changes in nature's grand cathedral are constantly occurring; old forms are passing out, and new ones taking their place; because the laws of cohesion and disunion are bound in their sacred mission to cause changes both of a mental, and physical condition. Again, the power of steam, that was not understood in our childhood, is now revolutionizing the world; then there were only vessels dependant upon the wind for motion now grand steamers laden with the rich productions of all climes, plow the mighty deep with swiftness, and like things of life; railroads with their cars, span the four quarters of the globe. The telegraph with lightening speed communicates important messages from continent to continent.

Clairvoyant vision, and the Spiritual Philosophy are divulging the secrets of the earth and its heaven, and fast removing the sacred and time honored ideas of the past, and in their place instituting a higher, grander and nobler.

A. J. Davis and others, inform us of their discoveries in the Stellar Heavens, and their opinion of the geology of the earth, and although a lesser light, may I not express my opinion also, and ask a few pertinent questions, not to provoke discussion, but honest and careful investigation.

1st. Is the oil found in the earth made direct from vegetable matter?

2nd. How is coal formed?

3rd. What causes the light seen under the ocean steamers?

4th. Is the center of the earth a liquid fire; if not, what is it?

5th. Is the sun a body of heat?

In March, 1865, I crossed the Pacific Ocean and discovered by Clairvoyance mountains of coral in the bottom of the ocean; also, that in some places decomposition had taken place and oil was passing therefrom. I also discovered by the same law, that coal was made by the gas of the oil penetrating beds of clay that lie above the oil. In the oil reigons of Pennsylvania, one can see the process going on: the blue clay becomes saturated with the gas of the oil, and is formed into coal, and when brought to the surface by the miners, one can see them separate the clay from the coal, throwing each to their respective localities, and by examination, the grains of the clay can be seen passing into the coal.

In the above named journey, I noticed that the light seen when the wheel of the steamer was in motion, were produced by animalcules, and not, as it has been affirmed, from phosphorus exhalations from decayed bones, etc. About three months ago, I was asked by my spirit guide if I would like to discover a new world, and if so, he would conduct me to the North Pole, through the mountains of ice; I willingly assented to the journey, and passing into the "Superior condition" I was conducted easily into new localities, inside the rim or belt of one we occupy. Instead of liquid fire, I saw a beautiful world a counterpart of this, save that the light was more mellow, it being produced by the magnetic currents passing from pole to pole, giving a charm beyond expression. Forests glowed with perpetual summer; while mountains, hills and vallies with their oceans, rivers and lakes, charmed me with their picturesque loveliness. I saw animals of a larger growth and more beautiful form than on our rim, birds of a more diversified and splendid plumage, sang amid leafy bowers. There appeared to be more land than water. I saw amid all this loveliness no human being; still in some localities there might have been men and women—most certainly when the long wished for North West passage is affected, new wonders will be brought to light, and my vision verifyed.

5th. and last—Is the sun a body of heat? I answer no! neither is its atmosphere. I cannot agree with the popular idea that this earth was thrown off from the sun. I think the earth was once like the matter that composes comets, very rarefied, and floating in space without its present form—condensation and motion bringing it to its present form or condition. If a body of heat, why should it grow colder, the nearer we approach it, or it us, as the balloonist can testify, or we of the winter season, when the sun is millions of miles nearer than in summer.

I am well aware that these unpopular ideas will be ignored by ninety nine out of one hundred who may read them; but the day will come, when science will establish them upon a firm and permanent basis, and the hypothesis that the earth was thrown off from a cold body in a state of liquid fire, will be among the crudities of the past.

Sacramento, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Views on a Scripture Text.

BY JASEN STEEL.

As you are publishing "Short Sermons on Scripture Texts," permit me to make a few comments on the prayer of the apostolic chief of sinners, Paul, for his Ephesian brethren, Ephesians 3: 14, 15: "For this cause, I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heavens and earth is named." This prayer or invocation is not excelled by any of the inspired public speakers of the present day. For sublimity of expression and comprehensiveness of thought, it is unparalleled. Dr. Adam Clark, the Methodist Commentator' says that some very ancient and excellent MSS. and version, omit the words, "of our Lord Jesus Christ. Then the passage would read, "I bow my knees unto the Father, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Without stopping to inquire by what right the Laodicean of Nicean council, or any other conclave of hireling priests, have inserted words in God's infallible revelations which he never sanctioned, and which the learned Clark says are not found in many ancient, excellent MSS., and reading it as it ought to be with these words omitted. The text contains an important truth which will find an echo in the soul of every Spiritualist. Our Father God has a family, part of which are in heaven (spirit life), and part on earth, yet these two parts constitute but one entire family. He does not say families in the plural, but family in the singular, a part of which lived and died and crossed the flood ages before the Trojan war, or before Homer sang his inspired song in classical Greece, while others have just bid us adieu, and gone over on the other side, over whose mortal remains the green turf has not yet bloomed: These unnumbered myriads form a part of our Father God's family, and the other part are the teeming millions who crowd the marts and great thoroughfares of a busy bustling world. And this family are named from the great spiritual father—from him they spring as the great source and fountain of being. United to him in their spiritual nature, they are all, without exception, his children.

REMARKS:—If Paul was inspired by God to utter this prayer, our orthodox friends are wrong to spit fire and damnation at those who differ from them in opinion, or prove their doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks. We are all one family, traveling together life's journey to our common home, and love, manifest by kindness, should pervade the hearts of every member of the household. As Spiritualists, we should not indulge in jealousy, hatred and hard words towards our orthodox friends, or towards each other; but laying aside all malice, animosity and bitterness of feeling, ever seek from our Father God, and the elder members of the family light, truth and love, to illuminate our minds and fill our hearts, remembering that we are all members of one common family, having one common father God, traveling one common road, and in a few more days, months or years, shall meet in one common, yet eternal home. Then,

While journeying on our darksome way,
By love fraternal led,
Our Father God, to Thee we pray
To smooth the path we tread;
No fear shall cross the trusting heart,
In faith reposed above,
No dearer joy can life impart,
Than breathes in words of love.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"SOCIAL EVILS."

Bad Habits Among Men.

In the "BANNER" of December 28th, 1867, communication upon "Social Evils," prompts comment from my pen. Indeed, our friend has laid bare but a few of the greater and more malignant conditions which our sister woman has to contend with, to which, I, too, can add but a few remarks at this time.

Why woman should longer submit to that slavery, so blasting in its effects upon the spiritual and physical of true women, I can not see. Whiskey and tobacco (or any other stench-brewing concoction), should no longer be tolerated. I want to see that league of noble women, which *is to be* at once started, declaring its abhorence of all those habits which make man (brutish was a mild term, for who would not prefer Pussy's or Fido's atmosphere to that which I am about to draw) so distasteful (disgusting) to the delicate, sensitive nature of woman. The popular notion that it is for woman *alone* to be spiritual, should meet with every reformer's protest. These are not chimerical ideas, but are prompted by what I may term the infallible intuition.

Many of our brothers, who have associated themselves with tobacco so long, that it is a matter of second nature with them to use it, may think me philosophical and erratic, but I will rest assured that their conclusions in the "to be" will be in favor of what I am now expressing. If a man was as independent of woman, and, let me say man, too, as one stove is of every other stove, then there could not be so much objection to his burning tobacco and his throat and lungs with liquor, or making of, what was once (alas!) a sweet little baby mouth, a repository for the drug itself, distributing the same in solution to every point of the compass. As man's relations are so intimately blended, or rather, associated, what sort of an auxiliary is the subject I have pictured, for even *any* woman. Indeed, it is for me with tens of thousands of others, to *feel* and *know* this truth—viz: that tobacco, with men for its agents, has cut short the earthly career of an innumerable host who attest this truth from the skies to their friends below. In our present condition as men, can we wonder that among our maids we find a greater proportion of the very best organizations, comparatively, than we can find among those who are "home'd." By what logic can a man say, *I* can have this or that habit with impunity, but *you* can't, for it would be degrading for woman; but thou, as my brother, art equally pure, and be assured, if I am made impure by any practice, the same habit on thy part would have essentially the same degenerating and degrading effect. I am aware that I am dealing with the subject in its worst form, but it will not be forgotten that it is only applicable to individuals, according to the degree they have drank of this virus. Let all true men *try* to reform in this matter. Present yourself at the matrimonial altar with a clean mouth, sound teeth, or, if not sound, artificially plugged, a physical and spiritual, clear, pure and adapted to your "to be," and then if the same be the condition of your chosen, there shall spring from that harmonious heavenly relation, a generation which shall be the Savior of the world.

QUERY:—Did Joseph "chaw" or did *his* son do likewise.

G. HARDCASTLE.

Quincy, Ill.

Ledyard, Conn.—Asa Grey writes:—We like your paper so well, and believe it so well adapted to do good, that we pay for it to be sent to our friends. We do not say your paper is better than others may produce: but we say and believe it is better than others can produce, unless they toil with sincerity, care and determination.

From the Border Times (Weston, Mo.) of Dec. 3rd, 1869

Wilson's Lectures.

The third and fourth of this course of lectures was of equal, if not greater, interest than the two former; especially the last. It was a review of the progress and developments of the Arts and Sciences. It was a vivid and eloquent picture; proving conclusively, that what to-day is called error may to-morrow have to be accepted as truth. Thus the art of printing, the developments of steam and of telegraphing, were denounced not only chimerical, but of the Devil. They are now accepted as the greatest material benefactors of our race. We repeat, in substance, what we have said before, that whatever be our opinion of Modern Spiritualism and its manifestations, these lectures were of a very entertaining character. We always aim to criticise severely but candidly; rejecting the bad and retainig the good. Thus with these lectures. Much of them we accept, because we think it good and true—not at war with the Word of God, but with the popular interpretations of it. Mr. Wilson's views of Christ's character, we must reject, because we think them incorrect. His ideas concerning the character and designs of Christ's mission upon earth—of sin, its results and punishment—we deem not far from correct. Be these things as they may, we believe that a free interchange of views is the best guarantee for the final triumph of the Truth, for she never suffers in a conflict with Error; but when confined, whether in the Vatican or St. Sophiah, she will languish. So far as the "tests" presented are concerned, we are no more a spiritualist, because of them, than before Wilson came. So far as our impression goes, they were neither a success nor failure. If there was no extraneous help, the lectures and the "readings" prove Wilson a master of his chosen vocation. Such is our opinion. To those who listened to him with fixed attention, but now pronounce him neither wise nor honest, we would say, "dearly beloved brother and sister, what convinces me may not convince you, let us therefore differ kindly; but let us also be a little more consistent than to listen to man with wrapped attention thus saying, he is very able and I am well pleased, and as soon as he is gone pronounce him a "humbug."

Correspondence in Brief.

VOLNEY, IOWA.—Mrs. E. W. Judd writes:—I would contribute my mite to that wave of thought that is now agitating this fair land of ours, and with its mighty truths sweeping down the false teachings of the past, and breaking the chains of ignorance and superstition that have so long cramped and dwarfed all the aspirations of the mind, that they dare not seek truths outside the one channel man has trod for ages; neither dare receive the truth when brought to them for fear of some imaginary evil which man has taught them shall be let loose to deceive them. Such are the class of minds by which we are surrounded, and is there none in the field that can come and help us? for the harvest is ripe and needs only the hand of the laborer, guided by the principles of love and truth to gather a rich harvest here in this Northern Iowa. By the kindness of Dr. D. C Howes, we were favored with two lectures in September last, by Mrs. Laura de' Force Gordon, who came here and in her mild and graceful way spoke words of truth to the starving souls who went away eagerly asking, "When will she come again?" Mrs. Gordon has left for her far away home, but with her has gone the heart's best wishes of her friends here in Volney, for she came to us not from any selfish benefit she might receive, but to stay the hands of the needy in their unappreciated efforts in the cause of truth and progress.

HARTFORD, PA.—John S Adams writes from Hartford, Pa., and sends twelve trial subscribers, and says.—One word to those Spiritualists who are not ashamed of the name. Brothers and sisters, just make one grand rally, and try each of you to get a few subscribers for this valuable JOURNAL, for just in proportion as you love the truths of Spiritualism, you will encourage our editor. God and your spirit friends will bless you. While on one hand, we have some of the best minds in our country, working for our cause, yet on the other, we have the most hellish falsifying and secret workings of old fogy orthodoxy against us. I say again brothers and sisters, rally! rally!! and get a few subscribers for this or some other Spiritualist paper.

REMARKS:—Our good brother manifests a very commendable spirit, and if all our subscribers would go and do likewise, the JOURNAL would have added to its list fifteen thousand subscribers within a month. A glorious consummation, truly! It would require but a slight effort on the part of each one to double the circulation in a single week, and if our brother's plan was adopted, it would be done. Will you not try it, friends?

Vernon, Iowa.—Thomas Morrow writes:—I am a young lad of twenty summers, and am investigating Spiritualism. Your paper was highly recommended to me by a friend of mine, and I was thereby prompted to try it.

REMARKS:—The tone of this letter and splendid style in which it was penned, bear evidence that the writer is a lad of much promise, from whom we shall hear good reports in future. He has entered the vestibule of the great temple and the door has closed behind him; and he will soon be ushered into the inner courts from whence he will never have a desire to return.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—George Foulkrod writes:—We read of some strange things in your paper. I would like to be a witness to some of the manifestations given through your mediums. We are in the dark in regard to the evidences of Spiritualism. All we know is what somebody else has seen or heard. I had strong doubts of a future existence, until I took your paper. That has given me more hope than anything I have seen on the subject. If the immortality of the spirit can not be proved by Spiritualism, we, in my opinion, can make up our minds to lie unconscious in our graves, and that I would prefer to an orthodox heaven.

Vinton, Iowa.—M. Banin writes:—How often have I felt a guilty twinge when your paper came freighted with so many good things. But I could not help it; and even now it is almost out of the question to get any money. Our main dependance was in wheat, and the price falling, leaves us in the lurch. But you must have your due, even if I go without pants. I did think I would send the money and have the paper stopped, but I can't allow that.

BATAVIA, N. Y.—A. English writes:—Enclosed please find post office order for five dollars to renew my subscription for the JOURNAL. Pardon my neglect for not remitting earlier. I sometimes feel that I can not afford to take both the BANNER and the JOURNAL, but am not able to decide which to drop. They are both hailed with joy at our fire side.

Princetown, Iowa.—L. S. Chamberlain writes:—The cause of Spiritualism is on the up-hill grade in this part of Good's heritage. The few that take your paper here praise it very highly, and sometimes feel as though the time was too long between numbers. We shall probably be able to forward you some new subscribers soon.

Dubuque, Iowa.—Wm. Clemenson writes:—Enclosed please find post office order for three dollars in advance, for one year's subscription to your valuable JOURNAL (at least in my estimation), although not a Spiritualist but a staunch infidel. I trust that I will be as well satisfied hereafter as I have been heretofore.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Mary A. Clute writes:—I hardly know how I could get along without your JOURNAL every week. It is a treasure worth having, and contains many a priceless gem.

MEDIA: OR THE CHARMED LIFE:

A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery.

BY GEORGE SOMMERVILLE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL.—THE RUSE—STETTLER'S TERROR—ARREST.

"Media Claibourne as Lady Teazel, in the good old comedy of the school for scandal. Ha! ha, ha! Capital, capital! a capital 'hit.' Come, boys, fill your glasses, and let us toss her off a bumper for success," laughed Milford Stettler as he sat with several others of the club at a table well filled with the substantials of a sumptuous feast, flanked with liquors of the choicest brands. He was glancing hastily over a hand-bill of one of the theatres on which Media's name in large characters, led off the cast of the above named play.

"Good, very good, passed the summer in seclusion to prepare and perfect herself for this character alone. Ha! possessed of talents of a high order—a sensation may be counted on. "I think so, too—ha! ha! Come, boys, fill, and fill again. For this night we'll merry, merry be; to morrow, we'll be sober. And now here's to ——O, ah! perhaps, sir, you will join us—come we are just drinking to the health and good fortune of an intimate acquaintance of mine, who is about to make her first appearance on the public stage."

This was spoken to a young man who had just entered the room. He bowed politely, and accepted the proffered glass. Again Stettler went on with the words of the dramatic toast.

"Come, now, Media, the accomplished and beautiful actress, may she——"

He paused. A look from the stranger seized him with indescribable terror. The glass of liquor as if brazed in his grasp remained poised betwixt his hand and lips, while his face grew pale, and his breath, which at first was almost stilled, now heaved his chest as the waves of the sea beneath the rising storm, and then he tumbled like Belshazza, as amid his bachanalian revel he suddenly saw the mysterious handwritting traced on the palace walls. Stettler quaked also, and with the sharp cry, "Media here," fell back into a chair!

Every eye in an instant was bent on the stranger, and as their half raised glasses dropped again, she casting aside her disguise, sprang to his side and exclaimed tauntingly: "Drink the sentiment, Milford! drink to the success of the victim of your base perfidy. Aye, drink your own damnation down. I would not dash it from your lips, ha! ha! Doctor Milford Stettler, how like you the delicious draught. Come, fill again, and drink!"

"Media, leave me. You are at last avenged!"

"No, not yet, but mark me, base one, I shall be!"

"Leave me. Taunt me no more."

Before they recovered fully from the surprise into which her bold trick had suddenly thrown them, she turned and swept proudly from the place.

Stettler greatly abashed, now looked up and muttered, "Curse her—for this I hate her the more."

Gradually his color returned to his blanched cheeks, and he resumed his place among the convivialists. The sparkling champagne soon flashed from lip to lip, and they lost all thoughts of Media, who, after she gained the street murmured, "The base unprincipled villain, to use me so! making me the subject of the bar-room toast and jest. Ha, but how he recoiled and trembled beneath my withering sarcasm. Ha! ha! a 'hit,' a decided 'hit.'"

The hollow sound of her laugh reechoing upon her ear seemed to remind her that she was speaking aloud on the public street. Restraining the further expression of her outraged feelings, she hastened on;

> "To be wroth with one we've loved—
> Doth w rk like madness on the brain."

In another portion of the city, a small company clustered. They were listening happily to the reading of a lengthly written letter, post marked, "Cuba."

The fair reader was Ella Russel, and to her soul, long expectant, the letter was full of encouragement and hope. It would occupy too much space to give in detail here, the glowing description of that portion of the army of liberators, led on by our dauntless Clarence Clinton; their triumphal entry into the Capitol, formation of the new government, its success, and the great satisfaction of the new union, the exultation and great joy throughout the island; but the closing of the hope inspiring narrative that he would soon return, redeem his promise, and make Ella his wife—signed Clarence Clinton, commandant of an important post, in the new Republic—was the fairest of the whole, and gave cause for considerable cross-firing, and teazing among the girls, Ella's listeners.

"There, now, Ella. I hope you will no more say that I'm no prophet. In this, at least, you will allow my predictions are fulfilled," said Amelia Stephens, laughing.

"Ha! ha! coming back is he. I expect our once humble Ella will become so proud that she will no longer notice her former associates," joined Linda Ray.

"And wherefore, Linda?" Ella innocently enquired.

"Ahem, a 'governor's bride.' Your position, then, Ella, will almost be as enviable as that of a countess. I expect we shall all be cut."

"Ah, girls, if you judge me so, I can only say you are happily mistaken in me. For if I were exalted to the throne of the queen of the richest realm, would I forget or discountenance my early loved associate."

"Nor need you aim, Linda, your thrusts of little eminence at me." Amelia, who claimed the 'count' as her gallant, chimed humorously, "A thousand pardons, girls; your spirits are admirable, for oft do I think sorrowfully of the sad change in poor Media, who always appeared so vivacious and happy. Ah! those frequent sneers, and imperious airs of hers, when passing through the crowds on the street of the humbler mechanic, and swarthy workers, nature's own noblemen—I fear, alas, have all returned in bitterest compensation to her own lips."

"Our hapless Media, heaven protect her when man does not, is possessed of a spirit quite unbending, Linda, perhaps feels at this moment, less pain for herself than you seem to suffer on her behalf. It is this spirit, I believe, which has stirred up the dramatic talent that has been sleeping, so to speak, with her fiery soul. The late bitter deceit practiced upon her, backed by her inherent pride and peculiar scorn of the world, which has thus brought her out upon the scenic stage," said Amelia. "But this same spirit I fear, will yet prompt her to some terrible act of revenge. Hark! What means the confusion on the street?"

Ella hastily opened the door, and the cause was soon explained. Two officers of the public peace were conveying a prisoner to the "lock-up," followed by a large concourse of men and boys, curious to see the end of so singular an undertaking.

The door being hastily closed again, the girls failed to recognize in the prisoner the person of Doctor Milford Stettler. Passing a lonely street, he had taken undue occasion to obtrude his unwanted attentions upon an unprotected woman, who, not desiring his company, hastened on. He still pursued her, and continued his insults until she was compelled to demand the protection of a public officer. The doctor taken promptly in charge, our lonely Annie Haines proceeded without further molestation on her way home.

The officer proved the wrong individual to be affected by Stettler's small bribe. But as they were passing a more secluded portion of Washington square, he made an ill directed pass at the officer with his fist, dodging which, the officer was on his assailant in a trice, grasping him again roughly, a scuffle ensued, and soon the doctor's face bore bleeding evidence of the officials authority. An assistant coming up the prisoner now fully subdued, was marched off between them. Thrust hardly into the cell, he muttered——d——n her, I'll have her yet. Twice now she has escaped me. When I attempt it again, she *shall be mine*. But I can not stay in this filthy place. I must get out of this. He knocked at the cell door, obtained permission to write a note, sent it to a member of the club, and in one hour, Milford Stettler was free again.

CHAPTER XX.

MEDIA'S DEBUT—FIRE,—ABDUCTION—THE LIBERTINE'S DILEMMA.

Before a well packed audience, a brilliant assemblage, Media has made her triumphant *debut*, and the "critics" carried away with startling furor of her spirited action, and the charm of her eloquent declamation, have noticed her very favorably. Media, the charming actress, is, therefore, launched fully on the tide—though not changeless—of popular favor.

In a prominent part of the house, sat Amelia Stephens, and Charles Orsay; Josephine Kennedy and Fred Weldon; Linda Ray and Sylvan Shermer, while by the side of Ella Russel sat her returned lover, Clarence Clinton.

Media rapidly winning laurels in the tragic muse, and entwining her brow and name with victorous wreathes—Looking up, she, in the midst of a difficult declamation, noted for the first, the presence of many of her former associates, and their unconcealed admiration. The effect was peculiar, the sudden emotion she experienced caused the flutter in her language to be observed by the audience, the effect of which on the latter become so thrilling, that, accepting it as her conception of the spirit of the part, she was greeted with a volume of applause, and inspired thus with greater energy, she poured forth with renewed impulse and fervor, her whole soul into the remainder of her speech in one continuous stream of beauty, and retired amid the greatest measure of applause. She was saved—nothing could daunt her now, and the thrilling effect of her spirit appeared ever afterwards, throughout the vast assemblage—tears were brushed aside, her early acquaintances mingling in the sympathy with a sense of the deepest emotion.

The drop curtain had fallen on the last act of the play, but the audience had not all emerged from the place, as the State House bell sounded in loud and rapid tones the alarm of fire, which lit-up suddenly the darkened heavens with a very flood of lurid light, and anon the alarm spread with lightning speed over the city, arousing the firemen to quick exertion

Shermer and Weldon hurried home with their lady loves, and then hurried away to the scene of conflagration. The rooms of the O——Club were enveloped in flames, and many streams of water were brought to bear directly on them, yet they burned stubbornly for several hours.

Amid the burning pile a woman appears on the roof suddenly, enclosed almost with the curling and flashing flames. The sight sent a thrill of pain through every beholder. How she reached there alive, and stood unharmed amid the great heat, was to all a strange mystery.

Fire-escape ladders were soon reared against the burning building and mounted by more than a dozen daring souls, who in their zeal appeared as if in competition for some peerless prize. With speechless gratefulness the lone woman looked on their praise-worthy efforts and ventured to the roof edge to meet them. On came with their burning tongues the hissing flames.

"God save us, Annie!—what has brought you here?" exclaimed the first man on the roof.

"In heaven's name save me, save me, and then I'll explain," she cried, and fell in his outstretched arms. Securing her tightly he hastened down the ladder amid the wild tumult on the part of many whose finer sympathies were touched by the scene.

Soon after reaching the ground Annie Haines revived and was driven from the wild scene in a carriage, accompanied by the unknown.

In the mean time, Shermer and Weldon, in their hurry to reach the fire stumbled over Stettler, which bringing about a hurried recognition, and being under the influence of liquor, Stettler was disposed to quarrel. But he was addressed by them in turn so decided, that he deemed it more prudent then and there to escape them. He therefore fled incontinently from the scene. Shermer and Weldon darted after him in pursuit. By devious dodging and darting through the crowd of firemen, Stettler emerged, at length, at least half a square ahead of them.

"Let him go," said Shermer, a little fagged, and desirous of getting back again into the company of his lovely Linda.

"No; the villain—I feel like running him to the death."

"Not to-night; we'll meet him again," Shermer replied, proceeding slowly.

"Come on, and straighten him out now, while we are on his track," rejoined Weldon, darting after Stettler with increased speed. Many who witnessed the "run," thought the cause to be another alarm. Stettler would have demanded the protection of the police, but thinking of his attack on Shermer on the banks of the Schuylkill and his late arrest, feared they would prove against him. Hence he sped on, hoping to elude or tire them, or, if this should fail, to lead them into the country and then turn on them in self-defence.

On and onward he fled with Weldon in close pursuit. Becoming warmed into a more vigorous elacrity, the running became more and more excited. On and on they went, heated, and hallooed at by many passers. Soon the city was far behind in the rear of them, and they were flying over the dusty road of the country. Foaming and panting for breath, Stettler paused a moment, and turning suddenly, discharged a pistol at his assailants. The ball whistled harmlessly over their heads. The momentary surprise over, they now dashed on after him fiercer than before. Seeing he had missed his aim, Stettler now dashed off determined to elude them by taking to the woods. His pursuers saw his design, and quickened their speed. Down the rugged hill he went, the descent imparting greater velocity to his flight. At the base of the descent there stood a low bridge, over which the road crossed a deep creek, which ran along near the edge of the thick woods. It was here that he and Media were so alarmed on the evening of their summer ride. Again he imagined he heard the same fearful shriek re-echoing through the forrest. Terribly alarmed, the cold perspiration beaded in chilling drops his fear-blanched face, and he pitched and staggered over the wood in a stupor of horror. Nearing the bridge, he stumbled, and turning a summersault, descended cat-like, feet foremost, down into the mire and quicksand of the creek. His feelings, now, were indescribable, his alarm intense. As he sank lower and lower, he threw out his arms, and made a plunging effort to extricate himself, but he only sank deeper in the horrible pit, and looked, indeed, a mirth provoking picture, nothing of him visible save his arms and head. Shermer and Weldon soon reached the spot, and looking down on his upturned face, pale and gastly in the moon-light Stettler murmured:

"For God sake, men, do not kill me. Help me from this horrible place, or I shall die."

"Ha! ha! help you out, eh?" Weldon laughed, soon as he could regain sufficient breath, for they had been hard run. "You're in a happy fix now aint you, and you deserve it, you wretch. Good time and place, doctor, to review your past career. Come, let me turn priest, and hear your confession."

Stettler groaning heavily, made an unsuccessful effort to get out of the mud. But sinking back again, he prayed, "Oh, men for heaven's sake, do save me from this."

"You might shoot us," Weldon sneered. "So stick there a little longer for your magnanimity, and in the retrospection of the past, do not forget your ruffianly treatment of Miss Linda Ray, and your base conduct toward unhappy Media. Think, vile one, of the shame and misery and painful wretchedness your heartless conduct has entailed on families which you have entered like the old serpent in Eden, scattering your poisonous seed of sorrow and woe around. Think of these, and curse the day of your birth. Doctor Milford Steller, good night."

"My God, men, do not leave me here to perish! Oh help me and you shall have your reward."

A laugh of derision was their only reply now as Shermer and Weldon turned towards the city.

"And must I be left to die here like a dog?" Stettler groaned as they disappeared from his sight.

Leaving him to flounder in his dialemma awhile, we must turn now our attention toward the gentle Annie, who was saved from the roof of the burning house.

Arrived at the store of Mrs. Ray, she was conveyed to the parlor on the second floor. Here she sat down and gave the Unknown the account of her strange abduction into the rooms of the O—— club, on the night of the fire.

"I was passing at a late hour" said she, "near the Washington square, when I was seized suddenly by a man wearing a large mantle." He pressed a handkerchief saturated with some stupefying drug over my mouth, so that I could not resist, nor cry for help. I was hastily borne unconscious away, I knew not whither. But as we left the street, I slightly regained my scattered senses and remember being carried through several rooms, and at last I was sat down on a sofa in an apartment less in size than those through which we had passed. I opened my eyes and was dazzled at the first with a flood of light emanating from a large chandelier, and two large lamps that stood on the elevated carved mantle piece. As I opened my eyes, my captor sprang toward me and attempted to replace the handkerchief over my face. But with a vigorous effort, I pushed his hand away and sprang to my feet. He appeared disconcerted at this, and I saw in my abductor, the villain, Milford Stettler. 'What mean you, sir, by this violence? Conduct me from this vile place before I sound an alarm which shall imprison you!' I exclaimed vehemently. For an instant he appeared to falter, then recovering, he said, 'That would be useless. These walls are equal to those of a prison. No cry can penetrate them. So come now, Annie, consent to be mine, and afford me a slight reward, at least for what I have endured for thy sake. Why, I have been arrested, dragged along the streets for thy sake, Annie. Come, for mine you shall be."

'Eluding him, I seized a stout poker that lay by the fire grate, and hastily turning cried:

'Milford Stettler, lay your hand on me, and I'll bury this beneath your skull.'

A forced smile played a moment about his sensual lips, and I saw he feared me.

'Annie,' said he, 'put down that ugly weapon and let us reason together.'

'The only reason I will now listen to,' said I, 'is, that you will lead me from this wicked place.'

'I will leave you Annie, to yourself for a short time. Perhaps when I return, reflection will have taught you to think better of this and the utter folly of resisting me,' said he, and left, locking the door after him as he went out. I immediately seized one of the lamps, and holding it beneath the hangings at the windows, the room was soon in flames. I was desperate, and shrieking at the top of my voice for help, tried every door in the room. Some proved to be closets and wardrobe doors; but one I opened disclosed a flight of stairs, I sprang on them, and a gust of wind sweeping down fanned the flames until they found passage into the adjoining room. I heard the door open, and Stettler's voice calling, but, with a bitter oath, he soon retreated, and I sped to the roof, from whence you, my friend, have saved me, and thus placed me under obligations, which, I can never repay."

"Happy, Annie that you are saved. I am already amply repaid. My reward is in the dutiful act," nobly answered the Unknown.

(To be Continued.)

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Remarkable Cure by Laying-on of Hands.

BY W. J. ATKINSON, M. D.

I hardly feel at liberty to ask space in the columns of the blessed JOURNAL for any thing that I might say, for I hope to see its columns filled with matter from abler pens. But in this Western country where the Harmonial Philosophy is scarcely known, and where it is abused and denied a hearing by the masses, the poorest ideas from the weakest source of Spiritualism, is far in advance of any of our Sunday pulpit eloquence.

At this writing, however, I only wish to report a case cured by magnetism. I was called to see a lady who was suffering very much with a pain in the left side and chest. I prescribed for the case such medicine as I thought would give relief, requesting the friends to advise me in a day or two of her condition, as I lived five miles away. The third day, I was summoned in great haste,—I found her still suffering severely; she had had three spasms—jaws set, unable to swallow anything; her right side perfectly helpless, unable to move the arm or leg. I put her under the influence of magnetism and commanded her to move her arm and leg of the right side, which she could do. After remaining under the influence for about thirty minutes, I awoke her, when she exclaimed, "Why, my jaws are perfectly easy, and I can move my arm and leg!" The next day, this patient was sitting up, able to go about the house.

Now, I report this to show that here was a case that had resisted medical treatment for one week, cured in thirty minutes by simply "laying-on of hands." This knowledge of curing, I am indebted to the JOURNAL for imparting. Perhaps, I never should have had this knowledge, if I had been a bigot and refused to read the JOURNAL, and burned it to keep others from reading it. I advise all who can, to read it attentively, for only by a careful perusal can you get the essence of the grand philosophy that is taught therein, hoping that this account may fall into the hands of some who are personally acquainted with me, and thereby be led to look into the subject to their profit.

Kingsville, Mo., Dec. 20th, 1869.

SPEAKER'S REGISTER.

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[To be useful, this should be reliable. It therefore behooves Lecturers to promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for Lecturers only, and it is so rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address having particulars to be learned by special correspondence with the individuals.

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Concluded from first page

minated in the mind of man, of angel or of arch angel. It comprehends every system of philosophy that is calculated to redeem mankind from error, it involves every principle of true religion It has at its basis every principle of science It is indeed as comprehensive as the universe. It has God for its centre, and the entire human family for its circumference. It is worthy of your esteem, worthy of your love and of your every effort. Then members of the Pennsylvania State Society and all the friends from New Jersey and elsewhere who are here to sympathize with this body let us all join hands in resolving to do all that we can to propagate such a faith; that you will do all that you can to redeem man from the errors of the past; that you will do all you can to bring mankind to a more beautiful appreciation of the Angel World and its glorious truths.

This grand system of philosophy that you are investigating and advocating, is no new theme, but you are instruments and agents in the hands of the living God for making a new application of a truth that is as old as the eternal hills.

Ever since time began man has accepted the idea that there was in some way a communion between the external and the internal. Spiritualism, in its dawn to-day is giving a more correct appreciation of the method and manner by and through which, man is rising higher and still higher up toward the Angel World. The Angel World is coming no nearer to mankind in this nineteenth century than it was in the past, but mankind has ascended higher and nearer to the Angel World. The present age is more spiritual, perhaps, than any age that has preceeded it. Man has grown nearer to God, not God to man. Science and an expanded spiritual perception have developed in this age hopes and aspirations never before deemed the property of the human soul. Man has grown and strengthened upon what he was fed.

Other ages have given forth creeds and dogmas, but in this respect, man can never again stand where he has stood in the past. Through the instrumentality of Spiritualism, he is destined to do away gradually and kindly with all oppressive creeds and restraining dogmas, and to inaugurate the divine truth upon the altar of the human heart. This is the aim of Spiritualism, if I understand it, and so far as the State Association can do it, it is the aim of its members with regard to the circle where its influence may extend

Then, my friends, you have a great mission before you, those of you who have felt to give your countenance to this Association. Neglect not your duty, for it is your duty to humanity. I tell you, my friends, my brothers and sisters, that God has so joined all the different species of mankind in one grand fraternal organic band, that in the ratio that you neglect your brother, you are injuring yourself. By such neglect, you should remember that you are violating your own nature, consequently you are violating that organic law that will indent upon your spiritual organisms in the future world the effects which have grown out of such neglects in this.

If I displace a single atom from my finger, as it falls, it displaces myriads of other atoms, and as it strikes in places upon the floor, it displaces other particles; it has also changed the course of the pale faced moon in her pathway of light; it has made the sun of to day not the sun of yesterday; it has changed the destiny of all those myriads of stars that roll in such magnificent beauty and order in the presence of the Majesty of the universe.

If I let fall a single drop of water into the bosom of the Atlantic ocean, science again tells you that every other drop of water in that vast body is agitated thereby, however imperceptible it may be to the natural eye. If this be true with regard to what is termed inanimate nature, it is essentially true in the world of mind Every individual mind is influencing and being influenced by every other individual mind. My friends, you see at once the point at which I aim. In your sins of omission, as well as your sins of commission, Spiritualists, you are retarding the conditions of humanity instead of progressing them.

How can any Spiritualist fail to co-operate in any effort that is calculated to elevate mankind from the degrading influences and tendencies that have characterized the materialistic fanaticism of the past ages?

Oh, Spiritualists, wherever you may be, listen to the voice of one who has been ministering through his medium, from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Let me say to you, bend your energies gratefully and earnestly in behalf of this glorious cause. Give of your means, give of your ability,—aid the Angel World in their efforts to redeem mankind, and in hastening that good time coming when all slavery shall be abolished, spiritual, social and physical. Spiritualism is the great power with which, my friends, all wrong is to be eventually overthrown. Aye, so comprehensive is its platform and its teachings that it encompasses all forms of belief and all shades of feeling that pertain to the welfare of the race. It brings man generically up before the bar of the nineteenth century, and is investigating as to his condition—his past, his present and his future.

Spiritualism is an immense plough, being moved across the pathway of the ages, turning its huge furrows to the very core of things, laying bare their secret purposes and intents, and whether men will or whether they will not, the general mind is being forced into the investigation. Spiritualists, be not laggards in the race; let not the ostracism of men or women stay you in this glorious and beautiful march of progress. What have been the advantages for which you should be grateful? What have been the glorious privileges that have appertained to you with respect to the dawn of truth? While other localities have been shut out seemingly, you have had so many beautiful opportunities in your past history, for at least twenty years, yet still there are laggards and drones in your midst! Up, and be doing, if you would enjoy the beautiful results that are eventually destined for all mankind.

I know that many are disposed to lag behind because they suppose it is of but little effect what they may do. Spiritualism, as I have just said, is binding all God's children together with a social, mental and spiritual tie, and if you neglect your brother you can not do justice to yourself. You can not inflict a wrong, either of commission or omission, upon your brother, but it will be indented upon the tablet of your own soul, and go with you into that world where your own bosom shall constitute the realm of all such conditions, and it may be that you will start from a lower plane than the brother or sister whom you have injured.

Mr. President, officers and members of the State Society of Pennsylvania, I bring my medium to you from a distant state, to bid you all God speed, and urge you to use all the efforts within your power to promote this great work. Be not discouraged. Media, be not discouraged; speakers, be not discouraged; men be not discouraged; women, be not discouraged. God Almighty stands at the helm; angels are your companions on the voyage of life—God's love is everlasting—the angels are bringing you the beautiful precepts of this love. If you will so incorporate these beautiful truths into your lives, you will then be able to speak forth practically as well as theoretically, the admirable truths of your glorious faith.

I am speaking to you through one of the old pioneers of this cause—a man who has lived for it nearly twenty years; who has suffered for it. I take the liberty, therefore, of speaking plainly to you—you who were gathered with him in the early days, you have your part to perform. God does not design, as the brother told you this afternoon, to make you automatons. He would be a cruel, instead of a loving God if He did. With no experience or effort in this life, how unfitted you would be for the task before you in the next. I tell you that your disappointments, your sorrows, your sadness, your pain and your anguish, are all educational processes, preparatory for graduating in the Department above. You are all primary scholars, and are receiving lessons that are to bless you, and out of much tribulation you will eventually come to this knowledge.

We know that God inspires men to-day as much as ever; that God is moving upon the waters as much as He ever did upon the rolling billows of the past; that the Angel World is calling upon humanity; that God is inspiring men through angel instrumentalities as much to-day as when Moses and Elias appeared to James and John and Peter. God is speaking to the Johns, the Jameses and the Peters of to-day. Out of this fact in our day has grown the glorious philosophical structure of Spiritualism. It is continually extending itself—continually men and women are constituting the smooth and rough stones, and brotherly love is to be the cement that is to complete the superstructure.

Angels are whispering—heaven and earth are to be conjoined. Science and truth shall speak in unison. Religion and philosophy, so long divorced, be united as one. For, indeed, Spiritualism is the almoner of man—it is God's interpreter, it is philosophy's success and truth's worthy benefactress. It is therefore worthy of your love, worthy of your labor. Go on, then, Spiritualists, be not laggards in the race, move onward, and God's angels will take you by the hands and will assist you and guide you to brighter fields and more beautiful and glorious realities in the realms beyond the skies.

Spiritualists, wherever you are, be one in heart, one in action, in the development of this great philosophy and religion. You heard Dr. Child say that he loved to be a medium. God bless him for it—the angels love their mediums Some are more or less fortunate, and some are more or less unfortunate; some temporarily elevated, others temporarily depressed; but all need sympathy and love and kindness. Spiritualists, wherever you are, be kind to your mediums, bear them upon the palms of friendship, give them your confidence, push them forward gently along the pathway in which they are leading humanity. They are God's agents —they are intermediate agents between the earth and the heavens. Man can be heard through them amid the minarets of the sky, and the whisperings of the angels can be heard through them likewise amid the darkened conditions of earth. When you send them out, send them out comfortably; send them out with your sympathy and your kindness. Oh! give them tears when they are in sorrow, and minister to them in every department of thought and action—for by doing so even to the least of these you will be serving the divinity that moves within you. You will render them better able to be God's vicegerents as they go forth proclaiming the gospel of the hour. This gospel of the hour is your faith, your religion. This gospel of the hour is what you profess to believe is destined to redeem mankind, and calculated to fill the future with glorious coruscations of truth and beauty. Do this, and you shall move on to higher and higher conditions in time, and when you approach the river of Death, as all must do, as one by one you step on the other shore, you shall be greeted by angels whom you have known before. They will lead you up to higher and still higher conditions, and there as step by step you tread the Mosaic pathway of progressive development in the spheres, every step you take you will perceive has been effected by your steps here. If you have done your duty as far as circumstances have permited, on pinions of brotherly love you will mount yet higher and still higher, until your advancing soul shall realize all the beatitudes that glow forever far beyond where the bright-eyed stars are singing their everlasting anthems.

The President said, "I feel highly gratified with the harmony and good feeling that have prevailed in our meeting. The time has come for us to return to our homes. I doubt not we shall feel encouraged and strengthened to labor more earnestly for the good cause in which we have enlisted."

Mr. Foster closed as follows:—"May the white winged messengers of a common Father's love go with each one of you to your homesteads, comfort you in time, cheer you in death, and finally pilot you along the bright paths of the beautiful home of the angels."

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
OFFICE 189 SOUTH CLARK STREET

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For Terms of Subscription see Premium lists and Prospectus on eighth page.

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If any person receiving this paper after the time for which it is prepaid, desires to have it discontinued, he or she should inform us of that fact by letter, without delay and if any one continues to take the paper after his or her time of prepaid subscription has expired, payment will be required at regular rates, until all arrearages are paid.

All letters and communications should be addressed to S. S. Jones, 189 South Clark street, Chicago, Illinois

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE.

Did an Infinite God, a Personal God, or Beings Resembling Man, form this Earth, Sun, etc.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness *was* upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

In the arts, the sciences,—everywhere—we find a field for investigation. The human mind, ever active, ever on the alert to witness the grandeur of new facts, never is at a loss for an element to which it can direct the attention of its investigating powers. As we have often said before, there are certain laws of nature that are automatic in action. Says an ancient sage:

"Nature's laws, grand in their operations and so wonderful in their results, were inaugurated by intelligences possessing a mind like the children of earth, but greatly superior to them in the comprehension of those things that relate to the government of the Universe of God."

Therein he enunciated a grand truth. Electricity that speaks in tones of thunder in the murky cloud, that sends its lurid light through-out the sky; oxygen, that life-principle of nature, that arterializes the millions of little discs that pass over the air cells of the lungs; magnetism, that nervous fluid that penetrates every part of the system; the atmosphere, that imparts life and vitality to vegetation—none of these are intelligent, none of these can think or exercise a supervisory influence over the action of any thing. The little flower unfolds its blossom and sparkles in the sunbeams, the little dew-drop dances heavenward on the breath of the genial sun, and joining the murky clouds, and wafted by the zephyrs, it moves in peerless grandeur in the regions above, yet they possess no thought, no care for the morrow. One plant that has its home in the cold salt sea, can move from place to place, can change its position with unerring certainty: yet within it is no heart that palpitates with the warm emotions of life. How grand is Nature, our Mother, yet within her diffusive mind are no thoughts throbbing for utterance, the same as those which exist in the mind of our statesmen and philosophers. Nature our Mother, we bless thee, yet your inanimate form almost chills us as we stand on the mountain side, and look into the cold, cheerless valley below, where no plants come forth to kiss the soil or to be fondled by the affectionate zephyrs. Nature don't think! Is it possible? Beautiful Nature, our Mother, deaf and dumb?

Different nationalites whisper to us. The Indian chieftain, says:

"Nature is my Mother, I will repose upon her bosom."

"An ancient philosopher says: "Nature, my Mother, I will eat your sweet fruits, drink from your gurgling springs, breathe the warm winds that come from genial climes, inhale your sweet breath as it oozes forth from flowers and plants, and when night approaches, beneath the stars and the deep blue sky, I will retire to rest, lulled to sleep by the gentle tones of the zephyrs."

A Chinese Mandarin says: "Nature is a book. I open it and read from its mystic pages, gaze with delight on its beautiful illustrations, and wonder why it is that within its lids there is no preface showing its origin, and under what circumstances it was written."

An ancient Chaldean says, as he stands on the cleft of a mountain, and with his map in hand, traces thereon the wonders of heaven: "Nature puts me in mind of a wondrous machine, the automatic action of which speaks no language only as manifested in those twinkling orbs that deck the infinite realms of space."

The Arab says: "The wide, wide arid desert is my home. The camel is my most precious treasure. Nature smiles not upon me only in the gushing spring and the verdant Oasis, that some angel flower has paid a visit, to render the contrast more potential and grand."

Yet Nature does not think. Linneus the naturalist thought differently. Walk into his garden. In your mind's eye survey its beauties. Don't touch that Sensitive plant, for it is an angel in disguise, and will wither and droop under the touch of selfish man. Take off your shoes for you are on holy ground. Tread lightly. Witness that beautiful array of flowers, glistening in the sunbeams of the morning, the dew-drop rubbing open its little eyes preparatory to taking a trip to the fairy clouds. There is a Floral Clock, and it tells the time of day with the precision of the best chronometer. It is now six o'clock in the morning: and we behold one little flower closing its leaves as if it was afraid that it would lose its freshness, or that, some one would steal the rainbow tints that glisten all over its fair surface. In an hour's time its leaves are nestled close together, sleeping as quietly as an angel child on the bosom of a mother. Tread lightly, for this ground is consecrated to a grand work. At seven, another little flower by its side, trembles like the eye lids of the aged and weary when repose is necessary. In an hour's time, it, too, is quietly sleeping. In this beautiful Floral Clock, we find the time of day designated by those little flowers. Beautiful, isn't it? Yet Nature don't think. No soul, then, in the warm heart of our Mother. Those flowers, so beautiful, glistening with so many fine colors, are dumb,—are they? Pass along. Witness that Judean Rose. It don't like its home. It is displeased with the soil. The gardener has neglected it. What does it do? Why, it loosens fibril after fibril, and takes passage on some genial gale, to a region better adapted to its wants. Like a fairy queen it travels; like a bold pioneer it strikes out to find a home adapted to its many wants. No intelligence there, in that Judean Rose? Who told it to loosen fibril after fibril, and then take passage on the wings of the zephyrs to a place on the bosom of Mother Nature where it was warm and loving? Well, Nature don't think as man thinks, for man's thoughts are sometimes impure, but Nature could have no impure thoughts.

Thus we find in Nature, she whom we call our Mother, many strange things that we can not understand. Her children are the flowers, the insects of earth and air,—and finally men. They are all nourished by her. We are all Plebeians—no aristocracy originates from her. Nature, our Mother is dumb; but her children, how majestic in mind! how grand in thought and comprehension, and how untiring their energies. True, the flowers don't think any more than the engine does, that moves the ponderous wheels; they are simply the result of the action of automatic laws, and they act in obedience to those laws. If Nature thought, then she could make man, independent of any intelligence outside of her, either by successive growths, or otherwise, as would be deemed practicable. But, reader, bear in mind, that plants and animals were created by intelligences by a direct act. There is no such thing as unintelligent matter producing plants or animals, unassisted. Intelligence can organize, systemize and arrange. Electricity could not carry news with the speed of thought, without the supervising intelligence of man. Would steam move the ponderous wheels without the systematic action of an intelligent principle? Of course not. Mind diffused don't think, but when concentrated in man, it embodies within itself the power of thought. Everything the eye can see was created by the direct act of superior intelligences. Matter never organizes itself. If it could, it certainly would possess intelligence. That star was created, assigned a position in the heavens, by a personal intelligence. That little hut, that frame building, that stone house, and that palatial residence were made by intelligences. Go upward. The planets and stars are only larger homes, made on a more extensive scale. Individualized intelligence made the former, and individualized intelligence made the latter. This is not at all strange when we consider the question carefully. Man has been led astray by a false course of reasoning. He is created by the automatic action of law. That automatic action was organized by an intelligence superior even to him. On earth, we are created, and are the creatures of automatic or self-acting laws. Is not that true? By and by this will be reversed. Automatic law will be subservient to us. We are now in the night, we will then be in the glorious light of day.

This is, indeed, a grand theme. We are now subservient to the automatic action of law, and are subject to it in all respects. But our origin is way back of those automatic laws, to those Intelligences that planned them. There is life, mind, matter and motion everywhere. Not a nook or corner in all of the vast universe where there is not life, mind, matter and motion. But mind diffused does not possess thought diffused, nor does life diffused possess feeling diffused. It is the wonderful combination and concentration of those elements that gives man his wonderful powers.

On this earth, we find different degrees of intelligence. The Indian in his leafy home in the forest, has a very limited knowledge of the things that surround him. He knows that fire will burn, that water will quench his thirst, and that food will satiate his hunger, but in regard to their peculiar force or characteristics, he knows comparatively nothing. He can make the hatchet, construct the rude bow, build his bark hut, then his knowledge has reached its utmost limit. Situated as he was at the time Columbus discovered America, he would be prepared to regard that man as a God, who could construct the engine, draw electricity from the murky cloud, or send news with the speed of thought. Advance a step. Look at the achievements of the white man. The Indians knew nothing in regard to the nature of those things that surrounded them. It is true, they knew that the bow possessed elastic force, etc. The white man, the Anglo-Saxon, seemingly has no limit to his knowledge. He can make water into gasses, separate matter into its constituent elements, make milk resembling that taken from the cow, form tissues resembling those of the human system in every particular, predict eclipses that will happen hundreds of years hence, calculate the distances of the planets, and tell the time of their revolution on their axes. We find, too, in proportion to his knowledge, he possesses power. Here his knowledge is very limited, and, of course, his power corresponds thereto. He can send electricity from place to place, the little hammer of the battery designating certain sounds, or he can keep up a continuous current of the same, if he desires. He can form canals here, make rivers or lakes, and open communication with different parts of the world. He only improves the surface of the earth here. When his knowledge has become sufficient, his programme of action will change, and he will commence improving the regions of space; will form rivers there, establish etherial currents, and aid in the construction of planets. The Indian in ages past would have looked upon that man as a God, who could take a baloon and sail among the murky clouds, and we still foolishly regard the intelligence that formed our planet as God, when nothing can be further from the truth. It is just as easy for a circle of wise sages to form a planet the size of this earth as it is for the mechanic to construct the steam engine. Planets are not made at hap-hazard, but Intelligences, resembling man in every particular, only far more wise than he is—you may feel proud if you attain this wisdom in a million of years—formed them. While one circle of spirits creates planets, another, skilled in a knowledge of the peculiar force that each element is capable of exerting, assigns the locality where they shall revolve throughout the endless ages of eternity. If desirable, the Spirit World could set those forces at work which would bring all the planets of our solar system together in one mass.

Here, man controls a few of the elements. Why not, then, in eons of ages, advance sufficiently to control nearly all of them? If he can control one element and make it subservient to his use, why not all? The pyrotechnist will control the elements sufficiently to form a luminous flower or snake in the air; the chemist can make milk, and it is even stated on good authority that by uniting certain elements or gasses, he can form tissues resembling those of the human body in every particular. In proportion as he advances in knowledge, he can control the elements, until finally, he thoroughly understands the nature of those forces that he can use for the formation of a planet from the nebulæ of space. With every ray of light, we receive certain characteristics of the sun, which, coming in contact with our atmosphere, creates heat. Those particles are sent to us in accordance with well defined laws, thoroughly understood by those who first formed that luminous body. In the nebular regions, when it is desired to form a planet, a central point is established, with currents of electrical and magnetic forces radiating therefrom, and through the instrumentality of those currents, nebular matter is carried to that central point, just as naturally as a current of wind will move a kite, or particles of matter are brought from the sun. The force of those currents are maintained until a planet or comet of sufficient size is made. We here desire to say that there are fields adapted for the formation of planets alone, just as necessary for that purpose as a ship yard is required for the construction of a ship. A poor ignoramus, observing a ship on the water, might think it was always in motion in the manner seen, even from the incipient stages of its existence; but we know such is not the case; and we know further, that in the construction of a system of planets in the regions of space, that they are not assigned a place until made of that size which we now see them. Then forces are set to work which give them their peculiar motion. Reader, we ask you, then, to answer the question, who improves the regions of space? Who made those peerless orbs and those comets, everything the eye can see in the arched dome around us? You know that man improves the surface of the earth; and we *know* that, disembodied, he carries on gigantic enterprises in the regions of space, and that worlds and systems of worlds owe their origin to him. So far as God is concerned, the wisest sage never saw him. They know that matter is eternal, and that there are certain forces inherent therein; beyond that, their knowledge does not extend.

The account of creation necessarily comes under the head of "Spiritualism of the Bible," though an Infinite God had as little to do with launching this planet into the regions of space, as he would have in building a house erected through the instrumentality of man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A. B. Bartlett,—thanks for your kind letter and money. What is your P. O. address?

NORWAY OATS.

Our readers will find in this number, a cut taken from photographic view of a single head, only contracted to bring it down to dimensions to print.

Mr. Ramsdell, of Vermont, raised from a single kernel, the seed from which all Norway oats sprang. This single kernel was found among a paper of peas, sent from the Patent Office in Washington, D. C, to a man by the name of Smith, in Washington, Vt.

When Smith found it, the hull was gone. It had been divested of that natural protective appendage before falling into his hands. Its form *attracted* his attention, so far as to induce him to carefully preserve it, and send it to Mr Ramsdell, a fellow townsman, who was known to be a *fancy* farmer.

Ramsdell put it in the soil, and carefully watched its growth until maturity, when to his astonishment he found a wonderful variety, such as he never saw before nor since. No such oats are grown in Norway. It only has that name because it was found, as before stated among some Norway peas. It is a God-send to the world.

Ten years will not elapse before these oats will take the place of all other varieties. The yield is so wonderful that no farmer will think of competing with a neighbor in an oat crop, unless he raises the Norway oats.

Mr. Ramsdell is an honorable man, who commands the entire crop of pure unadulterated Norway oats. He has a just pride in supplying the farmers with the pure seed, and for that purpose, has established three places in the United States as head quarters, he in person presiding over the principal establishment, located at Chicago.

We with pleasure call the attention of our readers to the cut and advertisement in this paper—those crops which yield the farmer the greatest returns for capital expended, are most desirable, and conduce most to the welfare of mankind.

That an *unseen* power, at long intervals, puts forth remarkable energy in the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, for good, cannot be successfully denied, but is fully appreciated by the spiritual philosopher—the man of observation and deep research.

HARD TIMES.

There is a very general complaint of *hard times.*

Some of our subscribers feel the "hard times" so severely that they "jump out of the frying pan into the fire" for relief; in other words, they, to save $1,50, which would pay for the JOURNAL six months, and until times will be better, propose to discontinue it, and go without mental food!

Bad policy, friends—never starve your souls, let what will come. Soul growth is all that any one has to take to the Spirit World—better, by far, go without the food that sustains the physical body, than to stunt the mental faculties.

Another view of the subject: The publisher has to endure the "hard times" as well as other people. A small amount from each, even if it be but one dollar at a time, will help to keep the work going on. Think of this matter for a moment in connection with your love for *Spiritualism*, and you will never discontinue your paper because it is hard times.

We have never yet, *knowingly*, denied our paper to a poor struggling soul, because he was too poor to pay for it when the term of subscription expired, and we really hope our friends will stop, and take the second thought upon this subject before discontinuing the JOURNAL, because "it is hard times."

We do certainly need all the support our friends can give us, however small the remittance may be.

Dr. W. H. JOSCELYN.

The Doctor is still at the Morton House, where he is prepared to give clairvoyant examinations of disease, and prescribe treatment for the same. As a healer he is successful, and his tests of spirit presence are truly remarkable.

The Spiritual Messenger,

Is a nice little sheet, published at New Philadelphia, Ohio, and is devoted, as its name indicates, to the promulgation of the Harmonial Philosophy. We wish its editor success in his undertaking

A San Jose, California subscriber sent us in Nov. last, $4 for Chas. Van. Horn, Saml. Dement and himself, but neglected to sign his own name. Have written him several times, but get no reply.

"Truth"

Is the title of a paper just started at Hammonton, N. J. It is nicely printed, and is devoted to the cause of Spiritualism.

S. Thompson sends us $1.50 for renewal of his subscription, and neglects to give P. O. address.

Literary Notices.

EVERY SATURDAY came out on January first in a new dress, presenting a really fine appearance. Fields, Osgood & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, for January, is really a gem, sparkling with thoughts that can not fail to interest and instruct. It will be read by our Eastern friends with great interest.

The "Overland," "Western," and "Atlantic," constitute a beautiful *literary* chain, reaching from the extreme East to the extreme West.

VICKS ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE, for 1870. This Catalogue should be in the hands of every farmier and gardener. Sent free to all who apply. Address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.............................H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

The Cause of Peace.

We love peace; have been educated to believe in it, and have yet to see that individual who does not think, and know that it is preferable to war. We, therefore, can not fail to feel an interest in every movement that tends to the maintenance of this amongst our fellow men. Springing, as peace does, from the higher and holier feelings of our nature, it must always commend itself to the good and the true. It is the very opposite of war, not only in its nature, but also in its source The Apostle James has expressed it in the question, "From whence come wars and fightings? Come they not from your lusts that war in your members," that is to say, the lower or animal nature, and not the reason or the moral or spiritual natures. But the most important question for us is not so much the question of good or evil, right or wrong, for this has been settled, and the soldier knows well that war is a dreadful calamity, a terrible crime. They have realized more fully than any other, that "every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." No one but those who have witnessed the actuality of the battle field, can comprehend the truth of this declaration.

The most important questions are, how shall we promote the cause of peace? How shall we put an end to war, and realize the fulfillment of the prophecy that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the little child shall lead them; that man shall beat the sword into a plowshare, and the spear into a pruning hook, and learn war no more.

As prophecying always tends to fulfil itself, we are glad to have such as these reiterated over and over again.

We believe the great work of peace can only be brought about permanently, by educating the people. They must be taught to know themselves—to know that peace comes from the action of their higher nature, harmoniously blending with all the rest, that war comes from their lusts which war in their members, and do not thus harmonize with the higher feelings.

We hail every movement which presents to the people the blessings of peace, and the evils of war. We know there are practical measures connected with the peace movement—the settlement of difficulties by arbitration, by reference. General Grant in his late message refers to the good offices of the United States to bring about a peace between Spain and the South American Republics, with which she is at war, as having been accepted by Spain, Peru and Chili, and a congress has been invited to be held at Washington during the present winter. The time when individuals were required to settle personal difficulties by single combat, has passed away as a relic of barbarism. The duel is almost gone, and it is time that mankind had learned that war, which is a far greater evil than either of these, is also a terrible relic of barbarism, and that as arbitration between individuals has become so effectual—as government itself is but a systematic arrangement of arbitration—this can and should be extended equally so between nations. The disputes, often very trivial in their characters, which have led to war, might easily have been settled peaceably, had there been reason, reflection, and willingness to leave the matter to disinterested parties.

We all know that peace in the family, and in the neighborhood, brings the highest happiness to all. We have had during the past decade mournful experiences of the devastating influence of war, lessons that we trust will not be lost.

The voices come up to us, not alone from the desolate homes, from the widowed hearts, from the orphaned children, and the childless parents; from the mutilated forms that we pass at every corner of our streets. All these speak to us, and there are other voices that come echoing back to us from the land of the hereafter, from the young men, the strong, the brave, the noble hearted and true, who were cut down in the morning of life by the red hand of war, in the spring time of their usefulness—these are all pleading with us, as Spiritualists to do all we can to prevent the recurrence of such a dire calamity. Our young Brother Ellsworth, so brave, so noble, with such indomitable energy, as he glances back over the past sees now the vast fields of labor that he might have so ably filled here, had not the demon hand so ruthlessly cut him down. The beautiful young Wintrop, poet and scholar, though he may labor nobly among the bright angels where he now dwells, has lost the opportunity of a great earth work. Among the elder ones, we often see the noble and gallant Baker, the statesman and patriot, whose wisdom and strict integrity our nation needs to-day; the learned Mitchell whose scientific researches and astronomical knowledge would have blessed us with rich treasure of wisdom. But we can not name the vast throng that pass before our inner vision now.

Our religion gives us the comfort and consolation of the knowledge that they are still living and still laboring as best they may, for the progress of the race, the unfoldment of humanity, and the voices which come from each and all of these, is a rehearsal of the grand and beautiful old Anthem, "glory to God in the highest on earth, PEACE and good will to all men!"

In Memoriam.

We were startled with a thrill of deep and painful regret, as the news was flashed over the wires to us, of the departure to the land of the beautiful, of our beloved sister, the noble and true hearted Alcinda Wilhem Slade.

After a few hours of suffering, she laid aside her mortal body, through which her spirit has so long and faithfully labored for the good of humanity. Inspired with a true love of progress and reform, our sister was one of the noblest workers that has gone forth into the vinyard of Spiritualism. She was ever ready to labor, not only for her sex, but for humanity, and few persons have made greater efforts or been more untiring and successful in their labors of love.

In order to prepare herself for the great mission of her life, under the inspiration of the angel world, she studied medicine, so that she might be enabled to speak of physiology, anatomy and the laws of life, especially to her sisters to whom this knowledge would so often be a savior, not alone from pain and suffering, but from death.

She was one of a noble band of women who went with us as a nurse and physician also, to the battle-field of Gettysburg, after the terrible slaughter in July 1863, where she was enabled to act as surgeon, nurse and minister to the suffering ones, and we doubt not, that queenly woman, Miss Farnham, who was also there, will have a glorious meeting with our sister as they recount the sad and harrowing scenes of those terrible days. Mrs. Wilhelm left this section soon after this for what was then called the West, but which may now be called the Central states of the union.

For her efficient labors, there are thousands to rise up and call her blessed. Few persons have been so well fitted for the arduous and trying labors of pioneer work.

She has fallen in her armor—the helmet and the shield are broken, but not the soul, the grand power to which belongs "the staff of accomplishment" has already found a nobler field of labor, from whence we shall oft hear the music notes of her voice, giving lessons from the inner life, as was her mission here. For her we drop a tear, but we know that the divine power that inspired her to go forth to labor here, will do this even more so in that beautiful land to which she has gone.

There is another for whom our hearts bleed. On the natal day of this present year, we were invited with numerous others to be present, and witness the ceremonial of marriage of our sister, and one who has long been known as an excellent medium, and valuable co-laborer in our cause. A goodly company were present,—our much esteemed and excellent brother James M. Peebles performed the outward ceremonial, while the angel bands witnessed with us, and proclaimed their accord with this union.

What a change a few fleeting months has brought from the bridal chamber full of love and joy, to the house of mourning, where the cold funeral rites are performed. But our brother, and all of us who realize the grand and sublime truths of Spiritualism, have a source of consolation which nothing else can give. The loved one is not lost, but is watching over us, and feeding our souls with heavenly manna; and, as we pen these lines, there comes a cheering word, bidding us all hope on, and labor on for the fulfillment of our mission here, for the time will soon come when we shall lay off our armor, and go forth in the broader fields of labor in the upper vineyard of our Father.

Letter from Mrs. J. P. Cowles.

S. S. JONES—DEAR SIR:—Circumstances in my past life which I can not now enter into, intensify my interest in, and tenderness towards, those little children who from any cause are obliged to be separated from their parents; those sensitive little ones deprived of a mother's tender care. I have at present with me, one little girl whose mother, (a medium) in a distant city, is necessitated to part with the child to enable her to devote her time to the avocation which is to yield support for both.

Doubtless there are other parents, who for sufficient reasons, would be glad to find for their little ones a pleasant home, where affectionate treatment with such instruction as is suited for their age and capacity, would be received by them.

I have thought it might be well to advise your readers, that, for a reasonable compensation, such as would enable me to provide them with good healthy food, and other comforts, I would receive under my care, and endeavor to do by them as I would have another do by mine,—a limited number of children of either sex, from four to eight years of age. My two daughters, young ladies, are with me, both fond of children.

I have a plenty of house and garden room. They would be sure of tender care in sickness and in health.

Letters addressed to me, box 1374, Ottawa, Ill., will be immediately answered.

Nunica.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Spiritualists of Nunica will be held on Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th of January next, at the Bartholomew school-house.

Mrs. F. A. Pearsall is engaged as speaker. A cordial invitation is extended to all. By order of

ARZA BARTHOLOMEW.

Our New Books.

The readers of this paper will do well to look over our advertised books. Several new books will be found advertised—all of which are for sale at this office.

Married.

On the 16th, in Lawrence, Kansas, by the Rev. Elizabeth B. Danforth, Liulyn J. Olney to E. Louisa Upstill, both of that city.

At Lawrence, Dec. 17th, by the Rev. Elizabeth B. Danforth, Orrin E. Graves to Malinda Bronson, both of Clinton, Douglass Co.

We are beginning to enjoy some of women's rights.

B. DANFORTH.

REMARKS:—Glad to see the work go on. The Religio-Philosophical Society grants letters of fellowship to all of our lady lecturers on application, which confers all the necessary power to solemnize marriages.

Obituary.

Orilla P. Kettering, wife of Moses Kettering, and daughter of Robert and Hannah Haughey, was born into earth life, May 28th, 1842. Passed into Spirit-Life Nov. 30th, 1869.

She was a dutiful wife and daughter, being religiously inclined from her infancy. For nearly three years she has been a constant sufferer, her suffering increasing as the time drew near for her departure, yet she never murmured or complained, but meekly submitted to her fate, believing her destiny to be in the hands of a merciful God. She died in a firm belief in a spiritual existence, believing that death is but the door that opens to a more grand and glorious life.

Information Wanted.

Any person seeing or hearing of this notice will confer a great favor upon the undersigned, by advising them of the whereabouts of Dr. C. S. Manchester and wife. They have in their custody a little girl, four years and six months old, called Ida Flora. She is a charming singer for a child of that age, and is the only child of the undersigned, and was left in charge of Dr. Manchester's wife, at Washington City, for a few days only, during which time they removed to parts unknown. Any one who will communicate any intelligence to these almost distracted parents in regard to their lost child, will confer a very great favor.

Address NEWELL and ABBY N. BURNHAM,
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☞ Robinson Fletcher;—yours with $3.50 enclosed is received. What is your P. O. address?

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Those wanting books, will find the cost of the books in the "Book List" published every week. Those ordering books to be sent by mail must be careful and remit the extra amount required for postage.

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TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.



[Paul and Judas Entering the Cave of John the Baptist.]

A WONDERFUL BOOK!

STRANGE REVELATIONS BY PAUL AND JUDAS concerning their lives and intercourse with Jesus and his apostles, given through

ALEXANDER SMYTH, MEDIUM,

of Philadelphia, by the spirits taking possession of him about one hour in every twenty-four, when, usurping all his powers, giving a continued series of well connected scenes, presenting scenery, characters and personages, dialogues and actions in their regular order and succession, embracing all the most important personages and incidents which occurred during the sojourn of Jesus while upon earth. There was probably no book ever written in which such perfect life-pictures occur; every city and country village, every river, brook and mountain, and scenery in general, is so vividly portrayed that an actual journey through the country would hardly be more interesting. The characters in this unexampled drama are so faithfully portrayed, that, as you are introduced to each in turn, you seem well acquainted and delighted with your company, and the many points of interest you are called to visit. The book is replete with interest from beginning to end, but we can mention only one or two leading items of each scene as we pass.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS:

In the first scene we are introduced to Paul and Judas who have mounted their spirited steeds, for a day's journey in search of the recluse, JOHN THE BAPTIST. We journey with them at noon they halt for rest and refreshments.

SCENE II.

The bondsman, Judas, opens out a rich feast from his leathern bag, while Paul gives him a feast in turn, which is perfectly bewildering. They resume their journey, and find the object of their search alone in a mountain cave, haranguing an imaginary audience. Paul and Judas enter. John frightened and squares himself for a fight; laughable scenes occur, and Paul gets well paid for his journey.

SCENE III.

Graphic description of the Mount of Olives and surrounding country, including the beautiful village of Bethany, the home of Lazarus, his lovely daughters Martha and Mary; the latter has a strange presentiment; Martha tries to pry into the secret; Mary in tears, etc.

SCENE IV.

Jesus visits the house of Lazarus, after a sojourn of many years in foreign lands. The welcome a perplexing mystery solved. Mary swoons; comes to her senses too good to be true. Jesus and Mary walk by moonlight alone in the garden; what transpired during the interview.

SCENE V.

The baptism; the storm; what John saw. Jesus offended, and John distressed; Paul jubilant. The opinion of Judas concerning Jesus, John and others. The multitude scatter; Paul commands Judas to follow Jesus to his retreat; he obeys, is delighted with his company, and becomes a disciple. What occurred there.

SCENE VI.

Judas returns with a flattering report. Paul encouraged, sends Judas off in search of a fortune-teller. He stops at an Inn where he meets an old friend of his youth; have a jubilant time; secrets disclosed *confidentially*. A strange character here introduced, who plays an important part in the scenes following. Judas finds a medium and engages a sitting for his master, Saul.

SCENE VII.

The Octagon Temple of Mystery; its gorgeous drapery and furniture; the queenly occupant. Paul's reception and embarrassment; strange revelations; Paul delighted and the medium disgusted.

SCENE VIII.

Jesus in his Grotto, reclines upon a bench and falls into a deep slumber; has a remarkable dream; foreshadowing his future career and its results, all of which have been literally fulfilled during the past eighteen hundred years.

SCENE IX.

Fifteen hills and verdant slopes surround a fertile spot wherein a village stands. Description of said village and its inhabitants. At the setting of the orb of day, three weary travelers arrived at the Spring of Nazareth. Several lovely maidens surround the well, one of whom approaches the tallest of the travelers and offers him a drink; a conversation ensues; they go off together. A surprise, and what comes of it. The death of Mary, the reputed mother of Jesus; her parting words and bestowal of a casket, which he opens, and which opens his eyes; a mystery solved.

SCENE X.

Jesus preaches a sermon, and offends a Rabbi; he replies; a warm time; meeting breaks up in a row, and Jesus barely escapes with his life. Strange scenes and incidents, great excitement.

SCENE XI.

Jesus among the fishermen of Genesereth. A graphic description of the country. The Hill of Beatitudes. The Town of Capernium and Village of Bethsaida. Simon and his residence, and what occurred on the piazza. Simon's birth-day, and a remarkable draught of fishes. A strange coincidence. "By the God of Moses, here comes old Zebedee." He takes a cup of wine, and tells a long story. Judas in ecstacies; he puts a flee in Simon's ear. Simon pleased with the prospect of becoming a great man, becomes a fisher of men. Has poor success pecuniarily; kicks up a muss; Judas divides the spoils, and Simon becomes reconciled.

SCENE XII.

Judas and Simon become friends on a basis of mutual interest. John the Baptist declared crazy; has a dispute; his opponents get mad, and leave in disgust. *Cosby*, a strange character, appears. An exciting scene.

SCENE XIII.

Paul begins to be uneasy. Judas in possession of his secrets, and he fears an expose. Paul's meditations upon the precarious situation; a rap at his door—it is Judas. He enters and they take a drink. Judas reports progress. Strange doings at Nazareth. Judas gives an amusing description of the character and personal appearance of Jesus' followers, *confidentially*.

SCENE XIV.

The City of Jerusalem. The *Gorgeous Temple*. A minute description of the stupendous structure. The immense Altar of Burnt Sacrifices; the priests at the top; vast inclined planes extend from either side, terminating in well filled cattle-yards. An immense gathering at the Temple; Jesus mingles in the crowd; obtains an elevated position and preaches his radical doctrines; says hard things about the high priests. The people enraged; a general melee ensues in which the tables of the money-changers are capsized, and the thieves and pick-pockets reap a rich harvest.

SCENE XV.

The gorgeous palace of the Sanhedrim. A full description of it and its inmates. The high priests in trouble. Paul's opportunity and how he improves it. The conspiracy; the whole city in confusion and terror. Paul plays a double game, and how he comes out.

SCENE XVI.

Jesus turns up again and preaches another radical sermon. Cosby appears upon the scene, though not recognized—of course not.

SCENE XVII.

The beautiful gate, the largest of nine which gave entrance to the Court of Israel, built of Corinthian brass, ninety feet high by seventy feet wide, covered on both sides with gold plates. Jesus gains admission and gets into another dispute, and what comes of it.

SCENE XVIII.

Paul gets John the Baptist imprisoned and condemned to death. Jesus visits him; an affecting scene; the execution.

A PLEASANT DIVERSION

In which Paul communicates sundry matters of interest to his medium, Alexander Smyth, of Philadelphia.

SCENE XX.

Martha meets Jesus and informs him of the death of her father Lazarus. They hasten to the house of mourning; the strange things that occurred there, and what was said of them. The priests excited by the stories afloat concerning the strange transaction.

Another sermon and another argument in which the priests are confounded.

SCENE XXI.

The woman caught in adultery; her arrest; the condemnation, trial and triumph.

SCENE XXII.

Cosby turns up again; his afflictions and how he is relieved. A gay and festive gent, up to all manner of tricks.

SCENE XXIII.

The great conspiracy ripens.

SCENE XXIV.

The Disciples all meet at Bethany; a grand reunion, and infamous treachery. Mary accidentally catches a few words of some remark of Judas'. She discovers a plot, and warns Jesus, but he fails to see the point until it's too late. An infamous document sent by an officer from the great Sanhedrim; an immediate reply demanded and answered.

SCENE XXV.

Matters culminating very rapidly. A fearful scene.

SCENE XXVI.

The last supper; strange conduct of the Apostle John. Judas retires from the company; he returns.

SCENE XXVII.

Jesus arrested, and his followers disgusted; their game was up; fishing for fish more lucrative. The great trial; the witnesses and judges; exciting scenes and incidents. Another prisoner apprehended and brought into court; nine counts in the indictment.

SCENE XXVIII.

The magnificent Palace and Fortress of Antonia, built by Herod the Great; the great hall of state. Pontius Pilate; Tiberius Cæsar. Herod Antipas comes to the city on business; attends the trial and had a severe trial himself. The Father and Mother of Jesus; who are they? We shall see before the close of this scene.

SCENE XXIX.

Great excitement in Jerusalem and elsewhere. A frantic mother and lover. Ho, for Calvary! The procession; line of march. Marshals, police executioners, &c. Martha and Mary in the crowd; Mary swoons and falls into the arms of Cosby, who for the first time in his life, feels the weight of responsibility. The distressing scenes which follow. Herod Antipas musing in his palace. A strange visitor; her affecting plea. The curious bracelet; an impregnable monitor; Herod wilts; has sent his own son to ignominious death; the scramble for the cross. Alas! too late, too late!

SCENE XXX.

Another scene. The shades of night, and a murky mist hangs over Jerusalem. Paul and Judas under engagement to meet in a secluded spot, by moonlight, at the hour of midnight; Judas on time; his impatient waiting, and the strange sensations which come over him; Paul approaches. The freedom papers and bag of gold are presented, and glittering weapons as well. "Are you prepared, Judas; you or I must die this night." The terrible contest; Paul the victor; the dying words of Judas to Paul, such as must thrill the soul of every reader of this remarkable book.

SCENE XXXI.

Final communication of Saul to Alexander Smyth, through whom these strange and startling revelations were given, which will be read with intense interest.

The book contains 319 pages of closely printed matter, bound in muslin, and for sale at this office. Price $1.50. Postage 20 cents.

Address S. S. JONES,
198 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Artificial Somnambulism.

The author of the above named book, is a philosopher of large experience and great merit.

In this work he treats of the philosophy of mind as demonstrated by practical experiments during the last twenty years. No work has ever been published which so thoroughly demonstrates many popular theories to be unfounded, and fallacious; and at the same time gives a rational theory for phenomena manifested.

DR. FAHNESTOCK is a thorough believer in spirit communion, and teaches in this work the *modus operandi*, to a demonstration.

The following is the table of contents of this valuable work.

CHAP. I.—HISTORICAL SURVEY. Mesmer not the discoverer of the state. His theory of it. Its examination by the French commissioners. Their conclusions. The author's remarks.

CHAP. II.—Of the causes which have retarded the progress of the science.

CHAP. III.—Of the conditions necessary for the production of the somnambulic state, with instructions how to enter it, etc.; I.—Of the instructor or "operator." II.—Of the patient. III. Instructions. IV. Of the sensations experienced by those who enter this state. V.—Of their awaking.

CHAP. IV.—Theory of this State.

CHAP. V.—Of the somnambulic proper sleep. I.—Of a partial state of Artificial Somnambulism.

CHAP. VI.—Phreno-Somnambulism.

CHAP. VII.—Of the senses: I.—Motion; or, the power to move.

CHAP. VIII.—Of the functions of the faculties. I.—Consciousness. II.—Attention. III. Perception. IV.—Memory. V.—Association. VI. AND VII.—Likes and Dislikes. VIII.—Judgment. IX.—Imagination. X.—Will.

CHAP. IX.—Of the peculiar functions of perception in the different faculties while in a natural state. I.—Of the peculiar functions of perception when in a state of Artificial Somnambulism. II.—The functions considered when in a state of Artificial Somnambulism. 1.—Consciousness, 2.—Attention, 3.—Perception, 4.—Memory, 5. Association, 6 and 7.—Likes and Dislikes, 8—Judgment, 9.—Imagination, 10.—Will.

CHAP. X.—Of reading or knowing the mind. I.—Illustration. II.—Illustration. Theory of Dr. Collyer. Mental alchemy or electrifying.

CHAP. XI.—I.—Of the identity of other mysteries with this state. II.—Of the mysteries practiced by the modern magicians of Egypt. III.—Of the "mysterious lady." IV.—Of the earth mirrors. First earth glass, Second earth glass. V.—Second sight. VI.—Phantasms.

CHAP. XII.—Transposition of the senses.

CHAP. XIII.—Natural sleep.

CHAP. XIV.—Natural Somnambulism. I.—Trance.

CHAP. XV.—Of Intuition.

CHAP. XVI.—Presentiment or foreknowledge.

CHAP. XVII.—Of interior prevision. II.—Of exterior prevision. III.—Prophetic dreams. IV.—Witchcraft.

CHAP. XVIII.—Sympathy. I.—Clairvoyance. Clairvoyance at a distance.

CHAP. XIX.—Of the sense of hearing.

CHAP. XX.—Of the senses of smell and taste.

CHAP. XXI.—Of the sense of feeling.

CHAP. XXII.—Of the sense of motion. Of their physical strength.

CHAP. XXIII.—Of the influence of Artificial Somnambulism on the system. I.—Of its influence upon a healthy subject. II.—Of the influence of Artificial Somnambulism upon diseased subjects.

CHAP. XXIV.—Artificial Somnambulism considered as a therapeutic agent.

CHAP. XXV.—Of the kinds of disease cured while in this state. I.—Chorea, or St. Vitus's dance. II.—Epilepsy. III.—Dyspepsia. IV.—Intermittent fever. V.—Fever. VI.—Case. VII.—Inflammatory rheumatism. VIII.—Chronic rheumatism. IX.—Hysteria. X.—Melancholy from unrequited love. XI.—Case. XII.—Case. XIII.—Case. XIV.—Contraction of the muscles of the fingers. XV.—Scarlet fever. XVI.—Case. XVII.—Case.

CHAP. XXVI.—Surgical operations.

CHAP. XXVII.—Obstetrical cases. Conclusion.

This valuable work is for sale at this office, at $1.50 per volume; postage 20 cents. See book list in another column. ☞ The trade supplied on reasonable terms.

Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.

GOOD, EVIL, ETC.

Communication from Henry Whittemore—Mrs. L. Smith, Medium.

[Continued from last week.]

We benefit not the world by promulgating such doctrines as these. Why not? Is man better or worse for believing in good? The fear man may have of the evil being found out, may be one of the show-rooms to reform—the terror he shall feel in meeting His Maker at the judgement bar; but the loving tenderness of Divine Love, which will not suffer a man to remain always evil, will touch the heart into gentleness and love, its sure response, it seems to us, much sooner. We grant that man has many avenues to soul life, through some one of which we may all be approached to the finding out and cleansing of every sin human nature is so easily beset with. Man's nature must be elevated, not depressed. To give strong, healthy action bodily, do you seek to give tone to system, or in any way depress vital energy? So of soul reading, give health in every department, never enfeeble its action. Hold out to the vile, nobler views of life, and study his peculiar development, adopt different means for different men, for verily no two are alike. There is a revolution forming in the minds of men as regards this question, the origin of evil, its nature, &c. Counter revolutions force back, but cannot quell the inquiry, for the mighty agitation of its waters must be heard. Its waves have dashed in shore, beating and foaming with the never ceaseless ebb and flow of its tides, asking what is evil? Ships grounded in the shoals and quicksands are foundered and go down; but man never, unless it may be as the sick man goes to the physician and claims the renewal of life's functions—bodily health for the paltry sum he has to offer. Count not that man lost to good impression because he sins past your finding out, and has become zealous in his evil way. Read the history of Saul's conversion to the early christians. He was the most potent enemy to their good, but did he not become a bright and shining light, and that, too, suddenly, because he was of the right metal, but misdirected? Zealous in the cause of evil—zealous in the cause of good. That one instance goes to prove what conversion may do for individual cases. From the prominence of the evil that he had done, so much the more energetic in the path of good did he become when fully aroused to the better sphere of action, willing to lay down his life, whereas he had once been the murderer. You may argue that this is not a parallel case to any thing which could be brought up at the present day. But why not? Do we not often find people who do all they can to oppose the revealings from spirit-life?—live a life of bitter opposition?—do not murder, because the age in which you live countenance not such a deed; but we have only to point you a century back to the days of Salem witchcraft,—denunciation meant something more than the excommunication of your own day. Spirit revelations have become the leaven which shall leaven the whole lump, and work in defense of the good there is in man, and prove the evil in him but the good misplaced, working out even as the leaven leaveneth the whole lump. St. Paul, the converted Saul of Tarsus, takes a pre-eminence in your estimation, for the very vices which he so fondly espoused in the early part of his career, and why? Because he left a multitude of evil to become good, and verily we tell you that the man who has had the most evil in his nature to contend with, and persistently leaves that evil for the good, ranks the highest in your estimation always; for the very strength of character which he has shown in renunciation, proves the virtue there is in him. Therefore evil is not an evil, only so long as continued in, not a fundamental principle, but the effect of a cause,—and where shall we look for the cause? As we said in a communication back of this, law back of law creates, so do we say now, the organization of that man is to blame, not the man himself. But you have only to deal with the effects, you say. Truly, therefore you have no right to cast all the blame upon the offender. He is only the effect. Remember that, and you mitigate the harshness of your severity and temper your justice with love for the victim.

Evil is not good, but what good has grown from,—the condition out of which has sprung the right intention. With some, many, the majority, perhaps, the good can be traced back to right influences before your advent here, so you do not come under the proposition laid down here. But take that man who does; his influences were bad from the beginning. He has only moved along in the strata of purity because temptation has not yet assailed him, but when it does, he falls. Was he less sinning before than since? In the eye of the law, perhaps, but not in the sight of God. He cannot do else than sin until born again, and his new birth must be opportunity; a positive release from contingencies wherein he can do wrong. This is a strange doctrine I know, but as we said before, you are not to believe it, only as you can solve and understand it. *You* are less likely to err than one of less perfect organization, because the conditions which created you were more favorable, but wherein are you one whit wiser or better, only as these conditions placed you under more favorable circumstances? A multitude of sins are wiped away at one fell blow, and is this lenient view productive of evil? Nay, we do not see it so. In the early days, ere man had propounded the inquiry now under investigation, but were all evil as you have been led to look upon them, because living the true life to them, but comparable with the present generation, uncultured, gross, inhuman in many of their practices and daily walks. Were they so in reality? or does your finer sense of right judgement demur because they were behind present time? All in accordance with their periodicity, they not having attained unto your present climax.

Nations rise and fall, not because their creation was a failure, but they are passing away for something better, dying as the body falls and decays,—have arrived at that period when mankind will be bettered by their destruction. Thus all history reads if we could but reveal it to you, from some one of the causes inherent within itself. There is a mighty truth here if we may but be able to give it to you understandingly. All of God's ways and purposes are best, and as he created all things, all conditions or phases of society are best or in exact conformity to the laws which for the time being control them. Evil is not evil, nor good good, as you understand it, but good always, or the growth of one from the other. That which is evil to-day, was in remote times the highest good, and that which is purity, virtue, advanced goodness to-day, will in future time, when all men shall have become as the angels in heaven, be crude, imperfect, gross, nay, not these but evil. When the law of love shall reign in all hearts, then it is, you may be able to look back upon this early beginning of your future progress (present unfoldings) and behold yourselves as you are, revengeful, cruel, full of iniquity. Good is then but a growth, a condition, and evil the condition grown out of. This takes not away a man's responsibility, for without effort there is no growth, but moral inefficiency, a state of inertia, a complicity with evil. Light thrown upon a subject facilitates the right, and, under no circumstances is productive of wrong. First conclusions to this premise says: You are in an error here; but does the knowledge of crime and how perpetrated; produce criminals of virtuous men? Not so; the bad man becomes so sooner than he might have done—has virtually ceased to do good, but the evil was only brought to light, not generated there. Its foundation, false pretences, have given way, nothing more. So when we argue from the standpoint that evil is only undeveloped good, it is not productive of harm, only to the germ goodness not yet warmed into being. Unstable minds throw off all restraints under the lenient law, but a truth has only been developed, a known law proved. In all ages of the world any advance has been shackled by this false conception of truth. The church says God's law must be fulfilled, and justice demands its sacrifice. Believing in this time-worn creed has become one of the essentials of christianity, and unless men can be brought under the severity of the law, he will do all manner of wickedness. Hath it been so? Has your more amiable brother, who simply relies upon the goodness and wisdom of Deity, been less the law-abiding citizen? We have not found it so. The stiff-necked Pharisees crucified Jesus and persecuted his followers, because they transcended the law of Moses.

(To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FRANK'S JOURNAL.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.

Charles the First.

I am King Charles the First. Your grandfather has excited my curiosity, and I come now to gratify it. You are, doubtless, familiar with my eventful life, and have been told many falsehoods concerning me. I am but a stone rejected by the builders; and, although I did my best for the good of my country, I committed many mistakes. I lived in an age that had progressed faster than myself, and I did not understand the signs of the times. I calculated too much upon the divine right of kings—not understanding there were also rights of the people. God orders all things best, and I was but a straw in His hands. Hardly had I entered this Summer-Land, before I became sensible that it was best for me to be removed. The nation had become drunk, and it was necessary to give full sway, that the people might become sober. Kings are but men, and they should be treated as such, and not hurry forward without time afforded for reflection. I could have done better had I been left to my own judgment; but I had bad advisers, and was often misled by selfish motives, which, I thought, was prompted for the public good. I could not always discriminate, and, therefore, much was done which should not have been done. I escaped much degradation by suffering on the scaffold, and also left my country free from war. I had repented of my sins before I came here, and passed into a state of happiness. Hardly had I come, before I saw that I had done wrong in many things, but I also saw that though wrong in me, it was well for the nation.

I now see that trouble is brewing in Europe. Kings sit on shaking seats—the people are awake—nobility is tottering before a fall,—and convulsion will be wide-spread. I question if a throne will stand in fifty years, and yet, I do not think the world is going to ruin—progression is the universal law, and all this only confirms it. I am but the mouth-piece to express the common sentiment here—all are of this opinion. I rather think this to be a lesson for all men. You are but one of a nation, moved by the will of God, and can do only as He directs. War comes and peace is declared,—all by the fiat of His command. You have but recently experienced the horros of war, and you see how difficult it is to resume your former condition. Many years must roll round before your people will stand where they did before; and I can see that trouble is brewing. You will find but few willing to bear this burden of taxation. This curse of war can not be removed, except by repudiation; and when it becomes apparent that this must be the case,—convulsion is sure to come. What misery then will fall upon thousands who now feel secure; and what consternation among the people who know not where this will end. I am certain this will be before the present administration expires.

I have been a looker on, not only in my own country, but also in yours. England is now ready to crumble into pieces. Her nobility will fall first; her Church next; her sovereign next; her rich men become poor, her poor become furious. Such misery and ruin never before befell a nation. Hard will it be for any one to escape such wide-spread desolation. But God will govern, and all things ultimately come right.

France is also on the eve of convulsion. Hardly will her present ruler pass from earth before anarchy will begin, and all the horrors of her former revolution be enacted over again. But God governs, and all will come right.

Spain is now in the throes of revolution. The Church will try to prop up a fallen house, but the Church will go down. The people will triumph—her great men be exalted, and her sons be respected the world over. She has committed much wrong, and will suffer much sorrow. But God governs, and all will come right.

Italy has been weighed in the balance, and came up right for awhile, but only for awhile. Her trials, too, will come: and woe upon her when it comes;—a fury will take possession of the people unknown to modern times. The government will be destroyed—kings will be only as men, and sorrow everywhere. But God governs, and all will come out right.

Austria is sleeping on a volcano that will burst forth and overwhelm the nation. Few can imagine the corruption of that coast—not one that is pure; not one that is free from the vilest crimes. The people know it, but the army keeps them in check. But the day is hastening, when the people and the army will be as one; and then, woe for court and king. But God governs, and all will come right.

The Church has been a power upon earth, a despot among nations; but her day of retribution is near at hand. Kings have knelt at her footstool,—the pope will now kneel before the people. Her falsehoods will be exposed; her rituals be denounced; her wild hosannas be laughed at, and her puerile religion come to naught. But God governs, and all will come right.

Prussia has triumphed, but only for awhile. Discord now reigns in every part of her dominion, and when her king is no more, anarchy begins. Germany can never waste her energies to gratify a single province. Germany will be a republic, modeled after your Federal Constitution. Her sons are more gifted than any European people, and her course will be onward, until she becomes a great nation; for God governs, and all will come right.

I have given you a brief account of what all here believe, and a few short years will prove its truth. You will hardly be here to witness it, but, you will see it from a higher sphere. I have but little to say of myself. I passed from earth by the keen edge of the ax, and soon awoke to a far better condition, and found myself attended by hosts of friends who had assembled to greet me. I left earth, but found heaven;—was not that a blessed exchange? You have often had a description of the Summer-Land, and therefore, it is not necessary to give it. Few have had a privilege like yours,—conversing with those who lived centuries ago with all the familiarity of every-day companions. What a high name you bear among the celestials! and what good you may do among the undeveloped who come for instruction.

I bid you adieu. You have afforded me much pleasure, for which I thank you.

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS.

Testimony of a Little Girl.

FROM THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

A Mr. and Mrs. W., of Cambridge, Mass., were blessed with lovely twin children, one of whom, named Lily, soon died. The other, Rose, even before she could speak, manifested a great passion for flowers, and when she began to run about, seemed to avoid her other sisters and to play alone with one whom her parents considered an imaginary being, but for whom she always desired another piece of cake or another apple. At two years of age she began to talk, and was then asked with whom she played. "With my little Lily," she said. "Why do you want *two* apples?" "I want one for little Lily," she replied. When visitors asked her her name she would answer, "Rosebud." "Is that the reason you wear one on your breast?" "No, my little Lily wears one." "Where is your little Lily?" "In heaven." "Where is heaven?" "Here; my sister is here." These, with other things, went to prove that Lily was always present with her, even when she laid her little head down to sleep at night, for she would gently and in a caressing manner pat the pillow beside her and say it was the dear little Lily. One day, in the *winter* of 1868, the child was found to have a fresh and fragrant white rosebud. Where she had obtained this was a mystery to all the family. There was not one in the house, and no one had been there to give it to her. "Where did you obtain that lovely flower," they said to her. "My Lily gave it to me."

Many other things of a like nature happened to her before she was three years old, but Mr. and Mrs. W. paid no particular attention to them, not being Spiritualists. Finally Mr. W. was persuaded to consult a medium, who told him that the companion of Rose was her twin sister, Lily. Mr. W. affirmed that then for the first time he considered the "Lily" of his child to be a reality. Other things were revealed to him which he subsequently verified. When Mr. W. returned home, Rose, who had been crying, clapped her hands joyfully, saying, "I am glad dear papa has come and brought back my little Lily! Mrs. W. then told her husband that Rose had grieved much in his absence, saying, "Lily has gone with papa; I wish he would come home."

One day, little Rose brought in a curl of hair, saying, "Mamma, little Lily told me to give you this." Immediately Mrs. W., who had very recently become convinced of Spiritualism, and more or less of a medium herself, wrote, "Lewis, this is my hair; you will soon have some like the sun's rays:—ABBY," Abby was Mr. W.'s aunt.

In the evening of that same day, when the child had gone to bed, Mrs. W. was influenced to write again: "Go, both of you, to Rose now." They went, and at about one foot distant from Rose's head there lay a curl of golden hair unlike anything in the house, or known to them to exist. In the morning, Mrs. W. showing it to Bose, she exclaimed, "The hair of my little Lily!" then, running to her mother's chamber, she said, "Mamma, papa has some hair of my little Lily." Mr. W.'s counting house is in Boston, eight miles from his residence. On many occasions Rose has told her mother of incidents passing in said bureau, and of persons who were coming to dine with them. Being asked how she knew, she said, "Little Lily says so."

Mr. W., wishing if possible to obtain a portrait of little Lily, took a portion of the golden lock of hair to Mr. Anderson, the spirit-artist, but said not a word about it to his child Rose. Notwithstanding, she knew it, and one day ran joyously to her mother, saying, "I am very happy! papa is going to have a portrait of my little Lily," "How do you know?" "Lily told me, and she has just taken leave of me to go there." When the portrait of the beautiful little spirit was finished, Mr. W. hung it in his cabinet, and, calling Rose, asked her of whom it was. "My Lily," she said.

How touchingly such rays of God's beneficense fall upon our hearts.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Modern Judas.

BY E. PETERSON.

Having read the discourse of the Rev. Mr. Graves in the columns of the JOURNAL, I propose to make a few observations, for the purpose of showing that his Reverence has not been true to his calling as a minister of the Lord. The views of the gentleman when summed up, amount to about this: God, for some reason best known to Himself, has conceived a great hatred for the human family, and wishes to destroy them. In order to gratify those malicious feelings, he has sent a delusion into the world, which has taken the name of Spiritualism, for the purpose of deceiving His children. That He will have an excuse for sending them to eternal torment, He has employed old Satan to take charge of the programme, and carry it into effect. His Satanic Majesty has traveled through the world, rapping on furniture, tipping tables, writing messages, healing the sick and even appearing to people and representing himself as their friends from beyond the grave. The whole plan has worked finely; everybody has been, or is about to be, deluded; the Lord is about ready to accomplish the destruction of the whole human race, but Mr. Graves, who is a disciple of the Lord, having been let into the secret, suddenly comes forward and proclaims to the world that it is all a deception, gotten up by his good Lord and master for the purpose of deluding His children, so that He can justify Himself in sending them to the infernal regions. But I would ask, has not Mr. Graves been false to his trust in imparting this information to the world? In fact, is he not setting himself up in opposition to the God whom he pretends to serve? Has he not turned traitor? If God is trying to deceive mankind, why does Mr. Graves try to prevent it? For my part, I can see it in no other light than that he has convicted himself of being a real Judas, just as much as the one of old.

It is a well known fact that most of the great crimes that are perpetrated upon society, are carried out by means of deception; yet Mr. Graves does not hesitate to accuse the God of the Universe of resorting to the same vile means, for the purpose of engulfing in eternal misery the beings that He Himself has created.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

☞ Happiness consists in being perfectly satisfied with what we have got and with what we haven't got.

☞ Learn to control your temper now, children, or by and by it will control you.

☞ Most of the shadows that cross our path through life, are caused by our standing in our own light.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

"Why Go to the Dead in Asking Help for the Living."

BY W. W. STOCKWELL.

The question above is an extract from an article on Spiritualism in the December number of the *American Messenger*, which I propose, with your permission, to answer through the JOURNAL.

"Why go to the dead in asking help for the living?"

Does the writer of this question believe in the Bible? Does he believe in obeying its commands? Certainly he does, for he is a Bible Christian; then why not obey the command to "Try the spirits," and also to "Prove all things, and hold fast the Good?"

To obey these commands, as well as others, is what we have been doing, and have we not been justified? Is a man any less a man after he is dead than before? If not, then who of all the living is better qualified to tell us of the soul's destiny than those who have experienced the change called Death? I am not aware that it is the belief of any Christian sect, that the immortal powers of the soul are dimmed in the least by death, and if they are not, in what consists the impropriety of questioning the dead? If a man is full of nobleness, integrity and virtue here in this life, this rudimental sphere of existence, is it not reasonable to suppose that he will retain the same peculiarities in the Spirit World?

We claim to be governed, to the extent of our ability for understanding, by the light of reason, and we deem it not sacrilege to discuss the merits and demerits of the Bible, or any other theological subject. You claim that the Bible is the Word of God, and should not be questioned; but is it not full of contradictions? Is it not unmistakably stamped with the imperfections that mark all of man's works, instead of being a perfect work, such as would be wrought by God?

We believe that God is consistent throughout all the works of his creation, and the laws that he has established for the government of his children are perfect, and will bear the most searching test of the clearest reasoning mind.

We believe in earnest, sincere investigations on all subjects, and that such are not offensive in the sight of God, and certainly should not be so to any of his children. If Spiritualists are not consistent in their doctrines and teachings, let their opponents point out their inconsistencies in a friendly manner, as becomes true men. Remember,

> Truth is truth, wherever found,
> On Christian or on heathen ground.

Also remember that:

> "——Truth, wherever found,
> Investigation courts,
> While error walls herself around
> With strongest arms and forts.

But who are the more consistent in their teachings and forms of worship, Spiritualists or the followers of old theology? With the wide difference that exists between them, it is evident that error somewhere exists, and who that is mortal dare to say, "I am perfect; mine is the perfect way?"

We are asked why it is that we go to the dead in asking help for the living. I answer that it is because we believe the dead, or rather those who have experienced the change called death, but who still live with unfolded powers and quickened perceptions, are better qualified to tell us of the soul's destiny than those who have not had such experience. Is not this a reasonable answer?

Now, my theological inquirer, we will consider for a moment your consistency. You condemn the practice of going to the dead, and yet I believe that I may truly say that you never breathed a prayer in your life without calling on the dead. Did you never pray to Christ? And did not Christ die? Sir, if you have never invoked the presence and aid of the spirit of the meek and lowly Nazarene, then I can cheerfully concede that you are sincere in your belief of the impropriety of going to the dead in asking help for the living.

As I look over this vast country of ours, and see the tens of thousands of congregations engaged in worship at the same time, and all invoking the presence and aid of the glorified spirit Christ, as though his spirit could be present with each and all at the same time, it seems to me the height of inconsistency, and unreasonable in the extreme. Just as though the spirit of Christ, who came into the world and suffered and died as one of millions of a race of mortals, could be in thousands of places at the same time, and hear the countless petitions that are intended for him alone to hear!

That world into which we shall all sooner or later be born, is teeming with spirits who have passed from earth, and we cannot utter a prayer without its being heard; and while we are free to commune with any of the innumerable host of that world, you offer your prayers alone to Christ the crucified. And why is this? Are there no other spirits in the vast realms of the Spirit World that are worthy a thought of yours?

There are thousands of men walking the earth who are highly gifted, cultivated and well informed on nearly every subject that might be named, and if a man is not less a man after he is dead than he is before, may we not reasonably claim that there are tens of thousands in the Spirit World, who are better qualified than any of earth to tell us of the soul's destiny? Truly, we are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, and we shall stand vindicated.

"Alone yet not Alone."

> All, all alone! No cherished kindred near thee,
> No pleasant home nor fireside of thy own,
> No tender voice at morn or eve to cheer thee,
> THOU ART ALONE!
>
> All, all alone! Low in the graveyard sleeping
> Lie father, mother, friends—thy loved, thy own;
> Whilst thou, still left, fond Mem'ry's vigil keeping,
> Art all alone!
>
> No, not alone. They have but gone before thee;
> The home now theirs one day shall be thy own;
> Their love a happier world shall yet restore thee—
> No more alone!
>
> No, not alone. Thy faithful Lord is near thee.
> He watches o'er thee from his heavenly throne;
> And, while his smiles, his words, his comforts cheer thee,
> ART thou alone?
>
> Oh, not alone! Short is the night of weeping;
> Soon shall sweet heaven for earthly ill atone;
> Sowing in tears, yet still in joy oft reaping,
> Thou'rt NOT alone!

Forgiveness.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

> My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
> Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong,
> So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
> One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
> The green mounds of the village burial place;
> Where, pondering how all human love and hate
> Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
> Wronged and wrong-doers, each with meekened face
> And cold hands folded over a still heart,
> Pass the green threshhold of our common grave,
> Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
> Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
> Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
> Swept all my pride away, and trembling, I forgave.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts.

BY WARREN CHASE.

No. V.

"Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language that they may not understand each other's speech."—(Gen. xi: vii)

Every word of this Scripture is said to be the Holy Word of God, so we have a right to expect important truths in every sentence.

This text has reference to the city and tower of Babel, which the race was build ing up to Heaven, and which a former verse says God, or the Gods, came down to see, and fearing their power, smote their speech, and scattered them over the earth with various languages, etc. It is quite a query who the Jehovah was addressing in the expression, "Go to, let *us* go down, etc." Whether He or They came down the river, or down the mountains or down from the clouds, depends on where they lived at that time. As this was a personal God, and had to visit places to see how the people got along, of course, it has no reference to the omnipresent Deity of our times, as the language plainly implies that there was more than one, and as it was before the Christ was born, the conversation could not have been held with him, and as there is no reference in all this Holy Scripture to any females in Heaven, we cannot suppose that God was talking to his wife, and who he was talking to, unless it was Mr. Satan, we do not know; but as there is one account of a conversation with Satan, we may, at least, conjecture that it might have been held with him, as he was greatly given to destruction, these visits were often fatally destructive to man.

It used to be a mystery to me, how any man could think of building with bricks and mud a tower that should reach to heaven, the home of the Gods, and still more a mystery how the Gods could have feared the result of such labor, even if they did suppose the earth to be flat, with four corners, on which were standing four angels holding the four winds. That the Jewish God or Gods did believe the earth flat, and the sun and moon as going around it, there is the best of evidence in the Scriptures, and that they feared the power of men; this chapter gives ample proof, as well as many others. How many came down on this occasion, we do not know, nor who they were, but in the visit to Abram, to see about Sodom, as well as on several other occasions, there were several in the company. The Holy Trinity of our day was not known at that time, and probably did not exist then, except in the three-headed God of India, Vishnu. This Word of God says, "They had brick for stone and slime for mortar," and how there could possibly have been any danger from such materials, we do not see, since our granite monuments have not yet disturbed heaven nor the Gods. But this Jewish God was a very jealous God, and always scolding about the people worshiping other Gods, and ever envious of their prosperity, and hence never allowed his chosen people to "wax fat and kick," but kept them perpetually in some kind of trouble, and at last, getting entirely out of patience with them, He scattered them among all nations, with no hope of a restoration to locality and nationality; a scattering about like the scattering of tongues in the above text, although the great crime which they are said to have committed, of murdering His Son, was, according to Christian belief, the greatest, best and most essential act that ever occurred on this earth, and became the only avenue to a fractional salvation of the race in a new or renewed life.

From the Cleveland Herald.

PRAYER.

The late Christian County Convention at Cleveland.

BY D. A. E.

There were some remarks made at the late Christian county convention in this city, by clergymen who hold a prominent position in society, against which I wish to enter my *protest*, lest silence on the matter may be construed into a tacit consent. Although much that was said at the convention would be sadly damaged by a little honest criticism, I will only review the following, which I copy from your report of the last day's proceedings:

"The convention was then called to order, and after singing, the subject for discussion was announced: 'The relation of prayer to the success of the gospel.' The subject was introduced by the Rev. J. A. Thome. He alluded to the efficacy of prayer. Prayer is a royal patent in the hands of good men!! None but Christians can succeed in prayer!!! Romanists and infidels with their erroneous teachings, Rationalists with their fine spun theories, and Ritualists with their outward display, can none of them make prayer a power. They attempt to wield a weapon of whose power they know nothing."

This startling announcement, coming as it does from one high in autho ity, is like a peal of thunder from a clear sky, and at once suggests the inquiry—why has this important information been so long withheld, and more especially as we are informed that the royal patent is in the hands of good men?

Are we to understand that all the vast amount of praying that has been done in the past centuries by the parties above named, has been of no effect? Of the denominations referred to, two of them make prayer a prominent portion of their religious exercises, especially the Catholics; but according to the above declaration, there has been an amount of time and labor lost in prayer fearful to contemplate. It is to be hoped that some satisfactory explanation can be given by these good men for this delay in not before protesting against such wholesale infringement upon their royal patent. It certainly would have been no more than an act of simple justice to have informed the above named parties that all their devotion, and all their petitions sent up to the throne of grace had availed them naught. And why availed them naught? For the reason before named—they have no power in prayer.

I will not undertake to answer for any of the parties referred to, except so far as I represent the rational or liberal sentiment of one or more. We have accepted and worn the name of infidel thrust upon us as a disgrace by our so-called Christian neighbors, until the title has lost its power as a stigma, and can now command as much respect in the most enlightened portions of the world as that of Christian. For one, I glory in the name so long as it represents the opposite of galvanized Christianity and the counterfeit article, as generally taught by evangelical doctors.

As I have but little time to spend in exposing the fallacy and absurdity of sectarian dogmas, I will only ask at this time by what right or where is to be found between the lids of the Bible, authority for public vocal or printed stated prayer. So far from consent or license to this effect, there is none, but on the contrary it is strictly and plainly forbidden. When the disciples asked their master to teach them how to pray, what was the answer? "Be not as the scribes and pharisees, who love to pray standing in the corner of the streets that they may be heard of men. But when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

I believe in the efficacy of prayer more in works than in words. I believe in the inalienable right of every living intelligent creature throughout the universe of God, to the right of prayer. When the soul comes into a proper condition and desires to commune with its Maker, all external display will be discarded, and in compliance with the Divine injunction "enter thou into thy closet," prayer will be heard and answered, royal patents in the hands of good men to the contrary notwithstanding.

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Pacific Fast Line	10:45 a. m.	3:25 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	‡11:00 p. m.	‡7:00 a. m.
Dixon Passenger	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.
Freeport Line.		
Freeport Passenger	*9:00 a. m.	*2:30 a. m.
Freeport Passenger	*9:45 p. m.	*3:00 p. m.
Rockford, Elgin, Fox River and State Line	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:45 a. m.
Lombard Accommodation	*6:10 p. m.	*6:50 a. m.
Wisconsin Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street.		
Mail Passenger	10:00 a. m.	7:15 p. m.
Night Passenger	*5.00 p. m.	5:30 a. m.
Janesville Accommodation	*3:00 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
Woodstock Accommodation	5:30 p. m.	9 00 p. m.
Milwaukee Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie streets.		
Day Express	*9:45 a. m.	*10:45 a. m.
Rosehill, Calvary and Evanston	*1:30 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Afternoon Express	*5:00 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
Kenosha Accommodation	*4:15 p. m.	9:10 a. m.
Waukegan Accommodation	*.:25 p. m.	8.40 a. m.
Waukegan do	*6:10 p. m.	*8:10 a. m.
Milwaukee Accommodation	*11:00 p. m.	5:45 a. m.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express and Mail	10:00 a. m.	†1:30 p. m.
Peru Accommodation	‡11:00 p. m.	7:00 a. m.
Night Express	4:30 p. m.	*9:10 a. m.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	*5:10 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
Special N Y Express	*8:00 a. m.	*10:00 p. m.
Pacific Express (daily)	4 45 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
Night Express	*‡9:00 p. m.	†*6:30 a. m.
Detroit Line		
Day Express via Adrian	*8:05 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
Night " " "	*‡9:00 p. m.	*‡6:30 a. m.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	*4:30 a. m.	6.15 p. m.
Day Express	*8:00 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Fast Line	4.45 p. m.	9.00 a. m.
Night Express	9:00 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	4:50 p. m.	8:40 a. m.

W. C. CLELAND, Gen. West'n Pass. Agt., 65 Clark st.

Illinois Central—Depot, foot of Lake street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cairo Mail	*8:30 a. m.	*9.30 p. m.
Cairo Express	19 30 p. m.	*8:20 a. m.
Keokuk Day Passenger	*8:30 a. m.	*9 30 p. m.
Keokuk Night Passenger	*9 30 p. m.	*6:20 a. m.
On Saturdays this train will leave at	4:50 p. m.	
Champaign Passenger	*4:10 p. m.	*9:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*6:20 a. m.	*7:45 a. m.
" " " "	*8:35 a. m.	*9:30 a. m.
" " " "	*12:10 p. m.	*1:40 p. m.
" " " "	*3:00 p. m.	*6:15 p. m.
" " " "	*6:10 p. m.	*7:35 p. m.
(St. Louis through trains.)		
Day Express	*8:37 a. m.	*9:30 p. m.
Fast Line	†9:30 p. m.	*8 30 a. m.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	†7:45 a. m.	6:15 p. m.
Day Express	*10:00 a. m.	*4:00 p. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*12:30 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
Afternoon Passenger	*3 30 p. m.	*9 50 p. m.
Aurora Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:25 p. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*6:40 a. m.	*7:15 p. m.
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Joliet Accommodation	*4 00 p. m.	9:45 a. m.
†Night Express	7:00 p. m.	*12 05 p. m.
Lightning Express	‡11 00 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.

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Cincinnati Night Express	17 45 p. m.	*4:30 p. m.
Columbus Night Express	17:45 p. m.	

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Mail Train	*5:00 a. m.	*8.50 p. m.
Day Express	*8:00 a. m.	*10 00 p. m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	‡4:45 p. m.	†*9:00 a. m.
Night Express	†*9:00 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.
Kalamazoo Accommodation	4:00 p. m.	*12:00 a. m.
Cincinnati and Louisville Trains		
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Vol. 7, No 13—tf.

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OR,
POLYGAMY & MONOGOMY COMPARED.

CHAPTER I. The Author and the Book. II. Love. III Marriage. IV. Polygamy. V. Monogamy. VI. Catholic Marriage, System. VII. Protestant Marriage, System. VIII. Marriage vs Crime. IX. Objections to Polygamy. APPENDIX. Review of Lecky's History of European Morals, &c.

PUBLISHED BY

J. CAMPBELL, 18 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

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Vol. 7, No. 15—tf

D. M. GRAHAM. J. W. PERRY. D. L. PERRY Notary Public.

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Frontier Department,

BY........................ E. V. WILSON.

Notice to Correspondents and Others.

All letters, papers and matter for us or the Frontier Department, must be addressed to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Dupage county, Illinois.

New Year's Greetings.

To my brothers and sisters in the field as mediums, speakers, seers, healers and workers, greetings I send unto you. My soul is full of love and sympathy for you all. I hold no hate in my soul toward any one, and wish to begin the New Year at peace with all, all combining on the side of humanity, working with a will for our cause.

In the past, we have been at loggerheads, one with the other. There has been envy, bitterness, misunderstandings and strife with us. Let this condition exist no longer. Let us have harmony and be reformers of ourselves, as well as of others.

Will you accept the olive branch of Peace, brothers and sisters? Shall we begin the New Year in love with the truth, and act in harmony, helping each other, the strong holding out a helping hand to the weak? Shall we be a unit in the cause of our heaven-born gospel? or shall we "remain a house divided against itself?

For myself, I can say I would be at peace with you all, acting in harmony with all, helping all as far as in my power lies.

Now, the object of this writing, these greetings and this appeal! In many parts of Michigan, in Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, where I have never lectured before the past year, there has prevailed an opinion that my success consisted in my tests and power as a medium for spiritual phenomena; that my speaking was of a very low order, and not worthy of a candid hearing; that my lectures were disconnected, full of grammatical errors, abounding in adjectives and without force or argument—and especially was this the feeling at Alligan, Ganges, Lyons, Almont and Detroit, in Michigan; at Bloomington, La Salle, Joliet, Watseka and Sterling; Ill.; at Council Bluffs, Des Moines, Fort Dodge and other places in Iowa, and in many places in Wisconsin.

At Detroit, several good brothers and sisters were opposed to my coming, on this score, among whom I can mention my esteemed friend and good brother, McCracken. In Lyons the friends told me as follows:

"Brother W., we are disappointed."

I asked, "In what?"

"In everything. We expected poor lectures, full of abuse, incoherent and personal, instead of which, we got good lectures, good tests and kind words for all."

These remarks are fair representatives of the friends in most of the places referred to. These opinions are formed from expressions made by some of my brothers and sisters, as follows:

"Wilson coming here?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of him?"

"Well, he gives some good tests, but his speaking is nothing, you will not like him."

At Lyons, Mich., the friends were told:

"You will be disappointed in Wilson—he is not the man he is represented to be."

At Watseka, Ill.: "Yes; his writings read well, but then, they are changed, and are not what he sends up. He does not speak as he writes; he is very coarse and rude, frequently abusing others: You won't like him as a speaker."

At Bloomington, Ill., a similar course has been pursued. In each of these places, our lectures have been triumphant.

My brothers and sisters, I hold out the olive branch,—will you take it in peace? My point is gained; my success a fixed fact. You can not affect me. I am master of my position. It is not I that has achieved this triumph, but my helpers—the dear spirit friends who have preceded me into the Spirit World, who are now on the planes of God, and are with me full of love towards all, and move me to write this greeting. Henceforth, I live for humanity, and in the hearts of my brothers and sisters. I tell you frankly that I have on hand more calls than I can fill in five years, and yet they come. I lay these calls before my guides. They determine where I am to go; what I am to say, the test I am to give, I have no decision in the matter. It is not I that speaketh, for I lean upon my staff,—the dear Arabula comes to my help. Shall we have peace? Shall we work together in harmony? Who will hold out the hand of brotherly love?

One,—now an angel, lately gone home, since which she has whispered words of cheer for her sad and afflicted husband to us, said at LaGrange:

"Brother W., I am so disappointed in you. At Cleveland, in 1867, I thought you the bitterest man I ever saw, and did not like you. There was a great gulf between us, but since then I have learned that you were right, and now let there be peace between us. Henry likes you, and so do I."

Dear Sister Slade, may your angel-self ever be our counselor.

Quoting from an open letter before me from a sister worker:

"I remember a promise to write, and that isn't all I remember either, but it is a debt I find myself to be answerable for, though, perhaps, never able to pay. How much you had to do with the matter of justice to humble me, I did not know until after you had gone from Oakfield. I can say thanks, but words are little worth when the heart feels most. I feel thanks to you, and am heartily glad that I know you to be a good man," and yet this sister had been full of prejudices against me.

Again she writes: "O the bitter cuts and thrusts, how they sting a sensitive soul!"

Ah! Sister Addie, I have felt the sting, although made of steel, and have fought the fight and the victory mine. Bless you sister, work on.

From another letter we quote: "At present, we feel unsettled, but if we remain here, after we get our corn cribbed and helpers have gone, then we will have accommodations, though humble they be, to which we can welcome some of our poor weary brothers and sisters, one or two at a time, as we have but one room to spare. Ours is a quiet retreat, We will be right glad to share with them some of our hard-earned bread, of physical life, and in exchange receive a flow of soul and feast of reason. With much more writing, I must not weary you, but hope you can give a brother's sympathy and aid in words of cheer, and not so coldly and ruthlessly reply, 'that you have no time to throw away,' as did another, though we proffered pecuniary aid or reward."

The brother or sister referred to in the above, no doubt felt sensitive under former abuse from other parties, and replied thoughtlessly. Not so with us, my brother and sister. Your letter is a joy to my soul, and full of blessing. Go on in well doing. Let your souls flow out in love to all. Better to bear two wrongs than to do one wrong. Your letter will receive personal attention ere long. Thanks for kind words.

From another we quote: "Brother, I am sad and weary. Life is a burden. I am alone, all alone; and they who ought to stand by me, have failed me. I am a woman, weak and in poor health, and feel like weeping. Oh for some of your strength and energy to carry on the fight, and win the victory. They that I deemed my friends in my prosperous days, now turn upon me a cold shoulder, and say unpleasant things of me. What shall I do? I am heart-sick and weary, and would like to go home.

Ah! dear Sister J. M., we know of your trials sorrows and grief, and sympathize with you in them. Be of good cheer, for the light is not far off, already its rays are visible above the horizon of doubt; yet a little longer, and all will be well.

And now, brothers and sisters, shall we be friends and in fellowship work together for the common good? Shall we unite and stand by each other and be a power in the land? or shall we continue at loggerheads and play the cannibal, living on each other's reputations? Let us try for one year, the year 1870, to live the teachings of the Angel World. There is work enough for all, and more than we can do. You, each of you, in your sphere; I in mine. Are there not many mansions in the Father's house, and a place for all?

Peace be with you and unbounded joy yours. Work on, workers; let us all work together, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the BANNER OF LIGHT, PRESENT AGE and the Lyceum Banner; the three former with the grown up children, the latter with the little children. Let us have harmony and purity and we shall succeed. I am Brothers, fraternally yours,

E. V. WILSON

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has never taken the JOURNAL, we will send it for three months on trial, on the receipt of *fifty cents*.

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APPETITE FOR TOBACCO

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LEAVE OFF CHEWING AND SMOKING THE POISONOUS WEED, TOBACCO.

ORTON'S PREPARATION.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

PATENTED JUNE 15TH 1869.

One box of Orton's preparation is warranted to destroy the appetite for Tobacco in any person, no matter how strong the habit may be. If it fails in any case, the money will be refunded. It is perfectly safe and harmless in all cases. It is almost impossible to break off the use of Tobacco by the mere exercise of the will. Something is needed to assist nature in overcoming a habit so firmly rooted. With the help of the Preparation, there is not the least trouble. Hundreds have used it who are willing to bear witness to the fact that Orton's Preparation completely destroys the appetite for tobacco, and leaves the person as free from any desire for it as before he commenced its use. The Preparation acts directly upon the same glands and secretions affected by tobacco, and through these upon the blood, thoroughly cleaning the poison of tobacco from the system and thus allaying the unnatural cravings for tobacco. No more hankering for tobacco after using Orton's Preparation. Recollect it is warranted.

The time taken to allay all desire for the use of tobacco by the Preparation, varies slightly in different persons, the average time being about five days. Some have no desire for tobacco whatever after using the Preparation two days.

The health and purse of every tobacco user in the country calls loudly, abandon the use of tobacco.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

The following are a few selected from the multitude of recommendations in our possession:

We, the undersigned hereby certify that we have used Orton's Preparation for the purpose of destroying the appetite for tobacco, and can assure those who are suffering from this habit that Orton's Preparation will certainly destroy the appetite for tobacco quickly and permanently, and without any bad effect upon the health; and without creating an appetite either for the Preparation or any substitute:

W. P. Heald, Bangor, Me.; J. Moody, Southport, Indiana; E. D. Adkins, Knoxville, Tenn.; John Merrill, Bangor, Me.; J. Bunch, Springfield, Tenn.

From Samuel Cassiday, Editor Journal & Argus.

PETALUMA, Cal., Dec. 14, 1868.

For about twenty years I had used tobacco in various forms, and for the past eight years had been an inveterate smoker. Becoming satisfied that the excessive use of this narcotic was seriously impairing my health. I determined, if possible, to break myself of the habit. Hearing of Orton's Preparation for destroying the appetite for tobacco, I sent to Portland, Maine, for a box of the medicine, which I received through the mail on the 17th of November. A month has not elapsed, and yet the medicine has effectually relieved me of every craving or desire to use tobacco in any form. The Preparation is not more difficult or unpleasant to take than common chewing gum. I conscientiously believe the preparation will have the promised and desired effect in every instance where it is given a fair trial. Upon that belief, and from an honest desire to assist others who may wish to break away from the slavish appetite for tobacco, I offer this testimonial.

SAMUEL CASSIDAY.

☞Beware of counterfeits and all articles purporting to be like this of the same name or otherwise. The great popularity of Orton's Preparation has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles. Purchasers will please order directly from the proprietor, or his duly authorized agent.

The price of Orton's Preparation is $2 per box, or three boxes for $5, sent by mail to any part of the country, securely sealed from observation, with postage paid on receipt of price.

How to send money by mail:—Enclose the amount in a letter, seal carefully, register the letter and take a receipt for it of your postmaster. Money sent by mail as above directed at my risk.

An Agent wanted in every town throughout the West.

C. B. COLTON,

Proprietor Orton's Patent Preparation, Portland, Me.

Sold by JNO. C. BUNDY, 187 & 189, South Clark Street, Chicago, Ills., GENERAL AGENT FOR THE WEST, to whom all orders, applications for Agency, &c., should be addressed. Vol. 7, No. 16.

NEW BRICK MACHINE.

PATENTED JULY, 1868.

For tempered clay—common labor required—worked by one man—makes 500 an hour, $115—by horse, 800 an hour, $300—1,200 an hour, $400—by steam, with all the machinery, except the engine, 2,000 an hour, $900—3,000 an hour, $1,200.

Bricks dried sooner without floors,—may be exposed on the hill-side anywhere,—no washed bricks.

DRYING TUNNEL.—For drying in twenty-four hours, bricks, fruit, vegetables, broom-corn, hops, lumber, peanuts. Bricks moulded one day go into the kiln the next all the year.

HOT BLAST KILN, by which one half the fuel is saved—720 000 bricks have been burned with 58 cords.

REVOLVING SEPARATOR, which pulverizes the clay, and frees it from stone. A piece of limestone, the size of an acorn, will burst a brick.

Cost of works to make 30 000 a day, including the first kiln of 200,000, $6,000. With labor at $1,50 a day, the cost of bricks delivered to the tosser in twelve hours after the clay was dug, 1.70.—with wood at $6, bricks ready for delivery at less than $4.

For further particulars, in a pamphlet (Sixth edition, enlarged), giving full instructions on brick setting and burning, with wood or coal. Address, sending 25 cents,

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This book is designed as an aid to parents and others in teaching children truths for the purpose of preventing the formation of evil habits which destroy health, happiness and life.

Parents should read and give it to their children or impart to them a knowledge of its contents. Price only 20 cents.

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HERMAN SNOW, 319 KEARNEY St. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders—Planchettes, etc., always on hand.

no11 v7 tf

FOR SALE.

A splendid farm for sale, of 440 acres, 275 under cultivation, the remainder, pasture and timber. Farm well improved. Living water on the place. The farm is within ¼ mile of the smart little city of New Boston, Illinois, and can be bought at $50 per acre. Also a stock farm of 800 acres, opposite New Boston, on the Iowa side. Well timbered and watered, and for sale at the very low price of $12.00.

For further information concerning the above farms, call on or address,

M. R. GOOD,
Vol. 7, No. 15-tf Real Estate Agent, New Boston, Ill.

NORWAY OATS.

Every Farmer wants this seed. Those who bought in small quantities last year, are very generally retaining their entire stock for sowing next year, while the demand for seed is daily increasing to proportions unprecedented in the history of improvements of this kind. Last season we advised farmers to buy early, but some supposed that there would be plenty of seed. The result was that before Spring the price went up to $32 per bushel, and still the orders could not all be filled. There is no doubt but the seed will be worth a high price, if it can be had at all, before Spring. Compared to the demand the supply of seed is more limited to day than it was one year ago.

The farmer can make his own figures and easily decide for himself, whether it is better to pay $7.50 per bushel for seed, and raise 100 bushels to the acre, or put in other varieties which will yield him 30 bushels per acre.

In addition to this, the assurance of a high premium for two years to come, make this crop the most profitable the farmer can grow. One farmer raised 1000 bushels the past summer and sold the crop for $10,000 cash. We have other instances where fortunes have been made, and more will do equally as well next year, if they secure the genuine seed, for we have not only to supply this country with seed, but all Europe, as the Norways are now conceded to be superior to any known oat.

We call attention to the following letters from well-known farmers.

READ THE TESTIMONY.

LOUISIANA, Mo., Aug. 7, 1869.

The season with us has been too wet for oats. The Norways have been a success. The heavy rains beat down the common oats so that they had to be mowed, while the Norways stood erect, not a single straw having fallen or lodged. I am   a kernel, even at $10 a bushel, which I could readily do. I shall sow all I have another year. One of my neighbors sowed seven grains on very rich land, and harvested one quart.

ARTHUR A. BLUMER.

NO HUMBUG ABOUT THEM.

HENRY PULEMAN, Esq., Galesville, New York, writes Aug. 16, 1869: The Norway Oats I had of you are no humbug; on the contrary, are all you recommended them to be last year. I sowed on clay-loam soil, and can beat all my neighbors about here for oats of any kind. No farmer can afford to raise any other kind, if he can get these even at $10 per bushel.

WAKED UP TOO LATE.

JOHN LINDSAY, Patterson, Pa., Aug. 12, 1869, says: I sowed the bushel of Norway Oats I had of you on one acre of sandy soil; they ripened as soon as common oats, yielding 81 bushels per acre. I only regret I did not buy more seed from you. They are the wonder of all who saw them; stalks like rake teeth, and I found 3,000 grains from one seed. They have created a great excitement in this section. My seed is all spoken for, and much more will be wanted in this section. Farmers now say they are no humbug, and are sorry they did not buy last year. They have "waked up too late," "that's what's the matter."

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Aug. 8, 1869.

D. W. RAMSDELL.—Dear Sir: Since my last I have threshed my crop; they have turned out something more than one hundred and fifty bushels of oats to the acre. I tried a dozen sheafs taken as they come from the stack; the yield was four bushels and one pint to the dozen, or over one-fourth bushels to the sheaf. Owing to the hard weather, one-third of my oats froze out. We have had the longest and most disastrous drouth we ever had in this country, having no rain scarcely since may 1st. If we had had an ordinary season, I would undoubtedly have made two hundred bushels per acre. If I live, next season I will give your oats a fair test. I do not write this for advertising or publication, as I have none for sale; what I spare will be gratuitous to my friends. I believe I can excel anything of the oat kind in the world with this seed next year.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN L. DIVINE.

THE CONNEAU COUNTY (OHIO) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY INDORSE THEM.

AMBOY, Ohio, September 3.

I am highly pleased with the appearance and prospects of a great crop of the oats I had of you. The officers of the Conneau County Agricultural Society met at my place to examine these oats, and pronounced them far ahead of any oat they ever saw, and a grand success.

Respectfully yours,
A. C. DIBBLE.

OVER ONE HUNDRED BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

UPPER MAHANTONGO, Pa., Aug. 27, 1869.

I received ½ bushel of your seed too late for a fair trial. The yield was thirty three and three-fourths bushels, surpassing anything ever seen in our section of country. The hulls are thin, with plump berry, which accounts for their heavy weight. I recommend farmers to send to you to be sure of the genuine seed.

Yours, etc.,
GEO. BOYER.

"The increase in yield is fully 100 per cent over the other varieties, and the quality better."

W. P. ELLIOT,
Knoxville, Tenn.

"I will not sow any other kind hereafter."

W. B. SEYMOUR,
Iowa City, Iowa.

"They are an improvement of vast importance to the West. Our farmers are advised to secure this seed."—Report of Meeting of Illinois Grain Growers at Chicago.

"I measured one head 26 inches long, and any quantity over 20 inches. The oats pile right up on the heads and the stalks are strong enough to hold them up."

JOHN MARKS,
Smyrna, Me.

"I have been raising the large Irish oat; but my Norways have more than doubled on the other kinds, and are heavy and of excellent quality."

E. F. DODD,
Van Buren, Pa.

"My Norways stood five to six feet high, and no lodging; common oats all lay flat."

J. H. WHITSON,
Boise City, Idaho.

"I raised as many Norways on one acre as I did of common oats on two acres, equally as good land. Besides, the Norways are far better in quality, weighing 45 pounds to the bushel."

W. L. BISHOP,
Leesburgh, Ind.

"They are a most valuable addition to the grain resources of the country. They yield fully twice as much as other varieties, of better quality."

W. LARIMER,
Crab Tree, Pa.

1580 KERNELS FROM ONE SEED.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 9, 1869.

My Norways are heavier than my other oats by considerable, and the yield per cent. more. Average length of head 16 inches; best yield noticed from single grain, 1,580. They ripen a few days later.

Respectfully,
CHAS. WILMER.



A MAMMOTH HEAD OF OATS.

The above cut represents a single head of the Ramsdell Norway Oats, reduced and copied by photography, from which this engraving is made. The natural length of the head is thirty-one inches, and it is believed to be the largest ever grown.

OVER FIVE BUSHELS FROM ONE POUND.

NORTH BROWNSVILLE, Mich., Aug. 29.

I am pleased to inform you that the oats I had from you did better than I expected. From the one pound I have harvested over five bushels of splendid oats, and this after the birds had destroyed a great many. I think they will do best on ground not too rich. Mine weigh 36 pounds to the bushel.

Yours truly,
GEO. B. BROWN.

"The Norway Oats are not a humbug, as some suppose, but will yield more than any other variety in this country."—Report St. Clair (Mo.) Farmers' Club.

LOOK OUT FOR BOGUS SEED.

BRUFORD'S STORE, Pa., Aug. 28, 1869.

DEAR SIRS: I understand you have the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats. Please let me know the price. I have been badly cheated by N. P. Bover & Co. They sold me common oats under the name of Norways. This year I hope to get the pure seed.

Yours truly,
D. MOSMALLER.

NOTE.—This is but one of hundreds of letters received from parties who have been imposed upon. If you buy of unreliable parties because you can save a dollar or two, you must take your own risk. One of the best evidences of its being spurious is the fact of its being offered under price. All persons who have the genuine seed know that the demand is so great that it will command full price, and are not likely to ask less.

SIXTY-EIGHT HEADS FROM ONE KERNEL.

BALTIMORE, O., Sept. 15, 1869.

I was fearful of being sold when I bought these oats, and my acquaintances laughed at me, saying they were nothing but common oats. I was so ashamed of them that I sowed them on a patch over the hill, where no one would be likely to see them. I must confess I am happily disappointed I had the best field of oats in the vicinity, and on threshing found they weighed 41 pounds to the bushel, and the yield is nearly three times greater than my common oats. I found 68 stalks from one kernel, six feet high, the heads 19 inches long. I have saved one stalk to prove this, if any one wishes to see it. I shall raise no other kind hereafter.

Respectfully,
JOHN K. GRUBBS.

ONE HEAD BETTER THAN TEN OF COMMON OATS.

HAMPTON, Conn., July 3, 1869.

GENTS: I sowed the Norway Oats I had of you on fair ground, but rather wet from so rainy a season, which kept them back some; so I think they will be about one week later than the common oats. They have grown very large, and to-day I took from a stool of twelve stalks growing from one oat a single head, and carried it into my neighbor's field, where he was cutting some common oats, to compare the two kinds. After he had looked at the head and compared it carefully with his, he declared that the one head of Norways had more oats on it than the ten best heads he could find in his field. In one instance I found thirty stalks growing from one oat.

Yours, etc.,
HENRY COPELAND.

THREE HUNDRED BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

ST. CHARLES, Mo., Aug., 1869.

The Norway Oats I sowed broadcast, without special care, on very rich ground, have had a tremendous growth. I never saw their equal. They are much heavier, and superior in every respec. My yield is about one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre, while a small patch in my garden gives a yield equal to three hundred bushels to the acre.

Yours, respectfully,
DR. E. W. CHARLES.

NORTH CAROLINA HEARD FROM.

BRATTLEBORO, N.C., Aug. 2, 1869.

I am so well pleased with the Norway Oats that I take pleasure in reporting to you their success. The land on which they were sown was entirely worn out. We broke it deep and sowed with the 32 pounds of oats 100 pounds of guano. They grew beyond our expectations, yielding well. We certainly regard them as very much superior to any oat we have seen, can heartily indorse them for culture in this section.

Yours, etc.,
W. A. POWELL.

EIGHTY-FIVE BUSHELS FROM HALF AN ACRE.

HEMLOCK LAKE, N. Y., Aug. 28.

D. W. RAMSDELL & Co.—Gents: We bought last Fall from your agents Jones and Clark, some Norway Oats, and sowed them with little faith—27 pounds on half an acre. We noticed as soon as they were up that they were entirely different from common oats. We had a large yield, having threshed eighty-five bushels, which weigh forty-three pounds when cleaned. This is a kind of humbug which we farmers up here like.

Respectfully yours,
MORGAN & COYKENDALL.

A GAIN OF FIVE HUNDRED PER CENT.

ROCKFISH DEPOT, Va. Aug. 10, 1869.

DEAR SIR: The Norway Oats I had of you have had a great growth, and are a new specimen to all in this section. They undoubtedly resist heavy storms better than any other kind, from their heavy growth. I estimate my gain at about five hundred per cent. over the common oats in this section.

Very respectfully yours,
W. M. PEYTON.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY BUSHELS FROM ONE AND A QUARTER ACRES

GREENVILLE, Iowa, Aug. 6, 1869

D. W. RAMSDELL & Co.—Dear Sirs: I had thirty-four pounds of Norway Oats from you, and sowed them on one and one quarter acres of common ground, manured two years ago. We harvested them yesterday, and have 130 shocks that I am sure will yield one bushel each when threshed. They looked handsome when growing, and are superior in every respect. The kernels are plump, with very thin hulls, and I am sure no farmer who sees or knows the facts about this grain, will ever want to grow the old kinds.

Truly yours,
S. CARR.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Extract from the statement of A. Brett.

I sowed ten acres, half Norway, half common oats. Land equally as good. Seed used, 15 bushels common oats, 5 bushels Norway. Yield of common oats, 190 bushels; Norway 395 bushels. Result: At 60 cents per bushel, my common oats bring me $114; Norway, $237. If we sell our crop at the price of common oats, we had better pay $20 per bushel for Norway seed than to put in common oats at any price. I sell my Norway easily at $8 to my friends. Shall put in 95 acres next year, for I am sure they will pay big.

A. BRETT.

Worth twice as much as common oats to feed my horses.

S. M. WAIT,
Brattleboro, Vt.

WEIGH HEAVIER AND ARE MORE PROFITABLE.

MANSFIELD, Ohio, Aug. 31.

I am pleased to inform you of the great success of the Norway Oats with me. I sowed on sandy loam, without manure, and got a yield of seventy-two and a half bushels, weighing thirty-six pounds to the bushel, from one bushel of seed—which we consider enormous. They grow strong with very large heads. I am firmly of the opinion that they are one hundred per cent. better and more profitable for the farmer to grow than any other kind of oats.

Respectfully yours,
S. W. BARR.

FRAUDS.

Late developments prove that more counterfeit than genuine seed was sold last year. Dealers, who have enjoyed considerable confidence among farmers, have been forced to acknowledge that they sold Swedish SurPrise and Poland oats as our seed, and hundreds are now taking advantage of the popularity of our seed to defraud the farmers with counterfeit seed. One party has forwarded to the West over 5,000 bushels of black Canada and New Brunswick Oats, which they are now selling as the Ramsdell seed. The Ramsdell Norway Oat will produce from two to three times as many bushels to the acre as can be produced by any other known oat, (no exceptions made of any of the brag oats in the Country).

How to obtain the Genuine Seed.

Farmers should decide how much they want and order at once from Head-Quarters. One bushel is ample seed for an acre of ground, while with all other varieties from two to three bushels are required.

Price Per Bushel, $7.50; *Half Bushel*, $4.00;
Peck, $2.50.

Sold by the Standard of 32 lbs. to the bushel. Address either of our Stores nearest your place, as follows:

D. W. RAMSDELL & CO., 218 Pearl St. New York,
or 171 Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, JANUARY 15, 1870. VOL. VII.—NO. 17.

Literary Department.

Learn a Little Every Day.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's fl w;
Rivers j in the mountain billows,
Onward, as they go!
Life is made of smaller fragments,
Shades and sunshine, work and play,
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them,
As they pass us on the way;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page:
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay;
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

AMONG THE GHOSTS.

Communications from the Spirit World.

From Appletons' Journal.

Occasionally I read a manuscript for Carleton, and not long ago he placed in my hands a unique and somewhat extraordinary volume. It was a collection of poems, sketches, narratives and philosophical essays, purporting to be the production of a score or more of eminent men and women who have died within the last quarter of a century. In other words, it was a volume of "Spiritual Communications," given, as I learned from the introductory chapter, through a clairvoyant, who had dictated the various articles to an emanuensis, while in the trance condition. My prejudice was at once aroused, and I opened the roll, fully prepared for a plunge into the turbid sea of verbiage and absurdity. The article I first took up purported to be by Artemus Ward—his adventures "in and out of Purgatory,"—and the reader will smile when I say that it was not only irresistibly comic, but so thoroughly, and to the minutest detail, characteristic of the inimitable showman, that it seemed to me impossible for it to have emenated from any other mind. I then read another article, and another and another—an epistle from Henry J. Raymond, a story by Charlotte Bronte, an off-hand sketch by N. P. Willis, a dissertation by Edward Everett, a philosophical essay by Professor Olmstead, and I found them all equally remarkable—wholly unlike one another, and yet entirely in keeping, both in thought and style, with the acknowledged productions of the reputed authors. Astonished, but incredulous, I tied up the manuscript and returned it to the publisher.

"They cannot, of course, be genuine," I said to him, "but they are certainly the cleverest imitations that have aspired to printer's ink since the 'Rejected Addresses,' and the wonder to me is how one mind could have produced them. I would publish them."

"No," he answered, "I'll not do that unless I am satisfied they are genuine—that is, that they are not the production of the medium. But here she comes—I'll introduce you, but omit giving your name; if she tells you who you are it will be some evidence of supernatural knowledge."

The clairvoyant was accompanied by her husband, a well-known artist of New York city. She was evidently a person of culture and refinement; not a professional "medium," but one who had accidentally discovered herself to be in possession of strange powers, and who used her "gifts" not for gain, but for her own and her husband's instruction and amusement. The book, she said, had been edited by Margaret Fuller, and the spirits desired its publication, not only to disclose some of the secrets of the "vasty deep," but to convince mortals that the immortals had not forgotten all they ever knew of "Murray's Grammar" and "Brair's Rhetoric."

When told that we considered the work very clever, but that the publisher desired to be satisfied of the genuineness, the lady answered:

"I cannot say that the articles have emenated from those whose names they bear; I only know that *I* have not produced them. They have been dictated through me when I have been wholly unconscious. A seance would, I think, satisfy you of that.

A seance was accordingly decided upon, and we seperated to meet again that evening at the house of the publisher. A half dozen ladies and gentlemen, all sceptics, gathered there around a large centre-table, and soon we had indications of the presence of the invisibles. A few convulsive twitchings passed over the medium's face, and then her eyes closed, and she was away in apparent unconsciousness. Soon she spoke. It was a simple, child-like voice, and the speaker announced herself as the spirit of a little girl—a Canadian half-breed—who had died a dozen years ago when a mere infant.

"I'm very little," she said, with quite a heavy sigh, "and I don,t s'pose I'll ever be very big. Folks grow in this world, you know—all but me—I s'pect I'll never grow much more."

"Well, we thank you for coming to see us, but we desire to meet some other ladies and gentlemen."

"Oh, yes! you want the big people who have wrote in the book! They're here, and they'll come in a minute. You see I has to come first, to sort o' pave the way, so they can get good control of the medium. Who would you like to see first?"

"Who are here?"

"Well, there's Miss Bronte, Margaret Fuller, and Mr. Raymond, and ever so many more."

"Is Artemus Ward here?"

"No, he ain't; he's off lecturing; but he'll come 'fore long. Oh! ain't he a funny man?"

"Well, meanwhile we will, if you so please, see Miss Bronte."

"Yes, she'll come; she wants to talk to you about the story she has written."

A few convulsive twitchings passed again over the medium's face, and then her tone and manner underwent a sudden change. It was no longer the simple voice and artless expression of girlhood, but the reserved, quiet, and yet dignified look of womanhood as her writings lead us to think was embodied in Charlotte Bronte.

Her first remarks referred to her story. She thought it equal to anything she had written while on the earth, and she believed the public would consider it characteristic of her. It was difficult, well-nigh impossible for a spirit to speak or write characteristically through a mortal organism. The brain of the medium would color, more or less, all communications—as water poured into a vessel would assume the form of the vessel; but this medium was an excellent instrument, sensitive, plastic and easily moulded to the mind of the communicating spirit. She would like the publisher to make some slight alterations in the story. These she indicated, and then remarked that the principal character was drawn from life—one she had known on the earth. In answer to the inquiry if she now wrote romances descriptive of scenes and chatacters in spirit life, she answered that she still wrote romances, but her scenes were all laid in this sublunary sphere, because a vast number, probably one-third, of all the spirits who had come from earth, had died in infancy, and consequently needed to be instructed in the ways of this lower world.

Some further communications of this nature followed, when, to test Miss Bronte's knowledge of her own life and history, a gentleman present asked the names of the books she had written. The titles were given readily and correctly, and then she was asked who published her first book in London. She paused, as if reflecting, for a moment, and then, in a quiet, self-possessed manner, answered:

"My memory of names was always poor, and besides, I have been away from earth for many years, and return to it only to fulfill my present duties. A visit always brings back to me painful, very painful recollections. But the name was a very common one—let me see—" here she placed her finger to her forehead for an instant, and then continued, "it was Smith—Smith, Elder & Co."

"And with whom did you chiefly corresnond in regard to the publication?"

"With Mr. Lewes; George H. Lewes." (The husband of George Eliot).

"What was the style of your hand-writing?"

"A very small, but still, I think, quite legible. I was very near-sighted, and the daughter of a poor country curate, I had to be very economical of paper."

The answers were very correct, but they might have been given by any one who had attentively read Mrs. Gaskill's biography. Impressed with this thought, a gentleman present asked if there was any one in the room with whom she had communicated on any previous occasion.

The answer came promptly:

"Yes; I think I have met you; and I think I recognize your magnetism. Allow me your hand and I will soon tell you. We spirits, you must be aware, in looking at mortals, 'see through a glass, darkly.' It is like gazing down through still water, and we need to come very near for absolute recognition."

The hand was given, and instantly she said:

"Yes, I met you twice—had two personal interviews with you—several years ago."

"It is true," the gentleman remarked, "and on one of these occasions she gave me, through an illiterate medium, a dissertation on romance-writing, analyzing in a most masterly way the novels of Scott, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Thackeray and herself, and showing how they agreed and disagreed, and wherein lay each one,s power."

After some further communications, Charlotte Bronte bade us "good night," and there came again the little Canadian girl.

"I seen him," she exclaimed, striking her hands together in apparent glee, "and oh! he is such a funny man. He can't come now, but he'll be here before the evening is over. He says he knows you (to the publisher), and he knows you like a book."

"Well, he did," was the answer; "but tell me, do you know this gentlemen here at my left—the one whose name we haven't given to the medium?"

"Know him? Of course I does; why, that's ——"

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, didn't I hear Artemus and Mr. Raymond talking about him to-day, when he was at the store? They said he'd read the book, and you would be sure to bublish it. But do you know who's here now?"

"Who is?"

"Why, the lady that writes those beautiful poems—she's got one in the book—Miss Menken."

"We would be glad to see her."

And the medium's face again underwent a few convulsive twitchings, and then rising from her chair she began to pace up and down the room, beating her breast, and jesticulating with her arms in a singular manner. This, we were told, was because the spirit had difficulty in obtaining full control of the medium. After exercising some ten minutes in this fashion, she seated herself in a remote corner, and then began in a low, plaintive and yet musical voice, meanwhile swaying her person back and forth, and moving her hands in wild, abrupt gestures, the recitation of a poem—very beautiful, but breathing an air of deep melancholy. Entranced with its weird, sad beauty, all in the room sat spell-bound, and only the two first lines now linger in our memory. They were these:

"Let my soul rest in peace;
Why do you drag me back to earth?"

Her voice during its delivery, was half a chant, half a wail, and her face wore a look of inexpressible sadness; but it was no sooner over than her entire manner and expression suddenly altered. Then turning upon us with a brusque voice and characteristic gesture, she exclaimed:

"And can you let such a poem as that perish? Where were your senses that you did not put it upon paper, and make it immortal?"

We expressed our regret, but she cut short our apologies with—

"Never mind, it's of no consequence. But tell me, what do you want with me? Why have you called me down again to this dark, wretched world?"

We said that we supposed she was interested in the book the spirits sought to have published.

"Well, I am; I have wri ten for it at the request of Margaret Fuller. But you should talk to her; she is the editor."

"Do you know me?" now asked the publisher.

"Know you? I think I ought to know you! You turned the cold shoulder on me once."

"I am not aware of it. How was it?"

"Why, you refused my book; wasn't that turning the cold shoulder upon me? But never mind, it came out after my death; my friend Dickens stood sponsor at its baptism."

"Yes, I know, and I intended to have republished it when it appeared in London."

"I know you did, but you didn't, do you know why?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I wouldn't allow it; I got it into Lippincott's hands before you could secure it. I wanted to pay you for that refusal."

"If I had published it, it would have had an introduction by ——, defending your character and career."

"That (snapping her fingers), for such defenses. Why didn't he do it while I was living—not wait till I was dead?"

"He did do it while you were living. He was your best friend."

"Friend! I had no friends—never had any." A hollow, hysterical laugh accompanied this remark.

"But *he* was your friend. If you had listened to him you would have been a——"

He paused, but she finished the sentence:

"A better woman. That's what you would say. Well, I should. Don't I remember how he plead with me; how, on his bended knees, he besought me to be true to myself and to God?"

Here she sprang to her feet and pointed to the floor, as if she saw him pleading there at that moment.

"Don't I remember? oh, God, I wish I did not remember. Ah! but I was a bad woman. But the world made me so. What does it do when a woman once makes a misstep? Why, it thrusts her down—down so low that she never can recover. But, thank God, it is not so here; here the aspiring soul is not fettered by conventionalit; its best impulses are not chilled by the scorn of holy hypocrites. In my home up yonder—my great, and grand, and glorious home—I am free; free to do and act myself; and there I pass for what I am. I tell you that there I pass for what I am!"

Her manner was in striking contrast to that of Charlotte Blonte. At times, she was subdued, and her voice was full of a deep, plaintive sadness, and then, in a moment, she would burst forth in a storm of theatrical passion, and pour out a torrent of bitterness.

Only one person was present who had known her while living, and he affirmed that it was Adah Menken and no one else. Certain it is that if it was acting, it was as good acting as ever was witnessed.

The interview was a long one, and our space will forbid its being fully recounted. She had much to say of the grandeur of her home, where, she said, Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, and Coleridge were her constant visitors and companions, occupying the same sphere with her.

Miss Menken spoke, too, of a spirit who had also been her husband on the earth, and whom, we inferred, she was endeavoring to lift to a level with her own life. That she had not been eminently successful in this effort may be deduced from the following poem that she has contributed to the Spirit volume:

HOLD ME NOT.

Up to the zenith mount,
Far into space—
Ah! all thy tears I count,
Sad, loving face.

Clasp not my garments so,
Love of my soul;
Clinging, you drag me low,
Where tortures roll.

Soil not my angel wing;
Keep not from rest;
How can I upward spring,
Clasped to thy breast?

Hold me not, lover—friend;
Earth, I would fly;
Passion and torture end
In the blest sky!

Life brought but woe to me;
Even thy kiss
Gave me but agony—
Remorse with bliss!

Let go thy earthly hold—
Fain would I fly;
Voices with love untold
Call from on high.

Farewell—the dregs are drank
Of life's sad cup;
It proved but poison rank;
Life's lease is up!

When she had gone, another, and a totally different influence attempted to obtain control of the medium. For fully fifteen minutes the lady paced up and down the room, beating her breast and gesticulating with her arms, but all to no purpose; then she sat down, and in the child like voice which we heard at the beginning, said:

"It was Artemus, the funny man; he couldn't get control of the medium. He says that gas is so high at present that he can't afford to inflate her."

"The writer hereof will not attempt any explanation of this strange answering of questions, the answers being only known to the questioners. The replies may have come from disembodied spirits, and they may not; but this would seem to be certain, they could not have emenated from the unaided mind of the medium, inasmuch as she was a total stranger to every one in the room."

OBITUARY.

Address of M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia, at the Funeral of Miss Ella Beech, a Lyceum Member.

In the dispensations of Providence, we are again called upon to assemble around the silent chambers of the *so-called* dead; again we are summoned from the busy walks of life to pay the last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of one with whom we have been for years associated in the most friendly relations; again is sounded in our ears, "Be ye also ready, for in an hour when ye think not," the white winged angel of death will say unto us also, "Come up higher,"—our labors in this primary school of existence will have ended, and we shall join our loved ones in a higher and holier stage of being, where we shall, hand in hand, traverse the mountains and valleys, the hills and dales of that glorious Summer Land to which we are all rapidly hastening, and if we are faithful to the trust, confided to us whilst in earth life, we shall look back upon this life and its experiences with pleasure, and from those mountain heights of progress recall the experiences of the past and the present which we now deem sad and sorrowful, and in them recognize the dispensations of a Father's love, the ministrations of Infinite wisdom.

For what, and why have we assembled around this cold clay tenement? That beautiful temple, which but a few short hours ago was animated by an immortal spirit is crumbling into dust.

We have come to deposit the vesture of an angel away from our sight. That beautiful form which we have all looked upon with admiration, and viewed as a master-piece of an Almighty Architect, in obedience to the unchanging and inevitable law of nature, and through the chemistry of death, will decompose and become offensive to our senses, so that we shall no longer be attracted to it, but it shall rise again in the life and beauty of the rose and the violet. We have come to the house of mourning, the silent chambers of the dead, but we mourn not as those without knowledge of whither our beloved ones have gone. Though we place their garments in the universal ward robe of humanity, and hide them from our sight with the clods of the valley, her arisen spirit stands by our side and says:

Weep not for those who have passed from your sight,
They are not gone, they are not gone,
Around thee they hover on pinions of light,
They are not gone.

She is not dead, but sleepeth; she has folded her mantle around her and laid down to pleasant dreams, to awake amid the celestial gardens of immortal beauty.

She was not taught in her infancy to look upon death as a dark, grim monster—as the king of terrors—but like you, my dear children of the Lyceum, with which she was connected for nearly seven years, was taught that death is but a beautiful angel, a messenger of our Almighty Father, who comes to escort us through the flower-encircled door-way of the tomb, and introduce us to those we love, in a higher and better condition of life.

But, says the sceptical listener, why are the young, the beautiful, the good transplanted to the gardens of our God whilst in the beauty of infancy and youth?

Permit me to answer that question by asking: What kind of earth-life would this be if all its inhabitants were full grown men and women, in the sear and yellow leaf of existence? If there were no infants, no children, no youth there; if there were no buds of beauty and sweetness, if all these were fully matured, then ask yourself would such a heaven be a higher, a better, or more desirable abode than this, if there were none but those who have reached the maturity of their being before they were transplanted to their heavenly home? Would not this winter-land, lighted by the sunny smiles of infancy and the music of their sweet voices and their innocent prattle and caresses, render this earth, to many of you, far more desirable, a better heaven than any you could be translated to? Heaven would not be heaven without our children. And how shall heaven be peopled with infancy, youth, and beauty, if the beautiful gardener called death shall transplant none but the full-grown plants, and there be nothing there but ripe fruits?

We have not come this day alone to the house of mourning, but we have come also to the house of rejoicing. We have come to celebrate with the angel hosts that now are in our midst, the birth of an immortal spirit into that land of light and beauty, our future spirit home.

Our young friend, to whose mortal remains we have come to pay our last tribute of respect to-day, has, in many respects been greatly blessed—has had a charmed life. From her infancy to more mature years, she has been taught to *love* but not to fear God. She has been reared in the full recognition of the communion and presence of the spirits of those who have crossed the Niagara of death with the dwellers on this side of the river.

She did not believe in an immortal existence beyond the confines of the grave because it had been imprinted upon the plastic brain of childhood, but she *knew* that this was but the primary school of being, from which she should graduate. To her, immortality was a demonstrated fact. She lived a Spiritualist, and when she approached the silent river she lay down upon its mossy banks and was carried over its turbid waters without fear or amazement, in the arms of the angels, and her enfranchised spirit

"Arose like the mist from the mountain
When day walks abroad on the hills;
She rose like the spray from the fountain
From life and its wearying ills.

"She has bathed in the heavenly river—
Hath chanted the seraphim's song,
And she walks in her brightness forever
Amid the celestial throng."

This, my beloved friends, is but another evidence that Spiritualism is not only a beautiful faith to live by, but that its heaven-descended philosophy is the only sure reliance when we come to the trying hour of separation from earth-life, and are called to enter upon the realities of an immortal existence.

Ella Beech was a member of our Lyceum when it was first instituted. Loving and beloved, she continued a faithful member and leader up to the day of her spirit's birth, when she ascended to the Celestial Lyceum in the glorious Summer Land.

We mourn not, we pray not for the departed; but for those who remain, we ask for the sake of humanity and dear ones who are left behind to mourn her absence, the blessing of our Almighty Father, and the care, guidance and guardianship of His ministering spirits, that they may support and sustain the father, mother and sister of the dear departed one—that Thou wilt buoy them up under this bereavement and affliction; and do Thou, oh, Heavenly Father, pour down thy blessing upon their heads; comfort and sustain them in this trying hour, and to Thee, the one, the only true God, we will pour out our soul's gratitude and adoration forever and forever.

The Christian Union and Mr. Beecher.

The announcement some months since that Henry Ward Beecher was to assume editorial control of *The Church Union* aroused great interest throughout the country; and the change of the name to *Christian Union*, together with the rapid advance and improvement of its columns, showed that some new impulse was at work within it, which became more evident in a late number, when it was announced that Henry Ward Beecher had assumed absolute editorial charge of its columns.

The paper comes, dating from Christmas, in a larger and even handsomer form than ever, preserving the sixteen quarto pages folded and stitched, having a new and beautiful heading, large, clear type, and a remarkable variety of admirable matter. As a religious paper, it is pure and fervent; as a family paper, interesting and able; showing not only Mr. Beecher's always welcome genius and helpful teachings, but also the co-operation of a strong corps of regular editors, writers and outside contributors.

J. B. Ford & Co., Publishers,
39 Park Row, New York.

DEVELOPMENT—MEDIUMS.

There is a wonderful demand for mediums in all parts of the country.

Mediums cannot afford to go off from fifty to five hundred miles to give seances; they have not the means. They barely live at home. Now what is to be done to meet the demand? We answer, let Spiritualists be faithful in their endeavors to develop new mediums, and they will come forth to the joy and satisfaction of all who shall persevere in the work of development as they would to attain any other laudable object.

Dr. Fahnestock's new book will give any one of ordinary intelligence all the instructions desired.

It should be in the hands of all experimenters in this new field of thought. Under his instructions mediums are often developed the first seance.

The Bridal Veil.

We're married, they say, and you think you have won me,
Well, take this white veil from my head, and look on me;
Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you,
Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe you—
I am all as you see, common earth; common dew;
Be wary, mould me to roses, not rue!

Ah, shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold,
And see if you have me, to keep and to hold—
Look on this heart, see the worst of its sinning—
It is not yours to-day for your yesterday's winning—
The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married! I'm plighted to hold up your praises,
As the turf at your feet does its handful of daisies;
That way lies my honor—my pathway of pride,
But, mark you, if greener grass grows either side,
I shall know it, and keeping in body with you,
Shall walk in my spirit, with feet on the dew!

We're married! Oh, pray that your love may not fail,
I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil—
They are subtle as light—you can never undo them,
And swift in their flight—you can never pursue them,
And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands,
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me,
I am yours for my life time, to be what you make me—
To wear my white veil for a sign or a cover,
As you shall be proven my lord, or my lover;
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token
Of bliss that can never be written, or spoken.

The Late Charles H. Crowell.

OBSEQUIES AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON —DISCOURSE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

From the Banner of Light.

In our last issue we briefly alluded to the sudden decease of our brother and co-laborer in the spiritual ranks, Mr. Charles H. Crowell, who departed this life from heart disease, while walking in the streets of Nashua, N. H., Dec. 16th, 1869. Mr. C. was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in July, 1828, and in early life learned the carpenter's trade. He was at one time employed at the Watertown Arsenal, where Major Wainright, who was a firm believer in the Spiritual philosophy, engaged him as a medium, having his communications transcribed as delivered. Mr. Crowell served his country during the late rebellion with credit, as a member of the 11th Mass. Battery, commanded by Major Edward J. Jones, of this city.

Mr. C. was the brother of Mrs. J. H. Conant, and, like her, an unconscious trance medium. He became attached to the *Banner* establishment over six years ago, and for several years was a member of the firm. Previous to his connection with us he practiced successfully as a medical clairvoyant, and also devoted a portion of his time to lecturing. Indeed, for the last twenty years he has been of great service to the inhabitants of the Spirit World, as a channel of communication with this, and many of earth's children have rejoiced in a knowledge of the life beyond, obtained through his mediumship. His principal spirit-guide and adviser was known as Dr. Rufus Kitredge, a noted practitioner for many years in Portsmouth, N. H.

Before the remains left Nashua for this city for interment, religious services were held at the Indian Head Hotel, conducted by Rev. Mr. Canoll, in a very appropriate manner.

We give below a full account of the proceedings at the funeral of Mr. Crowell, which was held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Monday, Dec. 20th, at 11 A. M., Mrs. Emma Hardinge officiating. The hall was crowded. The singing (words from the Spiritual Harp) by the Music Hall choir, was refined and touching, and carried the mind of the hearer up to those spheres of eternal beauty, wherein the newly enfranchised soul has received the welcome of the angels.

According to the custom of our faith, the casket was tastefully decorated with flowers by friendly hands. The plate bore the inscription:

"CHARLES H. CROWELL.
Died
Dec. 16th, 1869.
Aged 41 years 4 months."

The exercises commenced with music by the choir: "We are waiting by the river." Mrs. Hardinge then read the following appropriate and spiritual selections from Scripture:

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.

And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.

It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

At the close of the reading, the choir sung "There's a beautiful shore where our loved ones are gone." Mrs. Hardinge then offered the following invocation:

Oh, our Father, our brother has fallen in his steps. Thine hand lies heavily upon us, but we murmur not, for Thou who doest all things well hast done the best for him. We bless Thee that while we mourn, Thou, our Father, dost hold him by the hand—Thou art the strength of his soul. We ask Thee not that Thou wouldst give him back to us; we ask Thee not that Thou wouldst again return him to the toils of life, for Thou hast done well for him; but, we ask of Thee strength to bear—oh pity us, pity the souls that still bleed with the heart wrench that tears from them earth's treasures and leaves earth so dreary. Thou knowest our weakness, oh, be to us strength in this hour when the curtain closes over the mortal form of him who has worked with us, and fought side by side in the battle of life, but who has now passed before to that shining day whither our dim, mortal vision can scarcely follow. Pity us, Father, and give us light; lead us to remember the gracious deeds that he has done; give us more fully to realize the promise that he shall still work with us, a better, stronger and purer man than earth can show. Give us renewed consciousness that we shall meet with him where sorrow comes no more. We commend ourselves to Thee; we ask no more for him; we know that he is safe on the shining shore where Thou hast numbered up Thy jewels; we know that thou wilt guide him, and lead him to the fulfillment of a grander mission, and that we shall one day meet with him. Oh, Father, give us strength to day, and Thy will be done, in darkness and in light, forever and forevermore.

At the close of the invocation, the following beautiful and appropriate remarks were made inspirationally by Mrs. Hardinge, on the lessons of the hour:

FUNERAL ADDRESS.

"And there Shall be no more death"—Rev. xxi: iv.

This hour we meet to celebrate the birthday of a soul into a greater, better, fairer land than ours. We cannot part with the mortal form, nor lay aside the sacred clay that has sustained an immortal spirit, without questioning of our souls, What does death do to him? We, all of us, have looked on the crumbling form before us, but never, perhaps, to some of us, till now, has come such a glorious assurance of that grand eternal destiny to which the soul has gone that passed from these poor remains. It is well that we should recall the merciful teachings of that wondrous truth that has been revealed to us, showing by its light what death does to him whom we must part with now; and yet we cannot part from the relics before us, without that great heart-wrench which superstition has implanted in our natures, teaching us to mourn rather than rejoice when the soul's birthday comes, and takes from our mortal eye the forms of those we love.

Forty-one years ago a wailing babe was born on earth; a helpless infant came to take up the cross of mortal existence. There were those who gladly greeted it, though they knew life had been hard for them and would be for him; though they were conscious of the bitter pangs they had borne before, and which awaited his awakening spirit, yet they rejoiced, and called their friends around to share in the joy that welcomed a new-born soul. Forty-one years of toil, oh, brother, hast thou borne! None may know the pangs thy heart has felt; none may comprehend the mighty struggle within the interior recesses of each human soul. We look coldly on and judge, without knowledge, what our brothers and sisters are, never heeding the lesson that God has implanted in every human heart a special destiny and mission, and gives with it no more and no less of strength or weakness than that mission calls for. It is enough that we all know that life's thorns are sharp, and its crosses heavy to bear. There are some of those here present who knew our brother to be a good soldier of the truth; I am one. Long years ago, when darkness was on my pathway, his finger pointed the way to everlasting light; long years ago, when the world sneered at Spiritualism, and scoffed at its believers for taking upon themselves an unpopular cause, he stood forth among the first, that you and I might find the way of truth. A standard bearer in the path of human progress, God knows, and God alone, how he has fulfilled his part; this much we know, he stood in the vanguard fearlessly; and this much may we affirm as we stand in the light of his soul's birthday, that he has guided many a darkling pilgrim to the land of light, whither he has gone.

Let us remember, at this hour, that during the last score of years our angel visitors by thousands and millions have been among us, and the darkness and uncertainty that gathered around us is all dispelled—let us remember at this hour that which they have taught us concerning the better land to which he has ascended. Let us follow him in thought, that we may learn what is his destiny. They tell us, these spirits living in the very experience of that concerning which they speak, that there is light even for the darkest criminal; light for the lowest condition of ignorance; light for those whom we brand as outcasts and drive to lower depths of sin by harshness and cruelty—for all these there is life and glory beyond. Suffering for them there may be, but it shall act as a teacher leading to a higher plane; retribution, but its duty is that of a reformer, not a revenger of wrong. We should not weep were we even bidding a last farewell to the darkest spirit that ever breathed, for we know that in that land of fadeless glory every pang the soul shall feel—which even the deepest criminality can bring—is but a teacher leading to a future advancement in the path of progress.

There are those spirits who scarcely realize life's mysteries, who hardly comprehend that they have an immortal destiny. What for them when they cross the shining river, and all the mists that shut out the grand vistas of eternity are dispelled before their eyes? What for those who here "see as through glass, darkly," when they shall see face to face the real purposes of existence—the grand mission unfulfilled on earth? Then must they take up the broken threads of life, where they have dropped them, and strive to pass onward by earnest effort in the world of progress.

And what for him, our brother, who in the fullness of a mighty purpose, dared to uphold the right?—for you know not, strangers, (if any such there be present) the cross which society puts upon the Spiritualists! You little realize that our own hands have nailed us to that cross, by the espousal in our spirits of an unpopular cause. He, our brother, bore this cross in the early days, that the world might be made better and stronger; and we know that all must be well with him, and he now rejoices in communion with those he loved, who crossed before him to the other shore. Those spirits who come back tell of a wondrous telegraphic communion opened up for us; they give us the assurance that there is no more death—nothing but change; that those whom we have mourned as lost have passed away from us, but are here in the spiritual body; that around us is the world where they dwell, and that one of the brightest privileges of spirit life is that that they may be ministering angels to those they loved in mortal.

They come from every grade of life; the dark spirit to give us warning; the careless one to awaken us from our apathy, and lead us to action; those who have passed to the evergreen hills, as full-grown spirits, return to guide, to bless and comfort us—all, to give us strength and encouragement in the struggles of mortal existence. Oh! thank God, the Father of our spirits, for this blessed revelation! that we know that as each broken casket is carried from our homes, there is another guardian spirit left to cheer us; that while the mortal is borne away, the immortal remains to cherish and sustain those who can behold him no more! Thank God, that he has shown us that nothing is lost—not even the kindly wish—that the life, cut short in the bloom of earthly manhood, is renewed there in that land of immortal fruitage; that there is no cession of life at the stroke of death—that stroke falls only on the crumbling dust—the old garment which our brother has laid away. Look not at him; but look beyond, and realize that all the unsatisfied purposes which mocked his soul will now be fulfilled; and that newer and grander ones will, in him, be given fruition, for it is another and a better world he treads. For him, the garments of mourning are changed to flowers which fade no more forever! Thank God! who has taken the bleeding hands down from the cross, that they might receive the crown so dearly won!

Let us remember the lesson of this hour. As with him who has passed on, so with us; at any moment our part in life may be closed; let us remember that, like him, in the very fullness of human thought, we may be called to enter upon our mission in the land of souls! Let us give thanks that he has passed to that higher life, and give him up thereto unmurmuringly; let us give thanks that this spirit has grown wiser—even in the few short hours of its higher existence—by gazing face to face upon the real sequences of life, to take up the duties of a purer, stronger, holier manhood. He is not parted from us—he is with us still—but in a fairer form—to aid our toiling steps. We know the scales are fallen from his eyes, and freed from whatever of darkness may have been his lot in life, spared from temptation that so easily assails us, he is with us—risen and sanctified—a source of strength in the hour of need! And though we lay away the holy dust, and put the garment by; though the flowers and grass of summer shall wave above the crumbling form, we will look for *him* beneath the holy stars—he is not prisoned in transitory clay. All the deeds of kindness he has done, while here, are in our loving memory; even now his translated spirit whispers peace and joy, thanking God that he is free; even now he promises to his Father and ours, that he will be a guardian angel to the loved ones left behind! Rejoicing with him, then, and let the grand hallelujah go up to his God and ours, "Oh Death, where is thy sting? oh Grave, where is thy victory?"

At the close of the address the choir sang with beautiful effect "The silent River," and Mrs. Hardinge pronounced the following

BENEDICTION.

A blessing on our meeting, as we celebrate the birth-day of our ascended brother; a blessing on the hour when he passed on to the land of light; a blessing on this hour when his glad eyes look back upon us from his radiant home, a risen and happy and translated soul; a blessing on the purpose that he announces through these lips, that he will be strong in the right, humble as a little child, unlearning the mistakes and errors of the past, and laboring, as a good soldier, for the truth. Thank God that he is safe from the shoals and reefs on which his soul might perhaps have suffered shipwreck. A blessing on Thy mercy, oh God, that thou hast taken him in the fullness of mortal life and opened his eyes to the glories of infinity. A blessing on these bleeding hearts who mourn, and to their weakness may divine strength descend. A blessing on the broken casket his soul has deserted. We bow before the crumbling dust, but upward and onward we follow the risen and glorified spirit forever and forever.

At the close of the exercises a large number of sympathizing friends passed forward to take a closing glance at the still face, and then all that was fading of him who is now arisen was removed to Forest Hills Cemetery, where the body was interred, Mrs. Hardinge making a brief prayer at the grave. We know that the snows of winter piled above his resting place are but Nature's curtain, hiding from our view the wondrous workings which shall bring forth the blossoms and flowers of a coming year; and behind the gates of the tomb, taught by the light of our glorious revelation, we know his spirit is expanding in the light of an eternal day.

The city press generally speak in respectful terms of the deceased and of the funeral services.

The *Boston Post* says: "A large concourse of friends were present, and the occasion was one of interesting solemnity. The discourse of the occasion was delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge. It was remarkable alike for its depth of thought and eloquence of language, no less than for its appropriateness and sympathy."

The *Traveler* closed its report thus: "The celebrated lecturer, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, delivered an impressive funeral discourse to a very large concourse of the friends assembled for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the deceased. At the conclusion of the discourse, when all had taken an affectionate leave of the remains, they were conveyed to Forest Hills Cemetery and interred."

The *Transcript* remarks: "Mrs. Hardinge delivered an impressive funeral discourse to a very large concourse of the friends assembled for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the deceased."

Original Essays.

THE COMING REVOLUTION.—NO. 1.

The Present Condition of Society.

BY W. C. MILLS.

It is useless to deny the fact that the "world moves," and that we are on the eve of great changes. Go where we will and we find the minds of the people wrought up to a high pitch of expectation, looking for something, and realizing that something must transpire to correct the evils of the present day, and bring mankind up to a higher state of development. Through every part of our country, fraud and corruption go unmasked through the community,—in fact, much of the business is done on that principle. Bare faced, high handed robbery is carried on to a great extent. Intemperance and crime seem to be on the increase; murder and debauchery are multiplied. All these facts speak to us in thunder tones, and call upon the people of this country to enquire into the cause of these conditions, and study the laws that control the world of mankind.

I have become satisfied that it is useless to attempt to accomplish any great and lasting reform by working on the surface. We have got to probe to the very core, to strike at the foundation and remove the cause, else the disease can *never* be eradicated. When we look at the political condition of this country, the thinking mind may truly be alarmed. Intrigue, bribery and corruption, carry the elections in many parts of the land. The largest cities are carried by "cut-throats" and "repeters," who make their boast openly and freely, of "how many votes they cast in one day," and how many they have kept from the polls by intimidation. Thus hundreds and thousands of honest men keep away from the polls because they know if they do vote they will not be counted, or will have five, six, or a dozen (as the case may require) counted against them. Can this state of things last long among a free people? I tell you NO—emphatically NO. In time, the honest men of the country will take the thing in their own hands, and as sure as the sun rises, unless this evil can be removed peaceably, it will be by force. Villains will be met with their own weapons, and blood will flow like water through the streets. When we look at the social condition of the country, we see a still worse state of things than the political, as alarming as it is; for herein lies the very foundation of all other evils, and in my view, must be remedied first.

When once the CAUSE is reached, reform will be so rapid that it will astonish the world. Ignorance of the laws that govern all the social relations, is the grand cause of much of the evil arising therefrom.

Children must be born with a natural tendency to do right instead of the reverse. God never intended a child to be depraved, it is only owing to the conditions under which the organism of the child is developed. The spirit is as pure as its Father-God; but it having a body cramped and dwarfed, enslaved by disease of all kinds, from insanity to consumption, it cannot manifest itself in any other way than its present course. Would to Heaven that mankind could wake up to this fact; and the time is near at hand when they must be made to open their eyes to these terrible, festering evils. The time is already at the door, when, if some voice does not proclaim "redemption" to the world, the very "stones will cry out."

We, as reformers, have waited too long already. Theology has failed to reach these evils, but I believe that they are greatly augmented by its principles. The doctrine of repentance and forgiveness of sins through "the blood of Christ," is a license to corruption and sin of all kinds. We as Spiritualists and reformers, have been acting on the defensive in the past, but the time has come when we must take the aggressive. It is for us to strike at the foundation of every wrong, demolish the false fabrics of the past and build structures that shall have justice for their foundation, peace for their cap stone. Planting ourselves on this fortress, let us unfurl the glorious banner of liberty and justice, and meet these conditions with the manliness of our spirits, and beat back the powers of darkness with the artillery of truth, using the sword of reason, wielding it boldly and fearlessly at all times.

The evils of society must be shown up to the masses in all their alarming forms, by speaking and writing, and who is to do it unless it is reformers? The church and its ministers dare not attack the most popular evils of the day, which is the worst of all evils. They dare not preach from their pulpits the terrible evils arising from the marriage relation, contracted and conducted as it is to-day in ignorance and sin. They *dare* not preach to their congregation of the dreadful effects of prostitution and child murder carried on under these relations. They dare not tell the husband that he has no right to compel his wife to submit to his dictum against her will. They dare not teach the wife that she is a free born citizen, with rights equal to the man she stands beside. They dare not teach the wife that every condition of life, even the very thoughts, affect the child they are to bring into being, and that through after years, it will be blessed or cursed by these conditions and feelings. They dare not tell the sickly parents that their offspring will inherit their disease, and perhaps drag out a miserable life through their earthly existence, eat up by scrofula, withered by consumption, cursed by insanity. That work is for us to do, and let us "up and at them." They who dare to do this work, let them put on the whole armour and lead off in the coming movement. The time can be delayed but little longer without serious consequences to the world. Let us see to it, then, that the work is well begun.

Hoboken, N. J.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ITINERATING.

BY THOS. COOK.

On the morning of the 11th of the month in which Christmas is wont to come, we took our seat in the gentlemen's car (as we were alone we were denied the society-cheering voice, and smiling countenances of the softer sex and their prattling babes), of the Chicago and Indiana Central Railway, and at a pace that might well be termed "good time," were speedily transported,—first out of the din and turmoil of the bustling city of Chicago, and finally out of the great, rich, loamy State of Illinois, into that of her prosperous sister, the Hoosier State.

Having had to "cut short" our morning snooze in order to be "on time," the rocking, oscillating motion of the rapidly moving train, soon induced a drowsiness and disposition to sleep; observing which the conductor and the brakesman for our car, were polite, courteous, and even officious enough to suggest that if we put our check under our hat-band, the former would not have occasion to disturb our slumberings, and by the latter, that if we took a seat near the centre of the car, we would not be so annoyed by the jostling produced by the wheels; suggestions of a small nature, to be sure, but since editors are, like other people, desirous of seeking what they do not always find—comfort, we gladly profited by the suggestions; and only mention them here, because such acts of politeness, though small, are by far too few and far between, by the tired and anxious railroad officials and employees. But we can with pleasure testify to the quiet, civil, orderly and respectful department of all employed upon our train.

It had rained all night in Chicago, and apparently along the whole line of road, and Indiana mud was only equaled in quantity and tenacity by her sister State of Illinois. This, however, with our road bridged with iron, was but a trifling impediment to the progress of our train, and we arrived in Logansport without accident, "on time," which was also dinner time, as was well attested to by the din of bells and gongs that greeted the hungry traveler. The mud now, however, became a serious impediment to those who felt inclined to leave their comfortable seats to "wood and water" the human locomotive. Most of them, however, heroically waded through it. Passengers for Columbus and other eastern points changed cars here, and quite an accession was made by those who were going to Indianapolis and other points South; one of whom jocosely remarked, after having by dint of heroic perseverance reached the car, that "if mud was coin, Logansport could pay the public debt."

Soon the welcome cry of "all aboard" resounds along the train, and we are rapidly steaming for Kokomo, which is the next county seat on this line of road. Here we halt but for a few minutes, while passengers for Indianapolis and other southern points change cars, and we are heading away for Anderson, the county seat of Madison county, memorable alike to us for the many political contests we so zealously fought in days past, and wonderful spiritual experiences. Here we left the train and soon were on what was once familiar grounds and familiar streets, but alas! now so changed by improvements as to seem as a strange place, destroying all home feeling. Familiar faces greet us at every corner and on every street. Having but a few hours to devote to old scenes and friends we hasten to greet the familiar face of Mr. Luse, the present publisher and proprietor of the *Democratic Standard*, which we established in 1855. Mr. Luse we found to be a working editor and a true gentleman. Next we greet our friend and time honored co laborer in Spiritualism, Dr. J. W. Westerfield. Time has put his mark upon him, and in physique the doctor looks the worse for wear; but in spirit he is youthful and buoyant as ever. He is the pioneer in Spiritualism in Anderson. For many years he bore much of the brunt of opposition in that place; and in one of the crouchings of would be or hey-day friends, who advised him to drop Spiritualism, because it would injure his business, he has prospered pecuniarily; and we are pleased to announce, has, at his own cost and expense, built a commodious hall for the purpose of holding Spiritualist meetings in. For some time they held regular meetings in Anderson, the doctor doing the talking when no one else was present to officiate. These meetings were well attended by the people, and have had a very salutary effect. To use the doctor's own words, they "drove the opposition to the walls," and to-day, perhaps, no man stands higher in the estimation of the people who know him, than Doctor Westerfield. These evidences of the progress of our cause in the nativity of birth into priceless truths of Spiritualism, were really gratifying. At present there are no meetings held in Anderson, but as every facility for doing so is now at hand, we can not think that they will be much longer discontinued.

We also had the pleasure of a "hearty shake" with Brothers Shetterly, Davis and Makepeace, all of whom send their good cheer to the JOURNAL in the form of subscriptions, and we shall labor to give them their money's worth in rich, palatable spiritual food. More anon.

Correspondence in Brief.

Philadelphia, Penn.—Thos. M'Clintock writes: —I have just risen from the perusal of an article in the JOURNAL of 27th ult., entitled, "Confession of Saul of Tarsus, as given by him through Alexander Smythe." I have no recollection of ever before reading a production which gave origin to such unpleasant feelings. I can only compare it to a pall of darkness spread over the serenity of my spirit. I can not give it credence as a veritable history of the career of the Apostle Paul. Say, if we please, from the evidence extant of his actions and writings during his apostleship, that like other men, he was fallible, sometimes inconsistent, even absurd and puerile. Say that his rabbinical learning and other educational influences often detrimentally obscured his mental vision. But that his whole course, preliminary to, and first and last throughout his ministry, was a studied imposture, and that all the beautiful gems of inspiration which sparkle in his writings, were part and parcel of that imposture, is too monstrous an absurdity,—too contradictory of all legitimate rules of judging human character to be rationally believed, no matter who is the medium or who the spirit purporting to communicate.

REMARKS:—The extract from that wonderful book, given through that most excellent medium, Alexander Smyth, and purporting to come from the spirit of St. Paul, is undoubtedly calculated to elicit more criticism and thought than any other book yet published under the dictation of spirits. It is a work that every person should read.

For sale at this office. [See Book List.]

Amos Benton, writing from St. Mary's, Ohio, says:—"Frank's Journal" has received considerable attention, but is looked upon by many as a matter of pure fiction. Can you not give some satisfactory account of Frank, and explanation of his dial, how the communications are given, if they are not pure figments of the brain of "F. H. S."

REMARKS:—To us it is as much an enigma as it is to any reader. That Mr. Frank Smith is an honest man, we have evidence beyond doubt. The dial is a little machine, with a pointer like a clock hand, which spirits can move so as to point out letters and words on the face of the dial, and thus spell out words and sentences. Of the truth of the matter given, readers must judge for themselves. We have only to say that individuals prone to tell big stories in this life, would not be themselves in the next life, unless they possessed the same peculiarities. Those who have carefully read "Frank's Journal," from week to week, must have noted the fact that much of the unpleasant feelings realized by spirits, on entering that plane of life, was purely psychological, likened to an unhappy dream, such as is often experienced in this life. When we can account for the latter, we may know more about the former. We publish them as food for thought.

S. Stevens, writing from Knoxville, Ill., says:— Enclosed find six dollars in payment for the JOURNAL from April 20th, 1868, until same date 1870. This relieves me from a great weight of conscious self condemnation in so long withholding from you your just dues. My only apology for the delay is the want of the "needful." With this also comes my best wishes and heart-felt prayers for the success of the JOURNAL in dispensing light and joy and gladness to all who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. With assurance of my earnest and zealous co operation and aid in extending the circulation of the paper, I remain respectfully your friend.

[All right, my brother. Two of us are made glad by this simple act of justice. ED JOURNAL.]

Weston, Mo.—L. Grasmuck, M. D., says:—We have some money left after paying Brother Wilson for his lectures here, and have concluded to expend a part of it in furnishing your excellent paper to the inmates of our county jail. We must not forget these poor benighted mortals. We must visit them and attempt to reclaim them from the error of their ways by teaching them the ways of wisdom, which are the ways of pleasantness and peace, for Jesus while upon earth taught us that inasmuch as we do it unto one of these, we do so unto the Father through Him. The JOURNAL, taking as it does a high stand in favor of prison reform and the abolition of capital punishment, will be welcome to these erring prisoners and all humanitarians beside.

Rochester, Minn.—John W. Bostwick writes:— The JOURNAL brings glad tidings to a few precious souls here. It seems almost impossible to be without it after once being a subscriber, for it is just what we need. Many are becoming convinced of the errors of old Theology by perusing the JOURNAL, and it has a great run here. I shall try and get a few subscribers soon. Have already had the promise of several.

Appleton, Wis.—George Knowles writes:—I write thus late to renew my subscription for the JOURNAL, which, I am admonished, ends "1 Jan 70." I feel as if my family can hardly afford to do without the JOURNAL, although we are about making a change of homes for the benefit of the children. We are going to build, if prospered, yet we must have the paper, so here goes the $3,00 for another year.

Lowell, Mass.—E. Hall writes:—In this you will find enclosed three dollars, with which to renew my subscription for the JOURNAL during the ensuing year; also one dollar for three copies three months, to new subscribers, which I have obtained. As a Spiritualist, I not only feel it a duty but a pleasure to aid in extending the circulation of your truly valuable paper.

Clarksville, Cal.—Mrs. A. B. Johnson writes:— The time has nearly expired for which I paid for your paper and I do not now feel willing to give it up. I find it very interesting, and think it just what is needed to awaken an interest in the minds of the multitude who are enquiring to know the truth or falsity of Spiritualism.

Princeton, Iowa.—L. S. Chamberlin writes:—We can't find words that are sufficient to express to you our appreciation of your paper. It fills the bill to the letter—so we think. The subscription list from this place will gradually increase, as people become acquainted with the teachings of the JOURNAL.

Altorf, Ill.—Dr. P. D. Miller writes.—I am a great reader, but I have never found so much valuable reading in philosophical and religious literature, in any periodical, that I have ever read, as I find in the JOURNAL, and I should extremely hate to do without it.

Goshen, Ind.—Samuel S. Hartman says:—I feel happy to inform you that I have received the first trial copy of the JOURNAL, and have found it an excellent paper, spiritually. I shall positively continue to take it hereafter, so long as I can raise five cents.

☞ A Vermont dog chased a deer for thirty hours, and they both dropped dead at last, not ten feet apart.

☞ It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in doing good.

MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:
Story of Fact. Phenomena and Mystery.

BY GEORGE SOMMERVILLE.

CHAPTER XXI.

DESPERATE CHASE—AVENGED AT LAST—A FEARFUL DEED—IS IT MURDER?

In appreciation of the great preparation made for a long heralded appearance of Media, as Lady Macbeth in Shakspeare's tragedy, the public, ever liberal and generous in the support of genuine merit, filled the theatre to over flowing, and Media, burning again with the eloquence and spirit of her part, appeared triumphant amid applause almost unbounded.

As the play closed with a sudden burst of renewed applause, the gratified audience little thought that the accomplished object of their over flowing adulation, was at that very moment, the victim of peculiar influences akin to spasmodic involuntary madness.

Soon almost as the drop curtain struck the stage, she was flying through the streets, just as she had appeared on the stage in dress of white, and in her painted hand, the blood colored knife that reached the heart of Duncan. Swayed by the subtle power of a spirit trance, she appeared, indeed, as she become familiarly known, as Media, the "mad actress."

"Revenge!" she shrieked as she fled on through the street at midnight, "now to revenge my long borne wrongs." A few who saw her leave the theatre hurried after her, but she soon eluded and left them all in the greatest wonder and surprise. On she fled toward her home in the upper part of the city, frantic and wild. And Stettler who had been prowling again near her home was now strangely flying before her rapidly down towards the river.

Ye God's, what a chase. He saw the dreadful knife clutched in her hand with such a deadly grasp, her robe in wild disorder, her long hair all flying, and snapping in the wind, and her jetty eyes burning with a piercing fire of vengeance; her whole demeanor stamped with a deathly determination, he staggered, and fled before the mad, rather entranced girl, in a perfect tremor of fright, almost despair.

On he fled toward the river, designing to turn down the street and escape along the dock, but the descent of the street here added such velocity to his speed, that 'ere he could turn, she had run him out to the very edge of the river. There were no vessels in the dock, but after darting about several times along the warf, endeavoring to pass her, he dashed behind a large post on one corner of the warf, used for mooring vessels fast to shore. Now began a running chase around the post. It was a fearful game, the *roue* determined play with the actress—to lead a circular chase until growing giddy, he could all the easier hurl her into the dock. But he had quite misjudged the minute nature of the influence now on her.

The giddiness of the exercise seemed to add vigor to the speed with which she kept up the pursuit, and lost to all sense of danger, she dashed after the libertine in a very frenzy of rage and revenge. Hotter and hotter grew the chase, closer and closer the maniac neered the libertine's heels. Fired and breathless, he turned suddenly at bay. Panting an instant for relief, he gasped. "My God, Media, one of us must conquer." Like the tigress, once more she dashed on him.

"Ha! ha! avenged at last."

At this juncture, the clock of Independance hall tolled out in clear loud strokes, the hour of twelve.

"Ha! the Statehouse bell, villain," she cried. "It is the knell, that summons thee to hell——"

He grasped her tightly in his arms, and lifting her above his head, made a desperate effort to dash her into the dock. As he held her a moment in the air, the mad girl grew even more frantic than before, and again her fierce tones rang out, "Ha! ha! caught at last;" and plunging the knife downwards, though the point failed to enter his neck, it glanced, but made him relax his hold of her, and as her feet reached the ground again, he by some strange fatality stumbled, and staggered into the river.

The instant her enemy disappeared beneath the dark waves, the reaction in Media's bosom was sudden—rather the passing off of the influence was not without pain. The spell of madness was gone. Yes, the beautiful girl while thus controlled did appear really "beside" herself as it is expressed commonly. But out of the entrancement, Media was herself again.

"O God! what have I done," she ejaculated, as if partially conscious of the scene she had just enacted. The next she was flying from the spot. A short distance brought her directly against her acquaintance and friend Jack Ringgold, who, learning at the theatre of her strange freak and flight, was now hurrying along in quest of her. In her weakness and terror, she at first took him to be an officer, and was sinking at his feet, as the familiar sound of Ringgold's voice started the blood with renewed vigor through her system again, and though she still trembled, she was not without some courage.

"Heavens! Media, this you? In this attire on the street."

He bent down, and raised her to her feet.

"Gracious! John, I have done the deed in earnest to-night."

"What is it, Media, what have you done?"

The pathetic fireman peered into her eyes anxiously. She answered, "Milford Stettler is dead, and I killed him."

"Hush, Media, speak not so. You talk wildly. Come let us go home. It is very late."

"Oh, my God! see here, my hands are bloody yet! O what *have* I done! Noble Ringgold, can you love the murderess?"

"Media, do not talk thus. Come let us try to reach your home. Love you? yes; never any the less. I can not believe other than that Stettler still lives."

"Loved one, he does not. Oh, will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hands. See, loved one, can you not believe the evidence?"

"It is insufficient, Media; this on your hands is but the stained illusion of your character to-night, and your soul and brain has been so wrought upon with the tragic spirit of the LADY MACBETH, that you imagine, you have indeed murdered Milford Stettler in the person of King Duncan."

"Imagination, ah! kind Ringgold, 'tis more. The body of Milford Stettler has gone to-night to feed the fishes of the gulf, and his soul—yet stay, I must not speak of *that*—may confront me in judgment."

"And even were it as you say, Media, 'tis a righteous judgment. At last you are avenged."

"Avenged! but, oh! to be guilty of causing the death of a human being, be he ever so villainous, is awful to think of."

Home at last, she sank upon the sofa, and wept, even more sorrowfully than a child. Yes, here was the girl, the woman who possessed so fully the strange power on the public stage, of bowing an entire audience to her magic will, completely broken up. Her tears flowed like rain, and afforded her at last some relief. Ringgold remained with the distressed girl until a late hour, and when he bade adieu, she exacted his promise to call early on the following evening.

At length, she retired, but ah! not to sleep, except in short fitful dozing or dreaming. Long, she cast herself from side to side, of her couch, in feverish restlessness, and again in fearful vision, she enacted the tragic part of the "Lady Macbeth," and suffered all the pains of her after bitter remorse. Again was the unhappy Media whirling round the fatal spot with the drawn dagger in vengeful pursuit of her enemy; and again in vision, she plunged the knife to its hilt into the neck of poor Stettler, and in husky tones cried out, "Ha! ha! avenged at last." Saw him fall at her feet, and sink beneath the dark waves purpling them with his blood. Anon she was writhing in all the anguish of a deathless remorse.

"Here's the smell of blood still," she groaned sadly, "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!"

Thus with her the night passed dreary away, and in the morning she awoke but little refreshed.

In the evening, when Ringgold again greeted Media, all trace of her former sorrow and distress was gone. The slight fever—flush yet left, served to add a more pleasing charm to her lovely face.

Attired in a plain white dress, a single red rose on her bosom, and two white buds in her dark hair, she looked purely, guileless, and lovely, and the gallant Jack seemed quite unabled to conceal his pride, and admiration of her, as with extended hands, she so charmingly welcomed him to her side.

No allusion being made to the gloomy past, their social banquet was of course sweeter and happier far, and sunshine and congenial bliss appeared to them, the bright rose strewn pathway of their future life.

A calm beautiful moonlight eve; myriads of twinkling stars shine brightly in the clear evening sky, reflecting themselves in the mirror-like bosom of the glistening waters of the Delaware, as the tide flows so easily up, that the gentle undulation of the crowded shipping bristling o'er its waves, give scarcely evidence of the slightest motion.

The lights of Camden city glimmer faintly in the distance, and the church and cathedral spires of Philadelphia almost piercing the white clouds of the lovely summer eve, glisten like silver in the noontide rays of a burning sun.

All over the broad expanse of the sleeping waters reposed the same resplendent sheen of quiet light; though on the smooth waters slightly varied by gently gliding shadows dotting its bright surface like spirits of the enchanted deep.

They were pleasuring parties, sailing in the quiet evening on the beautiful Delaware. Anon the gay song and blithsome laugh danced over the calm waters, taken up, and continued by others, until dancing away, they are lost in glad echoes in the far distance.

From a light boat, containing a happy company, floats over the waters, the melody dear to American hearts.

> "My native country thee—
> Land of the noble free—
> Thy name I love.
> I love thy rocks and rills,
> Thy woods and templed hills,
> My heart with rapture thrills
> Like that above."

In the rapture of the moment, the enchanted Ringgold rested listlessly on his oar, and drank with joy the delicious melody of his loved Media's voice, as she poured her full soul into the lines of that patriotic song. And Clarence dipped his oar softly, as Ella's heart grew warm in concert with the stirring eloquence of Sweet Freedom's Song.

The boat now needing no guide, floated gently upon the easy moving tide, and rested on the bright moon-lit waters, graceful as the noble swan.

A fitting moment to note the remarkable and refining change in the sentiments, character, and language of the always noble hearted, though sometimes boisterous and rough Philadelphia fireman. Not that his nobility has been lessened, rather increased and expanded; many of the harsher features of his disposition, errors of a neglected deficient education, and coarse manner of expression, have been softened down, and toned, by the gentle love, kind unseeming training of the versatile and accomplished Media. Kindness, love, has made the hardy Jack Ringgold the apt and willing pupil; he has thus gradually partaken of her sentiments, her hopes, and high resolves; her noble inspiration, though at the first so widely diverse, yet now in spirit congenial.

As Media concluded her song, she called on Ella Russel to favor them with the sound of her voice. But the diffident Ella excused herself, with a delicate compliment to Media's last effort, concluding with.

"I would rather listen, than sing to-night."

Media laughing gaily, feigned not to notice the compliment so gracefully offered, and answered:

"For the real enjoyment of music, Ella, give me nature's own concert room, with the calm waters for my garlanded floor; the bright happy heavens for my sounding board; the brilliant moon for my chandelier, and the smiling, and applauding stars for my audience—then, O then, I can be happy. But come, Ella, we must hear from you. I can not do all the singing to-night."

"Not to night, Media, please."

Again "music swelled the breeze," and Ringgold was in extacy, as the sweet melody of his loved ones voice thrilled his happy soul with harmony exquisite, soft and sweet like the sudden revelation of a new heaven in his breast, far from the reach of language to express. Unabled at the moment to even syllable her name, he dropped his head on her neck, as he sat by her side, feasting on the degree of blissful tranquility of soul, which seems even

> "More than angel tongues can tell.
> Or angel minds conceive."

Thus several hours were passed in happiness away.

When they quit their boats reluctantly for home, it was past midnight,

Clarence and Ella in gaining the shore, strolled off leisurely expecting Ringgold and Media, soon to overtake them. They followed, of course, but at a slower pace, happy in each other's love. At times, Clarence and Ella would turn, and seeing them still moving after them, and without halting, continued on. But greater and greater grew the space imperceptibly between them.

Ringgold, enraptured with the inspired eloquence of his gifted companion, was now discoursing love, as he never spake before. Media, though somewhat surprised, was delighted by his spontaneous eloquence. He offered her his hand, and was accepted. All absorbed in the bliss of betrothal, they still paced on slowly. Once Ringgold looked up, and caught a glimpse of their more forward companions, as they turned from the river road into another street. Calling Media's attention to the fact, they hastened on to overtake them.

They were just passing beneath the broad shadow of the ever memorable "elm-tree" of peace, when a rough murmuring voice, caused Jack to start, and look round.

"The native—spalpeen has been sailin wid his gal to-night, an she's been singin to him, the wench, I'de like to spile the'r beauty, I would, wid my sprig o'shillaleh, and shamrock so green," grumbled Donolon Rafferty, for it was he. Raising his voice, slightly he concluded his characteristic speech, with a degree of his own peculiar melody, actually singing the last line; and then stepping out from behind the tree, he flourished his club in a murderous manner about Ringgold's head.

Media was no coward, as we know, but the suddenness with which the attack was made, caused her to start. She uttered a single shriek of alarm, and then she was herself again, composed, and ready for her own defence.

Jack backed off several paces from his brawny assailant, who followed him up closely, flourishing his club in his very face. Once Ringgold commanded him to desist, or he would shoot him down.

"Ye wud, wud'ye, yer d——n——d spalpeen—take that then to help yer a little." And the Greek made a terrible dash at Ringgold's head with his club. But quick in his movements as the cat, Jack sprang aside, and drawing a pistol, presented it in the face of his savage foe, with the challange.

"Now, sir,—I do not wish your blood on my hands, but if you do not let me pass without further molestation, I will surely give you the contents of this———"

Rafferty's bronzed face blanched even in the darkness, and in an instant his courage, rather daring, left him. He backed off from the ugly looking revolver, stuttering.

"I—I, beg your pardon, sir.—I believe I've made a mistake here, sir, you're a gentleman, sir, and not the man I took ye for s'r, at all, at all. Please don't shoot sir, and I'll niver make such a blundering mistake agin, sir—"

"The right about face," said Jack, with a marshal-like air, "and 'locomote' on a straight line for Park Richmond, quick as your heavy feet will carry you. Ready, leave," he concluded as Rafferty turned to run.

They watched him until he darted round a corner of the street out of sight, and then they moved on rapidly toward their home. But as they proceeded, they thought not, nor did they see the revengeful figure of a man following them again closely! At intervals, he would dart into alleys along the way, until at length, without detection, the intervening distance betwixt him and his victims grew shorter and shorter. Several times he made desperate efforts to strike, but certain movements of Ringgold, induced him, the assassin, to think he was suspected; and then he would dart up an open alley, and after remaining quiet a short time, would steal forth again and crouch after the lovers like the vengeful tiger.

Ringgold and Media gained at length their home. The door opened, Media disappeared,—Jack entered, and had just closed the door, as a sound like the bursting of a cannon under a heavy charge of powder, echoed through the house and through the neighborhood, most dolefully.

"Gracious! what is that?" Media ejaculated as turning, she saw the door pannels shattered from top to bottom. Jack turned also, and starting with amazement, exclaimed:

"Can it be possible, that villain has followed us so closely after all, and done this?"

Ringgold was correct, for though, when he opened the door, he saw no one, yet Rafferty had followed them as we have seen, and as a last chance, ran and struck with all his strength as Ringgold entered. The door was closed just in season to catch the full force of the blow, and was shattered into splinters beneath the Irishman's ponderous club.

(To be Continued.)

MINNESOTA.

Letter from E. F. Boyd.

BROTHER JONES:—To-night I have witnessed a sight I have long hoped for, viz: a very large, intelligent and deeply interested audience—all the opera house could hold, listening to the inspired utterances of an apostle of Spiritualism. I can hardly credit my own senses, when I reflect that just one year ago, Spiritualism was the most unthought of, condemned and unpopular theme any one could speak of. The few Spiritualists that were here did not know each other, except, perhaps, half a dozen. There were no lecturers in this field; no circles but secret ones. Even trance healers denied Spiritualism. A year ago the State Association had Mrs. Addie L. Ballou in the field as Missionary. That lady came here in her journeyings, and finding one or two Spiritualist families (one of whom rented a hall for her to lecture in), she posted up bills with her own hands announcing "A Lecture on Spiritualism." Some thirty or forty persons attended the lecture. Mrs. Ballou made an effort, after her lecture, to form the nucleus of a society, but the cause seemed to have scarcely any life in it. There were but four, and they were timid, without faith, and mostly strangers to each other. Nothing was effected beyond raising some subscriptions in behalf of the State Association. Mrs. Ballou next lectured to an audience of about seventy-five persons at the Winslow House, across the river, in St. Anthony. Then Mrs. F. A. Logan, the other agent of the State Association arrived, and co-operated with Mrs. Ballou. A society was formed in a crude way, made up of a few obscure persons. Circles and Sunday afternoon conference meetings were held for a few weeks, but soon died out. There did not seem any sort of prospect or encouragement that Spiritualism could be made to take root in this church studded community. Last spring a Progressive Lyceum was organized in a cheerless old basement room in the Winslow House. It did not survive long. I began to think this was one of the places where Spiritualism had no chance to become engrafted. Finally, I made an effort to have the Annual Convention of the State Association held here; canvassed the place and found that it could be done. The necessary arrangements were accordingly made, and the Convention met here the 16th, 17th and 18th of last month. The Convention was well attended, both by delegates from abroad, and the friends of progress and free thought in this vicinity. At the evening sessions, the hall was crammed, and an unexpected interest manifested in the objects of the Convention, and the strange and peculiar characters of which it was composed. The Convention, as regards its influence and effects on the community, was a complete success. Many people began to see that, after all the flings and revilings of the churchmen and priests, Spiritualism was not to be answered by sneers and contemptuous epithets.

At the adjournment of the Convention, a Society was immediately formed, and is now permanently organized. We have meetings every Sunday evening in Minneapolis, and our small hall is well filled.

Some three weeks since, Mrs. Nellie Brigham came amongst us, and lectured at our stated meetings. We at once perceived that her abilities demanded a larger hall and more free scope.

Through the influence of some citizens, the Universalist church was secured for her to deliver a lecture. The church was crammed; many could not get in at all. Then she lectured in the Universalist Church at St. Anthony. Her talents were appreciated. We rented the opera house last Sunday, and there was a large audience. The subject was chosen by a committee nominated by the audience. The lady immediately proceeded in a firm and masterly discourse on the subject given to her. There happened to be a short hand reporter sojourning with me at this time—not a Spiritualist—had never before heard a lecture on Spiritualism; and, thinking he would be able to refute and disprove the main points of her lecture, this gentleman took the same down as it fell from her lips, but in place of any attempt at refutation, he was completely disarmed of his prejudices,—really captured. At the request of numerous hearers, the lecture as reported was printed in the daily Minneapolis Tribune, (a copy of which I send to you.)

Thus advertised, and the lecture read by many hundreds of people, together with the novelty (in this city) of the manner of selecting the subject, and the beautiful fascinating manner and matter of her lectures—their terseness and pure logical reasoning,—it was an easy matter to conquer the prejudices of her large audiences and command their respect and sympathies. Mrs. Brigham has thus succeeded in arousing an interest in Spiritualism in this city that every one hitherto has failed to excite. The opera house was entirely filled, to-night, with as respectable an audience as the city affords, who listened to her with profound interest.

I feel encouraged to believe that hereafter a Spiritualist lecture of real excellence will be well received and duly appreciated in Minneapolis, and I hope competent lecturers will not hesitate to visit us whenever within a reasonable distance, and thus keep up the interest that has been awakened in the glorious cause of vital truth.

Next week, Prof. Wm. Denton commences a course of six lectures on geology, to be followed by six more by the same on miscellaneous subjects, which I opine, includes spiritualism.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 28th, 1869.

[The above letter was just four weeks in coming from Minneapolis. ED.]

SPEAKER'S REGISTER.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

[To be useful, this should be reliable. It therefore behooves Lecturers to promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for Lecturers only, and it is so rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address having particulars to be learned by special correspondence with the individuals.

J. Madison Allen, Ancora, N. J.

C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott, developing medium, 127 south Clark-St room 16.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, Glen Beulah, Wisconsin.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, box 394 Laporte Ind.

Addie L. Ballou. Address Chicago, care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. A. H. Colby, Trance Speaker, Penoville, Jay Co., Ind.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will answer calls to Lecture. Adress Ancora, N. J.

A. J. Fishback, Sturgis, Michigan.

K. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan." Address Richmond, Ind.

Mrs. F. A. Logan, care Religio Philosophical Journal.

Dr. Wm. R. Joscelyn, Lecturer. Address him in care of this Office, 189, South Clark Street.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, 89 Court st., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn.

Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

Benjamin Todd, Salem Oregon.

Dr. Samuel Underhill, No 12, 22nd st. Chicago, Ill.

E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, address, care of S. S. Jones, 189 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

Job Smyth, Hallsport, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. L. H. Perkins, trance speaker. Address Kansas City, Mo., in care of E. E. Perkins.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock, inspirational speaker, Cedar Falls Iowa.

K. H. Garretson, Prichland, Iowa.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock, inspirational speaker, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Samuel S. Harmon, Goshen, Indiana.

Dr. G. Newcomer, lecturer, 285 Superior st., Cleveland Ohio.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
OFFICE 189 SOUTH CLARK STREET

CHICAGO JANUARY 15, 1870.

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE

Adam and Eve—The Serpent—Abraham and Hagar.

In our two previous articles, we merely alluded to the formation of this earth, planets, etc., leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions in reference thereto, as to whether an Infinite God, Personal God, or Intelligences resembling man, were instrumental in bringing them into existence. For a brief season, we shall now follow the Biblical account in relation to various subjects coming under the head of "Spiritualism of the Bible."

Among the objects which God had created, we find a curious illustration of the power of animals, in the serpent, "Which was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." The object of God endowing the serpent with such maliciousness, and withal with such a subtle nature, is one of "the mysteries of Godliness," and it would be sacrilegious, according to the estimation of the Orthodox, to attempt to unvail the reasons that actuated Him to create a monster that was instrumental in thwarting him in his efforts to promote the happiness of those whom he had made. Whether the serpent was actually blessed with vocal utterance or the power of distinct articulation, or whether the "hiss" interfered in the correct expression of language, no naturalist up to the present time, has, attempted to explain. The conclusion arrived at by the various Orthodox churches—at least we heard one prominent minister so declare—is this, that the serpent was a medium, and that satan, actuated with a desire to thwart the action of the Almighty God, assumed control of its organism and succeeded in accomplishing the complete ruin of the fair prospects of the hitherto happy pair. We have no desire to dispute with this prominent divine in regard to the truthfulness of his position—it is enough for us to know that the serpent did enter into conversation with Eve, and finally induced her to depart from that path designated by God. The tree in the garden of Eden, that bore fruit perennially, was a constant source of attraction to the lonely pair, and was known by the name of "The tree of knowledge of good and evil." It is presumed that the fruit thereof was impregnated with certain miraculous properties, not alone known to God, for the spirit communicating through the serpent, endowed with remarkable wisdom, had become acquainted with the fact, for he said, "In the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil."

Now the question in our mind is this; whether the spirit controlling the medium was actuated with evil desires or not. He told no lies, for the guilty pair realized his prediction to its full extent. Indeed, we entertain the highest respect for the controlling Spirit, for he resorted to no subterfuge, told no falsehoods, made no promises that were not realized, in fact, he was a manly enemy—such an one as the brave and honest would not disdain to meet. He made his advances in the day time, came forth boldly, and in an audible voice entered into a pleasant conversation with Mother Eve, inducing her, and through her instrumentality, Adam, to partake of the fruit of the "Tree of knowledge of good and evil."

After this communication, given through the instrumentality of the serpent, the eyes of Adam and Eve were opened, and they knew they were naked; and "They sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons," when they were prepared to receive a communication from God, who called out, "Adam, where art thou?" Then Adam said, "I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked and I hid myself." Before that communication, he had made himself an apron, *hence* was not naked; but we do not believe that he intended to prevaricate, but being very timid and somewhat frightened, he no doubt forgot his real condition. But the mysterious part of the whole transaction is this question which God asked Adam—"Who told thee that thou wast naked?" Just as if Adam, whose eyes were completely open, did not know he was naked without being told of it.

ABRAHAM—SARAI—HAGER—THE ANGEL.

Abraham has been looked upon by certain Biblical commentators as a most excellent man endowed with great wisdom and superior sagacity, and admirably adapted to improve the morals of those with whom he might happen to be brought in contact. While in Egypt, he instructed Sarai, his wife, to deny her marital relationship to him, and declare that she was his sister. As the ten commandments which Moses published to the world, was not in existence at that time, the probability is, that his equivocation was not regarded as an absolute falsehood on his part, or as an evidence of a malicious nature. Notwithstanding the moral status of Abraham, God held communion with him, in an audible voice, the same as spirits communicate at the present time when they are brought in contact with certain persons possessing mediumistic qualities. If God will hold communion with a liar, a cruel master, tyranical, mean and ignorant—such was Abraham, as we will finally show; —is it strange that spirits will seek mediums of doubtful character, through whom to transmit their choicest thoughts? He was mindful of Abraham's welfare, anxious to see him prosperous and happy, for he said, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." Abraham, when equivocating in regard to Sarai his wife, no doubt thought that he was wonderfully sagacious, and that he would not only be instrumental in saving the purity of his wife, but his own life also; but the sequel shows that his sagacity availed nothing, but came near leading him into serious difficulty—a difficulty which he expected that his equivocation would avoid. When Pharoah learned that he had told him a falsehood, he said to him, "Why saidst thou she is my sister, so I might have taken her to me to wife; now, therefore, behold thy wife, take her, and go thy way." Notwithstanding the corrupt nature of Abraham, he was allowed to have a vision, caused in the same manner and in accordance with the same laws in every particular, as those which distinguish the seers and clairvoyants of the present day. "After these things the word of the Lord came to Abraham in a vision, saying, fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward." His subsequent vision was not of the most pleasant character, for, "When the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abraham; and, lo, a horror of great darkness fell upon him." That vision, however, was only a premonition, that he would be blessed, and that exceeding prosperity would crown all his efforts.

Sarai, Abraham's wife, having no children, consented to give him Hagar, saying, "Behold now, the Lord hath restrained me from bearing. I pray thee go in unto my maid; it may be that I may obtain children by her." On reading the wishes of Sarai as expressed to Abraham, one would suppose that she was actuated by pure motives, and that no jealousy, that "green eyed" monster, existed within her heart. Strange to say, however, she became jealous, her cruelty and maliciousness hardly finding a parallel, even at the once notorious Five Points in the city of New York, for when she knew Hagar had conceived, "she dealt harshly with her," and she was compelled to flee from her face.

We wish it understood, that Sarai and Abraham were in direct communication with God, notwithstanding her jealousy and malicious disposition, and his want of charity for the poor woman whom he had taken under his protecting care. "A person is generally known by the company he keeps," will apply in most cases, but so far as the associations of God with this couple is concerned, we can learn only this much, that He did not make morality or virtue a standard in his intercourse with mortals, for Sarai was of a jealous disposition, and Abraham was a liar and free lover, and was destitute of a benevolent spirit, for he permitted his wife to abuse Hagar in the most shameful manner, without remonstrating in the least.

Hagar, fearing her mistress, fled to the wilderness, "And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by a fountain in the way to Shur." We here have a fine example of angelic love and ministration, standing forth in beautiful contrast with the character of Abraham and his wife, yet there seems to be a vein of cruelty even, connected therewith, for he said, "Return to thy mistress and submit thyself unto her hands." But to encourage her he said: "Behold thou art with child, and shalt bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael; because the Lord hath heard thy affliction." He again said: "And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him."

The last prediction of the angel was not of that inspiring character calculated to cheer her in her distress—the idea that she should give birth to a hideous monster, a child, that, when it had reached the vigor of maturity would be a wild man, a desperado, a malicious character, whose "hand will be against every man, and every man's against him," was not very pleasing for her to contemplate, considering the fact that she was homeless and in destitute circumstances.

This Angel was a ministering spirit who could talk to Hagar in an audible voice, for she was mediumistic in nature, possessing all those characteristics required for the Spirit World to hold direct communication with her. We are now carried into the domain of abstruse philosophy. However simple a truth in nature or philosophy, it reaches far beyond the comprehension of man when he traces it back to "first cause." However far advanced a man may be in the arts and sciences, or nature, beyond him is a field where grander truths stand ready to greet the bold pioneer, and when he becomes acquainted with them, they tell him of a vast field beyond, and thus it will always be—infinity before, behind, at the right, at the left, up and down—everywhere—truths in nature never terminate, only when you reach the grand First Cause. But who can fathom Infinity?

(To be Continued.)

NEWELL AND ABBY BURNHAM

Your child has been found, and is now in the custody of Col. Meyer, Police Commissioner, of St. Louis.

We clip the following from the St. Louis *Democrat*:

> OFFICE CHIEF OF POLICE, }
> ST. LOUIS, January 6, 1870. }
>
> I hereby voluntarily and of my own accord surrender the child, Ida Flora Burnham, to the police authorities, with all her effects, subject to the order or disposition of the parents of the aforesaide child.
>
> C. S. MANCHESTER.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge closed a series of lectures in Boston, Dec. 25th.

Daniel W. Hull is to lecture in Boston.

Miss S. C. McClendon is represented as being an able lecturer. Her address is Rock Island, Ill.

THE COMING TIME.

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are."

How few there are in the spiritual ranks, to-day, who can realize the great and important significance of angel ministry; and farther still, how few comparatively, feel that we are now just on the eve of a new dispensation; that what we have had during the twenty-one years last past, is but the introduction to another and far more glorious dispensation, as foreshadowed by Emma Hardinge in a lecture published in No. 11 of the JOURNAL. In a closing paragraph she says:

> "For many years my spirit friends had told me that at a certain period of the movement, when the spirits had performed a certain work, that about the closing up of the period when the Missionaries who had been the pioneers, had done their work and no more was expected from them, when they should resign their work into the hands of others, that I was to write the history of this modern movement.
>
> I was to gather my materials from every part of the country, and many of those, who took little or no interest in the movement should supply me with these They should be brought from the East and the West, the North and the South, and I should bring together a record, such as no other in any country should possess. I deemed all this as at a very far distant day to be realized. I pictured to myself the snows of winter covering my brow, the dimness of old age palsying my eye, but still I should have strength to write, and this should be the last work for me."

It was but natural to think the day far distant when the Spirit World should gather up the fragments of testimony relative to what had been done in the youthful days of Spiritualism upon this planet, preparatory to the ushering in of a new and grander era—one fraught with far greater interest, significance, and results to the human family; and it is not a little singular that others have been engaged in the same work, and that, too, without the slightest intimation, perhaps, that they were compiling evidence, and making a lasting record of events, of far greater importance than anything that had ever been known before, for the use of coming generations. Among the most prominent we might mention Epes Sargent's "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," the works of Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, and others of the same general character. But for these compilations of important events, the doings of the past might be lost sight of, and forgotten amid the dazzling splendor of what is soon to follow.

While we do not claim to be prophets or the offspring of prophets, and are in no sense given to prophesying, yet we may in all sincerity ask who is prepared to say that we are not on the eve of a new era or dispensation? That the world may not be startled ere long by some new and unlooked-for wonders to be revealed to man? Who is prepared to say that the Scripture prophecies are all a myth—that "these latter days," as therein mentioned are not at hand?

A large body of people denominated Millerites, are looking for the fulfillment of these prophecies, in the literal burning up of this planet on which we dwell; and unless figures lie, they are not mistaken in supposing that a great—a wonderful change is at hand; but they are mistaken in supposing that this earth and the dwellers thereon, were created for any such destiny. Many things are occurring in the moral, social, political and religious worlds, together with great convulsions in nature, which correspond, in a remarkable degree with what was prophesied eighteen hundred years ago would take place at this time, and all close observers of the signs of the times, —of what has transpired during the last ten years, can not fail to have marked the progress of events as indicative of the possibility not only, but the great probability that a radical change in the affairs of men is inevitable, and that the time for that change is awaiting us in the near future, and in view of the possibility, not to say probability, of such an event, should we not pause to inquire into its nature? That it will be a vast improvement upon the past we can not doubt; that it will far exceed all that has been vouchsafed to us since the advent of the spirit manifestations in the humble Fox family at Hydesville, N. Y., we have every reason to hope and expect; that it will as far exceed all that has been thus far given, as that has been an improvement upon the prevailing religious systems that have existed here since the formation of this Government, we can not reasonably doubt; that spirit power will be so manifested as to banish all doubt of spirit existence, and produce a great revolution in the religious and political systems of the world, is but reasonable to expect; and it behooves all Spiritualists to inquire with no little degree of earnestness who shall take part in "The new resurrection?" who is prepared to stand the test of true discipleship, and also, how many have "Mene, Mene, Tekel," written upon their brows. "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," will be more terrible to such as are unworthy than it was to Belshazzar. There are thousands of Spiritualist Belshazzars who have been rioting at the feasts prepared by angel hands. Many can look back upon misspent opportunities—of seasons of trifling with the most sacred and divine ministrations. The coming time will try the souls of men and women all over the land; and among them will be the sanctimonious scoffers who will be found praying for the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them that they may hide in their shame from the presence of men and angels; and many sincere and honest hearted, but deluded followers of the, to them, meek and lowly Jesus, will cry out in great earnestness, "What shall I do to be saved—to inherit the blessings showered so lavishly upon those 'Poor miserable Spiritualists?'" and these last named, many of them, will awake to a realizing sense of what they might have been. Oh! the harrowing thought—the calling to mind of misspent opportunities of doing good—that which alone they were conscious could but elevate them and make them the happy recipients of divine blessings, yea, the welcome plaudit, "Well done thou good and faithful servant," "thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee a ruler over many."

It is a matter of great astonishment that the angel ministrations of the past have been so little heeded and appreciated—but thank God, there are many zealous workers in the glorious cause we advocate, whose reward will be great indeed; and many such are being fitted to take exalted positions in the future developments "in the good time coming."

The prominent position the JOURNAL now occupies, and the extent and rapid increase of its circulation, is but the fulfillment of prophecies and promises of angel bands years ago, and its progress indicates that it will be the beacon light of the great West, as the BANNER will be of the East, and whose banners will float high in the air and the insignias inscribed thereon be looked upon by the distressed masses, even as the brazen serpent of Moses was looked upon by an afflicted people, that they might live. Let what will come, we shall ever be found at our post and on duty, engaged in earnest efforts to dispense the bread of life; and God grant that all who have their own and the welfare of millions in mental darkness and servitude at heart, will commence the year 1870 with a will to co operate with the Angel World in extending the circulation of spiritual papers, and thus aid in spreading a knowledge of the truth that shall be a savor of life unto many, and great shall be their reward.

RAMSDELL'S NORWAY OATS.

That there is an existing cause for every phenomena in nature, the true Spiritual Philosopher will readily concede. Those of our readers who possess sharp observant minds, doubtless comprehend the position we have occupied, and given from time to time in regard to the ability of our friends upon the spiritual plane of life, to exert an influence upon physical matter for a more perfect unfoldment or development upon its plane of being. Indeed, a close and scrutanizing observation of the seemingly mysterious workings of nature's laws, develop, in degree, to our understanding, that those who in this life, love to make deep research into those laws, and the philosophy of life and its development—to say nothing of the love for humanity at large—carry with them to the next sphere of existence, such noble *traits* of character, and there find a nobler and broader field for labor, and when opportunities offer, do aid in the development of a specie from a lower to a higher plane of being, be the same *human, brute vegetable, mineral or inorganic matter.*

What more noble calling or occupation can man aspire to in the higher life, than such a knowledge of *nature* and her laws, that shall enable him or her, to put into action forces that shall result in the development of members of any one of her productions, from a lower to a higher plane of being? The old theological dogmas of thrumming "golden harps" and "psalm singing" sinks into insignificance, when contrasted with the thought that we are to live eternally a life of activity and usefulness.

The two worlds,—*material* and *spiritual*, are in close proximity—they interblend, and when minds can be found, through which those upon the spiritual plane can make themselves felt, such minds are made the handy instruments for producing useful results to the race.

Our philosophy teaches us that every being, be it *human*, brute, or inorganic matter, has ever existed in a *germinal condition*—is ever tending towards a higher unfoldment upon its plane of life, and that extraordinary growth in any one season is but an extraordinary activity of the internal life principle induced by some extraordinary activity of *affinitizing* elements. This, so far as it comes within the observation of superficial observers, is the result of some one of the many known *fertilizers.* To the savant, of many years observation on the spiritual plane, it is known that a potent force is occasionally exerted when conditions will admit, upon a *single germ*, which will result in, *seemingly*, almost a new specie, and move to renewed effort the inhabitants of the enlightened world.

This is a great subject, and we would like to elaborate it more in detail, and may do so at a future time.

Suffice it to say now, that we have many marked examples of the great activity of this internal power, not only in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but in the human.

But it is apparent from the heading of this article that we set out to say something especially upon the *Norway Oats.* In doing so, our inspiration leads us to dwell upon the principle involved in this single demonstration of power. That from the single kernel described in our last issue, a new family, so to speak, is already introduced, which will revolutionize this branch of agriculture,—oat raising, can not be doubted. A farmer who has owned and raised fine blooded horses, neat cattle, hogs and sheep, can not be induced to go back to the scrawny natives of either of those species, any more than he can be induced to abandon modern agricultural implements, and take up those of a half century in the past.

That Messrs. Ramsdell and Smith were instruments, and yet entirely ignorant of the fact, in the hands of superior intelligence, in not only bringing out this wonderful variety, and in spreading the same broadcast over the world, we have no more doubt about, than we have that those noble patriots who carried this republic safely through the first revolution which separated the colonies from the home government, also had a hand in our affairs during the Great Rebellion, and brought us out all the better for the trials, like the refiner's fire.

The peculiar plan that Mr. Ramsdell has adopted to keep these oats out of the hands of scheming unprincipled speculators, who otherwise would impose upon the public with a mixture of Norway Oats and other kinds, shows a marked degree of wisdom in the man, as well as strict honesty of purpose.

Not a bushel of these oats has been raised that he has not a full record of. He has, with the aid of capitalists, who had confidence in his integrity, bought up all that were for sale, from those who raised them, for the very purpose of supplying those who desire to purchase, the genuine RAMSDELL NORWAY OATS. His knowledge of those who have raised them, enables him to keep adulterated seed out of the market. We would not venture to buy of any one who might profess to have them, for fear we should get a mixed article. We have invested to the extent of ten bushels, and intend to divide them so as to raise some on five different farms along side of other varieties, that we may witness with our own senses, the difference during the period of growth, and in harvest, and we unhesitatingly recommend all our readers, who are engaged in the agricultural business, to procure enough of this variety of oats to supply themselves with abundance of seed for future use.

Susie M Johnson is lecturing at Bangor, Me.

Dr. J. R. Newton will soon go to New York to practice his healing gifts.

Charles H. Crowell.

In this number of the JOURNAL will be found a report of the funeral services of our deceased brother, Charles H Crowell, late a member of the firm of Wm. White & Co., publishers and proprietors of our worthy cotemporary, the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Our first acquaintance with Brother Crowell commenced at the First National Convention of Spiritualists, holden at Chicago in 1864 We afterwards met him at the National Convention in Philadelphia, and again spent a few days at his hospitable home in Watertown, near Boston, two and a half years since.

Brother Crowell was a medium of rare qualifications, as is his sister, Mrs. J. H. Conant, of the Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. He was also a frank, generous hearted and true man. We cordially tendered to, and received the right hand of fellowship from each other at our first meeting, which bond of fellowship we expect will be maintained through eons of ages yet to be unfolded. Through his mediumship we received an invitation, over two years since, from mutual friends in Spirit Life, to meet them in Boston for counsel and advice in regard to the reinstatement of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. We promptly obeyed the summons, and as promptly met and communed with those spirit friends and guardian angels through his mediumship. Fidelity to the work, that from the first had been intrusted to our care by angel messengers, was all that was required by them, as a guarantee of their continued watchful attention and co-operation, and the ultimate success of our heaven-born JOURNAL.

In accordance with our own inclination and the admonitions of those invisible guardians, we resumed our work. We left it, per force of circumstances, just one year before, and with daily renewed energy, despite of all opposition, have seen our labors crowned with that success promised, and far greater than we had visible evidence to hope for.

That brother, through whose material lips those angelic messengers communicated to us, has now passed to the inner life, and joined that band headed by Dr. Kitridge, who so wisely counseled us, as well as our Brothers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, in regard to the work we are engaged in. But his labors are not closed. That he will continue, in connection with others, to watch over and prompt us in wisdom and goodness, we both desire and expect. That we shall learn much of the hidden mysteries of the After-Life from him through proper media, we do not doubt. While we deeply sympathize with his orphaned children and Sister Conant, we feel assured that great is his gain, and that his loving care will be manifested to them from time to time, in a most unmistakable manner, until they shall fully realize that he yet liveth and that they still have a father's and brother's love ever ready to prompt them to deeds of goodness, and acts of kindness toward each other.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. Harriet E. Pope invites correspondence with people in California or Southern Oregon, and especially Spiritualists, in relation to the country and its advantages. There are a number of families in Minnesota who wish to go to a warmer climate, and would prefer one of the above places. There will be mechanics, farmers, teachers, in fact all sorts of people who wish to go there to work and make a home, and they wish to know something about the country; what they need to take with them; how they can gain a living till they can raise a crop; price of land per acre, etc. Will Myron Morse, with others, answer this? as some of his old friends are among the number. Please address

MRS. HARRIET E. POPE.
Morristown, Rice Co., Minn.

On Dec. 31st, J. L Potter, the trance speaker, was at Farmington, Minn. He goes from thence to Hastings, Wabasha, Lake City, Pauselim, Cherry Grove, Leroy, Austin, Lyle, Aurora, Owatonna Wilton, Medford and Faribault. He will give from two to four lectures at a place. He desires the friends at the various places to make a note of this, and prepare the necessary arrangements, when they hear from him, for lectures. He will receive subscriptions for the JOURNAL.

Chas. H. Read is now East. Writing from Haverhill, N. H., he says, "While I have been here, I have been received with the greatest hospitality, and I wish to acknowledge the same. I feel very grateful for the kind treatment of my friends. May the good spirits ever watch over and protect such friends."

Miss Nettie M. Pease is now associate editor of the Present Age. She salutes the readers thereof in verse, the beginning of which is:

"Dear readers of the Present Age,
We give you kindly greeting,
And trust in spirit we may have
Many a pleasant meeting."

Thomas Cook, formerly assistant editor of the JOURNAL, has entered the lecturing field. He will solicit subscriptions for the JOURNAL. He can be addressed in care of this office.

Harriet E. Pope sends two dollars for Austin Kent—that amount she earned by the use of a sewing machine. The angels will bless you for your noble deed.

Philip L. Pierce, a son of David Pierce, who lately died at Belfast, Maine, remarked just before he passed away that he could see his spirit mother.

N. Frank White has closed his lecturing engagement in Washington. He desires to make arrangements to speak South during the winter.

Lois Waisbrooker is writing another book, "Helen Harlow's Vow," which she expects to have ready for the Spring trade.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou lectured at Kirtland, Ohio, on Sunday last. Her spirited addresses are well received.

Miss Lizzie Doten has been compelled to leave the lecturing field temporarily on account of serious lung troubles.

Dr. G. Newcomer will answer calls to lecture. His address is 288 Superior st., Cleveland, Ohio. He lectures at Fredonia to-morrow.

Samuel S. Hartman, Goshen, Ind., has entered the lecturing field.

E. B. Wheelock's address is now Cedar Fall Iowa.

Peter West has been at Rosa Clare, Hardeh Co., Ill., locating mineral veins.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock has been delivering a course of lectures at Maquoketa, Iowa.

A. B. Bartlett writes to us but omits his post office address.

Philadelphia Department.

[illegible] .... H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

The Cause in Bordentown, N. J.

A reverend father of the church named Walton, perhaps, a descendant of Isaac, went fishing for souls, and he fancied that he could catch more fish by driving them out of the broad ocean of free thought and investigation, into the little narrow frith where his church lay. He fulminated against modern Spiritualism in a very earnest and priest-like manner, and we are deeply indebted to him for his labors.

The pool of Siloam needed stirring, and this good brother has done it effectually, and the result is that many are crowding up, ready to step in and be healed. Our excellent Sister Waters wrote two admirable replies to his four sermons, one of which was published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and the other in our columns. These have been greatly sought after and read, and have done a good work. Through the influence of Bro. Waters and his wife, we were invited to speak to the friends in that place, and on Monday the 20th of December, we lectured to one of the most crowded houses we have ever met, many being compelled to leave for want of standing room.

We have seldom had a more attentive audience. There was no controversy with our ministerial brother, as we do not question the sincerity of his belief, nor his desire to come to the rescue of his Diabolus or big devil, and the myriads of demons or little devils whom he declares are doing all this great work called modern Spiritualism. We were impressed to show what Spiritualism really teaches.

First. That it endorses to the fullest extent, that grand and universal thought of humanity, in all ages so beautifully expressed by Jesus, that God is a spirit.

Second. The thought that had been dimly shadowed forth in the minds of the most enlightened man and woman—that man is a spirit now and here; that immortality is not to be put on as some would teach, but that mortality is to be put off as a worn-out garment, when the few fleeting hours of time for us have passed away. From this proposition naturally flows the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, a brotherhood that rises above all sects and distinctions, nationalities and countries, and more than that, as is taught by modern Spiritualism, it takes in the brotherhood of all ages, extending its broad and comprehensive arms, not only to take in all the children of our common father who now dwell upon this earth, but all the unnumbered and innumerable hosts who have ever lived in all the dim ages of the past on this little globe—aye, more than this, the untold myriads upon myriads who have ever lived upon all other earths, and who are equally the children of our Father.

We showed that Spiritualism extended farther than any religious sect or denomination of which we have any record, in declaring that all this vast brotherhood, all these children of our Father, are heirs of salvation, and that no one of these can by any possibility be lost.

As Jesus declared, "In my father's house there are many mansions," so we declare that every man and woman that belongs to this brotherhood has a mansion both here and hereafter. Each one has their own peculiar and specific religion, adapted to their conditions and belonging to them only.

Mankind have progressed to a condition to day to measure a man's religion, and there are many who go to church and make long prayers, whom the world will not trust, while there are others who are reputed as infidels whom the world is glad to confide in. A man's religion is known by his acts, his life, and not his profession. Each one makes their own heaven or hell, and carries these with them wherever they go, and there can not possibly be any heaven or hell hereafter, the foundations of which are not laid here and now. Therefore, the sooner we understand this, and go to work and lay the foundations for that which we desire, the easier it will be for us. We have seldom addressed an audience who drank in the truths presented to them, with more avidity. At the close of our lecture, when questions were called for as is our custom, a gentleman in his seat stated our positions very fairly, and asked what we meant by salvation? What are these persons to be saved from, if as you say, none can be lost? We replied, ignorance is hell; undevelopment is the cause of suffering. Knowledge is the only savior of the world, either individually or collectively on the physical, the mental or the spiritual plane, and man as a progressive being is daily learning this great lesson, and coming to know his savior, and thus bringing the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

We are to have another meeting in the same place, City Hall, Bordentown, N. J., on Monday evening, the 17th of January, at 7½ o'clock, when we propose to speak of "Mediumship, and some of the Conditions of Spirit-life."

Under the Weather.

There is something peculiarly expressive in the common saying's of the world. We are all more or less subject to conditions and our surroundings. Bro. Forster, in a recent lecture, "On Free Moral Agency," used this illustration: "A hen is tied to a pear tree by a cord twelve feet long. She may cackle and scratch anywhere under the shadow of that tree that her cord will permit her to go. This is the sum total of her free agency." We would extend this illustration, and say that cord by which she is tied is wound around the tree, and if in her movements, she goes in one direction, which we call wrong, each turn will wind the cord up, and bring her a little closer to the tree, thus narrowing the extent of her freedom, until at last she will find herself a close prisoner; but if she goes in the other direction, which we call right, each turn around the tree widens the scope of her movements, and thus gives her greater freedom.

Mankind are doing one of these two things all the time; they are either narrowing the sphere of their movements by wrong acts, or they are extending them by living in accordance with the laws of rectitude.

This question of being under the weather will illustrate our position. We are too much in the habit of making comments upon the weather for want of something better to speak about. The familiar phrases, "A beautiful day," "What lovely weather!" would not be so objectionable if they did not lead to such expressions as "A terrible day," "What dismal weather! These latter expressions often make us feel very uncomfortable. We should, as philosophers, recognize the fact that the weather is all right, that each peculiar season has its uses and beauties, and that by such expressions we are really murmuring against nature. While we can not in the least change these conditions, we may and often do make ourselves very unhappy.

For a long time, we have recognized the fact that all kinds of weather are good, and that it is wise to protect ourselves against the changes which mark our climate, but there can be no possible good in calling these by bad names or complaining of them, but on the contrary a great amount of evil and discomfort may result from it.

As a physician, we have observed that those persons who go out in all kinds of weather, hot and cold, wet and dry, and who take reasonable care to protect themselves, enjoy the best health, and especially do we believe that this will be the case if we abandon the foolish habit of complaining of the conditions around us, as too hot, or too cold, too wet or too dry. We should look at it in a philosophical light and thus make the best of it, and not be disappointed if we can not always have sunshine.

We believe the spirits do not realize the conditions of the weather except through mortals. The only difference that we have discovered results from the conditions of the mediums. We have found in our own experience that warm weather produces a relaxation which renders us more susceptible to spirit influence. This disposition to complain of the weather may influence mediums as well as others who indulge in it. We would, therefore, appeal to the reason and judgment of these, that they may think what they are doing, and never be "under the weather" from this cause, but like true philosophers rise triumphantly above all these things. Four fifths of the troubles that affect mankind, originate in themselves, and could be avoided if we understood how to apply the true savior of the world—knowledge.

We suffer on the physical plane more from our ignorance of the laws of life than from any other cause.

Let us endeavour to learn how to eat, drink and live, that we may enjoy the highest physical health. Every one realizes that the application of knowledge is the means of salvation; the same is true on the intellectual plane. Knowledge is the key that will unlock the true secrets of success to us. So on the spiritual plane, knowledge is the great revelator. It places us in conditions in which we can receive inspirations from all things around us and above us.

We repeat, then, no philosopher gets "under the weather," or finds anything to complain about in the laws of nature around him; but he sees in all these things, lessons of wisdom, and with each unfolding step, he rises to a higher plane, and appreciates more fully the conditions which are essential to happiness here and hereafter.

CONFIDENCE.

This is the great lever that is to raise the world of humanity. Integrity may be the fulcrum on which it is to be placed.

Confidence in God is the anchor of the soul, that which alone can make us happy in this present life and hopeful for the future. Show us a man who fears God, or who does not have any confidence in Him, and we will show you one who is not really happy, however much he may assume it before his fellow men. In all ages of the world, mankind have realized this fact, and given evidence of it by their confidence in some form of a Supreme Being. True, we do not understand the Infinite Being, but as He has implanted infinite aspirations in our human souls, these can only be fed and sustained by confidence in Him. So, also, confidence in our fellow man is the basis of true happiness. Suspicion is the primary cause of the greater part of the crime which abounds in the world. A weak brother or sister starts out on the journey of life, hoping to do well, but needing the sympathy and confidence of those around him or her. Instead of that, perhaps the very first person that meets them, chills their very souls with a cold, dark suspicion, which drives them to acts that they had never contemplated, and would have shuddered at; and thus is the beginning of crime its very foundation laid. All through life the secret history of the soul of humanity responds to the thought that suspicion has been the foul and slimy monster that has not only started man on the road to crime, but has crushed out his purest and holiest aspirations which would have lead him to paths of goodness and truth and out of error and wrong. We heard a Spiritualist say that he believed every other man that he met was a rogue—it caused a shudder to pass over us. The church has taught that all men are depraved, and prates about original sin. But for a Spiritualist to believe that one half his fellow men are dishonest, is terrible. We have met with some dishonest men who pretended to be Spiritualists, but it was a sham and a pretense. We had much rather lose all that we have been defrauded out of by these hollow-hearted hypocrites, who, with loud-sounding prayers, steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, than to suspect an honest man,—lose our confidence in humanity and crush out the noble emotions that rise up in the minds of those who may not always have walked in the path of integrity. We believe that in proportion as we lose our confidence in our fellow man, we shall also lose it in God. Therefore, when we have been mistaken in our fellow men, we are not disposed to lose confidence in humanity. It is good and will be true, and in the coming future when we walk upon the shining shores of the better land, we shall have still more confidence in our fellow beings and in our Father-God. Let us, therefore, each one, strive to live so that we may merit the confidence of all around us, and in return let us have confidence that we may thus grow stronger. There are a great many persons who lack that self-confidence which is essential to success in life. How often do we hear persons say, "there is no use of trying, we have done everything we can, and all looks dark and gloomy, we might as well give up;" and so they hang their hands and weep over life's failures, little dreaming that the very expressions they are thus making, take away the last remnant of that courage that would make life's struggles noble and triumphant.

If confidence in God and in our fellow men, is essential to integrity and success in life, so, true self confidence which flows naturally from these and from a feeling of internal rectitude, is of the highest importance. Even when we feel the discouragements that will come upon us at times, we should be very careful how we give expression to those gloomy feelings. A naked thought is far less potent for evil than when it is warmed into life by being clothed in expression, stronger, perhaps, than the original thought, and which, doubtless, has given it much more vitality. Then, again, spirits upon a low plane in the interior life, may only get our thoughts when they are pressed in strong, terse, it may be, improper language. In this sense, we are brought to judgement for every idle word. They are written in indelible characters, not in the book of life, but in our own books of life, pages of, which we are writing every day and every hour. Will we blot and disfigure the pages with unseemly scrawls that we should not like either to look upon ourselves or to have others see? let us rather write clear, straight forward lines that may be read by others as well as ourselves, with pleasure and profit.

Our New Books.

The readers of this paper will do well to look over our advertised books. Several new books will be found advertised—all of which are for sale at this office.

Truth Stranger Than Fiction.



[Paul and Judas Entering the Cave of John the Baptist.]

A WONDERFUL BOOK!

STRANGE REVELATIONS BY PAUL AND JUDAS concerning their lives and intercourse with Jesus and his apostles, given through

ALEXANDER SMYTH, MEDIUM,

of Philadelphia, by the spirits taking possession of him about one hour in every twenty-four, usurping all his powers, giving a continued series of well connected scenes, presenting scenery, characters and personages, dialogues and actions in their regular order and succession, embracing all the most important personages and incidents which occurred during the sojourn of Jesus while upon earth. There was probably no book ever written in which such perfect life pictures occur; every city and country village, every river, brook and mountain, and scenery in general, is so vividly portrayed that an actual journey through the country could hardly be more interesting. The characters in this unchanged drama are so faithfully portrayed, that, as you are introduced to each in turn, you seem well acquainted and delighted with your company, and the many points of interest you are called to visit. The book is replete with interest from beginning to end, but we can mention only one or two leading items of each scene as we pass.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS:

In the first scene we are introduced to Paul and Judas who have mounted their spirited steeds, for a day's journey in search of the recluse, JOHN THE BAPTIST. We journey with them—at noon they halt for rest and refreshments.

SCENE II.

The bondsman, Judas, opens out a rich feast from his leathern bag, while Paul gives him a feast in turn, which is perfectly bewildering. They resume their journey, and find the object of their search alone in a mountain cave, haranguing an imaginary audience. Paul and Judas enter. John frightened and squares himself for a fight; laughable scenes occur, and Paul gets well paid for his journey.

SCENE III.

Graphic description of the Mount of Olives and surrounding country, including the beautiful village of Bethany, the home of Lazarus, his lovely daughters Martha and Mary; the latter has a strange presentiment; Martha tries to pry into the secret; Mary in tears, etc.

SCENE IV.

Jesus visits the house of Lazarus, after a sojourn of many years in foreign lands. The welcome; a perplexing mystery solved. Mary swoons; returns to her senses—too good to be true. Jesus and Mary walk by moonlight alone in the garden; what transpired during the interview.

SCENE V.

The baptism; the storm; what John saw. Jesus offended, and John distressed; Paul jubilant. The opinion of Judas concerning Jesus, John and others. The multitude scatter; Paul commands Judas to follow Jesus to his retreat; he obeys, is delighted with his company, and becomes a disciple. What occurred there.

SCENE VI.

Judas returns with a flattering report. Paul encouraged, sends Judas off in search of a fortune-teller. He stops at an inn where he meets an old friend of his youth; have a jubilant time; secrets disclosed confidentially. A strange character here introduced, who plays an important part in the scenes following. Judas finds a medium and engages a sitting for his master, Saul.

SCENE VII.

The Octagon Temple of Mystery; its gorgeous drapery and furniture; the queenly occupant. Paul's reception and embarrassment; strange revelations; Paul delighted and the medium disgusted.

SCENE VIII.

Jesus in his Grotto, reclines upon a bench and falls into a deep slumber; has a remarkable dream; foreshadowing his future career and its results, all of which have been literally fulfilled during the past eighteen hundred years.

SCENE IX.

Fifteen hills and verdant slopes surround a fertile spot wherein a village stands. Description of said village and its inhabitants. At the setting of the orb of day, three weary travelers arrived at the Spring of Nazareth. Several lovely maidens surround the well, one of whom approaches the tallest of the travelers and offers him a drink; a conversation ensues; they go off together. A surprise, and what comes of it. The death of Mary, the reputed mother of Jesus; her parting words and bestowal of a casket, which he opens, and which opens his eyes; a mystery solved.

SCENE X.

Jesus preaches a sermon, and offends a Rabbi; he replies; a warm time; meeting breaks up in a row, and Jesus barely escapes with his life. Strange scenes and incidents, great excitement.

SCENE XI.

Jesus among the fishermen of Genesereth. A graphic description of the country. The Hill of Beatitudes. The Town of Capernium and Village of Bethsaida. Simon and his residence, and what occurred on the piazza. Simon's birth-day, and a remarkable draught of fishes. A strange coincidence. "By the God of Moses, here comes old Zebedee." He takes a cup of wine, and tells a long story. Judas in ecstacies; he puts a flee in Simon's ear. Simon pleased with the prospect of becoming a great man, becomes a fisher of men. Has poor success pecuniarily; kicks up a muss; Judas divides the spoils, and Simon becomes reconciled.

SCENE XII.

Judas and Simon become friends on a basis of mutual interest. John the Baptist declared crazy; has a dispute; his opponents get mad, and leave in disgust. *Cosby*, a strange character, appears. An exciting scene.

SCENE XIII.

Paul begins to be uneasy. Judas in possession of his secrets, and he fears an expose. Paul's meditations upon the precarious situation; a rap at his door—it is Judas. He enters and they take a drink. Judas reports progress. Strange doings at Nazareth. Judas gives an amusing description of the character and personal appearance of Jesus' followers, *confidentially*.

SCENE XIV.

The City of Jerusalem. The *Gorgeous Temple*. A minute description of the stupendous structure. The immense Altar of Burnt Sacrifices; the priests at the top; vast inclined planes extend from either side, terminating in well filled cattle-yards. An immense gathering at the Temple; Jesus mingles in the crowd; obtains an elevated position and preaches his radical doctrines; says hard things about the high priests. The people enraged; a general melee ensues in which the tables of the money-changers are capsized, and the thieves and pick-pockets reap a rich harvest.

SCENE XV.

The gorgeous palace of the Sanhedrim. A full description of it and its inmates. The high priests in trouble. Paul's opportunity and how he improves it. The conspiracy; the whole city in confusion and terror. Paul plays a double game, and how he comes out.

SCENE XVI.

Jesus turns up again and preaches another radical sermon. Cosby appears upon the scene, though not recognized—of course not.

SCENE XVII.

The beautiful gate, the largest of nine which gave entrance to the Court of Israel, built of Corinthian brass, ninety feet high by seventy feet wide, covered on both sides with gold plates. Jesus gains admission and gets into another dispute, and what comes of it.

SCENE XVIII.

Paul gets John the Baptist imprisoned and condemned to death. Jesus visits him; an affecting scene; the execution.

A PLEASANT DIVERSION

In which Paul communicates sundry matters of interest to his medium, Alexander Smyth, of Philadelphia.

SCENE XX.

Martha meets Jesus and informs him of the death of her father Lazarus. They hasten to the house of mourning; the strange things that occurred there, and what was said of them. The priests excited by the stories afloat concerning the strange transaction.

Another sermon and another argument in which the priests are confounded.

SCENE XXI.

The woman caught in adultery; her arrest; the condemnation, trial and triumph.

SCENE XXII.

Cosby turns up again; his afflictions and how he is relieved. A gay and festive gent, up to all manner of tricks.

SCENE XXIII.

The great conspiracy ripens.

SCENE XXIV.

The Disciples all meet at Bethany; a grand reunion, and infamous treachery. Mary accidentally catches a few words of some remark of Judas'. She discovers a plot, and warns Jesus, but he fails to see the point until it's too late. An infamous document sent by an officer from the great Sanhedrim; an immediate reply demanded and answered.

SCENE XXV.

Matters culminating very rapidly. A fearful scene.

SCENE XXVI.

The last supper; strange conduct of the Apostle John. Judas retires from the company; he returns.

SCENE XXVII.

Jesus arrested, and his followers disgusted: their game was up; fishing for fish more lucrative. The great trial; the witnesses and judges; exciting scenes and incidents. Another prisoner apprehended and brought into court; nine counts in the indictment.

SCENE XXVIII.

The magnificent Palace and Fortress of Antonia, built by Herod the Great; the great hall of state. Pontious Pilate; Tiberius Cæsar. Herod Antipas comes to the city on business; attends the trial and had a severe trial himself. The Father and Mother of Jesus; who are they? We shall see before the close of this scene.

SCENE XXIX.

Great excitement in Jerusalem and elsewhere. A frantic mother and lover. Ho, for Calvary! The procession; line of march. Marshalls, police executioners, &c. Martha and Mary in the crowd; Mary swoons and falls into the arms of Cosby, who for the first time in his life, feels the weight of responsibility. The distressing scenes which follow. Herod Antipas musing in his palace. A strange visitor; her affecting plea. The curious bracelet; an impregnable monitor; Herod wilts; Has sent his own son to ignominious death; the scramble for the cross. Alas! too late, too late!

SCENE XXX.

Another scene. The shades of night, and a murky mist hangs over Jerusalem. Paul and Judas under engagement to meet in a secluded spot, by moonlight, at the hour of midnight; Judas on time; his impatient waiting, and the strange sensations which came over him; Paul approaches. The freedom papers and bag of gold are presented, and glittering weapons as well. "Are you prepared, Judas; one of us must die this night." The terrible contest; Paul the victor; the dying words of Judas to Paul, such as must thrill the soul of every reader of this remarkable book.

SCENE XXXI.

Final communication of Saul to Alexander Smyth, through whom these strange and startling revelations were given, which will be read with intense interest.

The book contains 31[illegible] pages of closely printed matter, bound in muslin, and for sale at this office. Price $1.50. Postage 20 cents.

Address S. S. JONES,
1[illegible]8 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

GOOD, EVIL, ETC.

Communication from Henry Whittemore—Mrs. L. Smith, Medium.

[Continued from last week.]

Has the world become better or worse under the new dispensation? and go farther back still if you wish, to the early days of the world history. Was the world better or more beautiful then than now? The coarse ideal of all things then framed society into the barbarians they were, and does not scripture point out their many vices and lead forward to the better way even Moses' law? Knowledge is power, and power is law and future progress, but knowledge must put no limitation upon that progress only to uphold, but not to withhold. There has been steady progress from out of immaturity to more perfect maturity in all the great issues of life,—slow, steady, gradual progress. Man is incomplete without restraint, but that knowledge is unlimited and goes on restraining forever. Progress means not uncontrolled wrong in all its phases, but a kindly love for the human family in all its grades of ignorance, developed not yet into the truth. The evil there is in man has its rise and fall,—goes on to its terminus in like proportion to his capability for good. Enthusiastic, warm hearted, passionate nature in the purest walks in life, would make the most furiously evil-minded man, left to evil, and evil alone from the beginning, all according to nature's law. How important then that right inclinations be engrafted in the warm hearted natures of children—a strong pre disposition given for the right. The bold career of the thoroughly bad man would work as efficiently in the cause of right and justice in the opposite field, with the right inducements, and vice versa, ere habits are established upon a firm basis in the good man. But the question is how to avail ourselves of the right information to better the condition of the unsettled views of life's important mission, &c. We fail in our object, if after a few unsuccessful efforts, we abandon the trial and give up the burden of our thoughts to his own untoward circumstances for which he is not to blame, more than you merit praise for the favorable conditions under which you were born.

Spirit revelation ignores the fact that that which God has created can be proved evil. In the beginning it was not so. God created the heavens and the earth and all that is in them, so the narrative reads, and pronounced them good. The world went on and became evil, so says the historical account, and God destroyed man from the face of the earth, and repented that he had made him. Now what does this prove but that which all history plainly shows, that nations, as well as individual life, wear out and decay, becomes unfruitful and gives way, through revolution if not natural death, for a new order of things? a figure to illustrate the coming era, a new dispensation about being inaugurated among them. This would be our translation of the ancient tradition. The perpetuity of all existences depends upon their relation to all other natural causes. We draw our vitality from that which supplies our every need, and this is as much a necessity with nations as individuals. Moral decrepitude, intolerant bigotry, torpor or lassitude in governmental affairs, present strong symptoms of decay, and fostered, will bring about its ruin as effectually as the same causes give rise to dissolution of human organism. Healthy activity is needful everywhere, at all times, feebleness never. The young republic thrives better on hardships—works its way along more securely when inured to toil, than when helplessness of old age and competence have arrived. Now the sinews wax old—growth, prosperity, maturity, have filled out to its utmost, leaving no room for increased usefulness, metaphorically speaking, and the time has arrived, naturally, for the declension of all its powers, and this seems to be the result, as all history goes to prove. This seems to be a natural result, and is a blessing rather than a curse. The handing down of history from one generation to another, always speak of this downfall of nations as an evil, because to them, from their feeble shortsighted inspection it seems so; but when the evil has passed and good the result, we alter our decision. For instance, the Roman power had waxed strong throughout all of its domain, and wielded an iron scepter with relentless hand. The days of barbarism were re-enacted now with terrible force. Martyrs were burned at the stake for dissenting from time-worn creeds, human sacrifices were offered as oblations to appease the animosity of church; its defenders were as cruel as only an overgrown, worn out dynasty could perpetuate. Result, Protestantism. From an evil sprung the good, and so it will be, and already is, even in your own days. Religion of the present day has become the stale, insipid, sometimes bitter, products of expended vitality, and needs the active, vital elements of reform to re invigorate the dead carcass. Spiritualism is an outgrowth from that. This in due time we have no doubt will have done its work and given place to something better, more enduring, better fitted for the promotion of happiness amongst you. But according to the age in which you live, so do you receive. The world has grown old, and yet you have but commenced your being. You are adapted to the world as you find it, the result of that which has gone before, with fresher needs and greater scope for desire, consequently revelation not of anterior date alone, but present needs, &c. Each generation claims additional testimony fitted for the times in which we live, &c.

The result of evil is mainly seen and felt as a crisis, an ebullition, or moral earthquake, throwing to the surface of that which vitiates and acts upon the victim, even as we behold the scrofula pustules, or throwing off, throwing off the poisonous matter through the pores of the skin. But as the eruption purifies the blood, so does the working out of man's nature through his evil deeds prove his moral regeneration, perhaps. This is difficult to see in a multitude of cases but the same rule works good,—probe it to the bottom. The evil is in man's nature even though you perceive it not until his purification shall have commenced, and only awaits the hour of trial to effect its release. We speak now only of its effects upon the individual, not upon his surroundings. Of the wrong he does himself, not that which he does his neighbor. Man commits murder. It is not the innocent cause of the foul deed that we take into consideration now, but the sad perpetrator of said deed. Murder! The hot blood reeking through his system which impelled the fearful blow, was the result of a combination of causes which have laid there from early infancy—a poisoned fount within himself—foundation cause, organization—aye, absorbed from parental nerve-center, anterior to birth even. Birth, positive tendency to the commission of said deed; and the final enactment, only the settlement of first compact, for the child was signed, sealed and delivered to evil. Go back to first causes and examine the matter there, and your charity will grow broader to the criminal.

Take the little seed, for better understanding of natural bent, and see how you find it. Cast it into the soil all fruitful of good effects, but previous to germination, place a stone upon it, and the sprout as it issues forth into the clear light of day, forces its way up and beyond this terrible barrier to its first tender being. It struggles to put forth its leaves healthily, and grows out of its distorted condition slowly, if assisted by careful culture to do so. But the opposite effect of life's conditions; place stone after stone upon its rapid growth and what will be the result then? Would not the downward bent soon rob it of all of life's beauty? Repeated efforts to rise and throw off its unnatural position continue still, if allowed to do so, because nature always strives to do her work well, but continued pressure enfeeble or diminish each succeding effort until it may never lift its ponderous weight to more genial influences. And so it is with the man to whom a wrong tendency was given from the beginning. He may struggle manfully, if, indeed, he have the desire to live the true life and combat fearfully with the odds against him, but as is oftener the case, he does not understand that which is wrong within him, and renders material aid for, instead of against the evil so much to be dreaded;—has not learned to know himself. The hour of temptation arrives and he yields willing obedience; the knife falls, the victim is robbed, evil passion aroused has done its work, and the hardened sinner as you count him to be, goes on from one wicked deed to another, until apparently calloused beyond redemption, so we take him to the gallows perhaps. But let us not adjudge too harshly, until we have learned all there is to be gleaned in our investigation of the matter. But leave this poor criminal here while we search out another problematical character not as easily understood as this. That boy born of virtuous parents, has been reared carefully and prayerfully, perhaps; why, too, does he fall when the hour of temptation has arrived? All his life long he has been trusted, emoluments heaped upon him—no apparent need in that man's nature for more thorough cleansing by purgative remedies, as we pronounced the effect of evil deeds in first instance. Nay, but how was it with the scrofula patient, with that fair, clear complexion, transparent in its loveliness,—did you see the ravages of the deadly virus until in cancerous affection it came to the surface? Neither have you weighed the predisposition of certain qualities in that man's nature, gradually undermining, rather than building up, of a firm, substantial basis in moral character. We judge not by external appearance, but by all the avenues or springs leading to the interior life. Crime develops from weakened moral energy quite as rapidly sometimes as in the man who to you appears thoroughly undeveloped and ripe for crime, because in his nature even, a certain set of organs have for a time maintained an even balance, acting as an effect or hindrance to the perpetration of crime. We cannot judge of the criminal until we know of what metal he is composed, and of the degree of heat necessary to fuse its particles into a suitable condition for extracting the virtue from vice, and then use due discrimination in our treatment of them; until such time be not too hasty in your denunciation of them.

Evil deeds purify character in this wise. The virulence of disease manifests itself by inflammatory action; pain and intense suffering the consequence. Now you have located the disease, you apply the remedy. The guilty man learns by and through suffering, the measure of the iniquity there is in him, and knows himself as he never understood his nature before, and though the day of reformation is indefinitely prolonged, yet the leaven is at work even in the most obdurate heart. Believe it, kind friend, the vilest sinner has remorseful moments, and would that he had been blessed with kinder and more genial influences. The bolder the exterior, the more hardened the criminal, the surer the remedy sometimes. The system has worked itself clear by the commission of terrible crimes (inflamatory action), whereas the less acute or chronic form is more difficult to act upon, its torpid action revealing not itself, but lying deeper within the springs of life, slowly undermining vital action; its aspects not so much dreaded, because not so clearly seen. Are expositions like these productive of harm? Verily we see it not so. We would that man study his physical development better, that he may more thoroughly build up barriers for the better protection of soul-life—equalize the unharmonious relations. This he can do by suitable and correct instruction. We define evil the wrong condition from out of which you can mature, leaving always the evil or imperfect state like an old chrysalis shell worn threadbare. It is more than futile for us to attempt to give a full elucidation of this subject. It is voluminous in its adaptations to man and his several needs, but if we can give you a few helps toward a general understanding of truths so full of moment to the world at this stage of its investigations, then we have done much. The revealing of spirit impressions as given by us to mediums, we do not expect always to be new revelations of fact to each and every mind. We often tell you that truth has always existed, and is only brought to light in different forms to suit all classes of mind. One says these are my settled convictions—have been for years. True, but have you always been able to give expression to them? and if so, others have not, and it is for their development and instruction that we come. Light may open upon one soul where perhaps you have eaten and been filled. But as accumulations of all the formations of earth's soil produce strata after strata, so do our gifts, thrown in of our individual experiences constitute stratas of spiritual soil amongst you. Glean from them what you can for the support of the spiritual nature and the refuse matter can become food for lower orders of development still.

An inharmonious organism can never be acted upon with any certainty of success without knowledge. A hap-hazard recital of organs incident to all, classified according to the author's recognition of general principles, is not that which we wish to see; but the clear, discriminating, careful watching of a parent's fond love, matured by observation, culture and refinement. Such an one, and none other can hope to bring concord out of discord.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" but if the downward bent can be successfully propped up and kept standing long enough, and all of its influences be productive of good and good only, there is hope, even in this life for abundant success. As the tree is typical of man, so is man the representative power of inborn forces, which truly constitute the interior or spiritual man.

Taking this view of the lesson now under consideration, until life on earth shall have passed away, it shall not be likely that the majority of your criminals, bad men, shall become better during the earthly sphere, until gradually you, as a people, shall have passed on to higher conditions, and earth shall have grown better.

Present relations produce present conditions. Individuals may be reformed successfully, but not the world. But each generation moves forward and leaves some bright impress for the better (some evil understood) behind, and the world is benefitted by the change, and so the work goes on.

Manifold changes have been visible to you in this your favored land, even during the last century, and as the wave extends from the centre to uttermost bounds of a lake that the thoughtless throw of a stone has produced, so each progressive change shall be felt to the uttermost boundary of this earthly home. Hope not for sudden reform—the agitation of any new thing was sudden in its first decided action, perhaps, but each ripple of circling wave surrounding the stone thrown, grows slower and slower still, but quite as effectively does its work. What knowledge have you of the past, swept long ago to the limitless future; Do you learn of its inhabitants, their past condition, by the multitude of works upon which to build a theory relative to their condition? Nay, you have nothing to guide you, or next to nothing, but a little fossil shell, perhaps, and yet this one strong evidence of power has carried you back to the age in which men lived in remote antiquity, and you feel that you have still a link, binding you to the mighty past, and not only this, but there is a weight attached to this one little mollusk which outweighs all other evidence, and you can study and learn that earth has truly progressed and is still progressing. Taking this mighty fact into consideration, fear no evil, but grow out of that evil. We have learned by science to unfold earth's treasures which have lain embedded there for lapse of ages, and built up a theory undermining preconceived opinions, but has this truth caused the world all to go astray? Nay, it has only revealed light and knowledge built upon a stronger foundation, and so all truth travels on. The seed which to-day is planted, parts assunder, and leaves the germinal principle to expand, put forth its leaves and grow into increasing beauty each day, always the same and never alike—growth, interminable growth; time keeps pace with its power of expansion, but you never.

In all the remote ages of antiquity—go back as far as science may lead—you will find this fact, that each series of development possessed marked features of progressed action over and above all preceding developments, and when you arrive at the period of man's inheritance, does not the same law hold good here? From this we infer (and how rightly you must be your own judges) that the same law holds good in modern times. Improvement, change, growth are as essential in the one instance as in the other.

Evil, then, is but the false position at such time or times as we are growing out of, or away from it, and reflects back upon us as an uncertain sound. Positive ignorance is not evil to a subject living under it, but to the individual maintaining a position contrary to knowledge. The liberty of possession is binding upon all. We need not err, but gather strength by closely pursuing the subject under consideration.

The warring of elements, mighty, grand, sublime, picture forth certain forms of disruption whereby peace may come. War, we emphatically pronounce an evil, and at the time, and to the people in its immediate bearings it becomes such, but as ages shall have rolled back, and the future unfolded itself, it shall have an historical record thus: the liberation of 20,000,000 of bondmen. It shall have proved but the passing wave of reform; evil that good may come, or the presentation of fact out of fiction—imaginary evil. We make history each day, but its condensed statement, after we are laid away to rest can only be profitably read. It may not be known what man is until his whole earthly career shall have been spent.

It becomes us, in a studied analysis of evil, to keep always in view this fact, that man everywhere is exactly just what he was created, and can be neither better or worse, only by contraction or expansion—fixed law. That the result of this life will be immutable law, even as with the plant you cultivate. You may bring out all of its powers into beautiful bloom, or you may cramp, starve, or otherwise distort it into stunted deformity. The natural inference, then, would be, to the casual observer, that, conceived in ignorance and sin, we must be ignorant and sinful still; but the proposition holds not good here, only that he will be man still, born under those physical conditions which govern so long as he is related to them bodily or in exact accordance to the springs of human action brought to bear upon them. We define bodily life and the spiritual being as two seperate entities, unlike in mental characteristics—the one of the world, the other god-like—but the world keeps back the embryo form of spiritual life until the time of its releasement shall come; that we have but little to do with in this bearing. We are born evil—that is, not in that full proportion which the earthly relation could fill out, and in just as much as we are wanting, so must our needs be, and a lack of conformity begin; just so far are we evil. Our nearness or relation to the Father consists in that perfect adaptness of all our parts to natural, perfect law, and just so far as this exists, just so far shall we fill out the measure of our days in truth and righteousness.

Nature's law—what is it? God's law. And if God's law, whence does the ignorance come? From natural principles, therefore from legitimate causes. And when we say "right," we mean in accordance with the law or laws which formed it into being. This question of what is evil has legitimatized itself into meaning God's law, or the product of natural causes. Whence the wrong? All things are right according to the conditions which have produced them; and this is the length, breadth, height and depth of the lesson, when thoroughly learned. We measure our strength by the capacity which we have inborn for the attainment of any object. So far can we go, and no farther. And this is the case with us exactly now, we are confined within certain limits, and cannot so fully explain all branches of a subject with that clearness of perception we would gladly do, simply because we cannot take our medium right along with us. Preparation is needful for even so much as we have given to-day. But enough has been said to outline certain beautiful truths, and in due time we may be able to come and portray more; until such time we we will say, adieu.

Snow-Flakes.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft and slow
Decends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

A Thought Over a Cradle.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I sadden when thou smilest to my smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue
The shadow of my heart will always pass;—
A heart that from its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That shuts within its breast a bloom for Heaven,
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight forever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
My life is bound up in her. But, oh God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burthen; and if thou hast given
To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,
To bring it unpolluted unto thee,
TAKE THOU ITS LOVE, I pray thee! Give it light—
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light
Shining about her, draw me to my child!
And link us close, oh God, when near to heaven!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

CINCINNATI.

The Seances of Miss Lizzie Keizer.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Since seeing you, I have been attending Miss Lizzie Keizer's seance. These are producing no little sensation on this community. Her first meetings were held in Hopkin's Hall, which was then abundantly large for all who come to hear her; but as the news of her disclosures went forth, her audiences increased until she was compelled to look for more room. She now occupies Greenwood Hall (one of the largest halls in the city), and on each of the evenings that I had the pleasure of being present, had all its seats filled.

She is a young woman, spare, even medium height, and of modest demeanor, and although uneducated (as I am informed) uses good language on the stand, and to it adds a positive and decisive character. She permits no applause nor demonstrations of any kind while her seances are in operation. Her manner of manifestations, like those of all other mediums, are exclusively her own.

She appears upon the stand or stage but a few minutes before she commences her seances, but one person being with her, and he—a gentleman, seated about twelve or fifteen feet from her. After sitting for a few minutes, she rises to her feet, looks over her audience and walks backward and forward across the stand until something seems to arrest her attention. She then stops, points out and describes a spirit standing by some one of her auditors; gives the name and relationship, if any, which the spirit bears to the person to whom it shows its attention. Questions are then usually asked, and a correspondence ensues between the spirit and the party designated.

This is a general view of her exhibitions, but probably an example or two will give a clearer and more satisfactory explanation.

"Here," she said (pointing to a particular part of the room) "comes a spirit. He is rather tall, has dark hair, blue eyes, and aquiline nose, and says that he knows most of the persons in this quarter" (pointing to a division) "of the hall. He says that his name is Wash Armstrong. He limps."

Almost every body in the house recognized the spirit.

Wash, while in the earth life, had been what is familiarly called, *a character*, and as such was known from one end of Hamilton County (which includes Cincinnati) to the other. He had been an officer in the Mexican War, lost a leg at the battle of Monterey, and afterwards held a number of civil offices in both city and county. A number of questions were asked him, all of which he answered to the full satisfaction of the audience. After a time your correspondent inquired, "Why do you limp?" "I got that," was the reply, "for going to Mexico." He had, as above noticed, lost a leg in the Mexican War.

Some thirty or forty spirits were described during each seance, and open correspondences usually had between them and their friends, all of which bore the marks of reality, and commanded the most profound attention.

At one of these seances, she described a spirit standing by your correspondent, gave his name, and reported him as being of the same profession, claiming an acquaintance, and to have left this life about nineteen years ago. I could then remember no such person, and, as a consequence, the medium had to announce to the audience that "the spirit was not recognized." No such person was then present to my mind, but between that and the next morning he, returned fresh to memory, and I now recollect him very well.

On the evening following the one just noticed, another spirit also came to me. He, too, claimed an acquaintance and membership of the same profession. She described him and gave his name, but, as on the former occasion, I could recognize no such person. But to test his acquaintance, I inquired if he could give her my name. To which, after a moment's pause, came the answer in these words: "Well, I thought ———— would have known me." My name was correctly given, still I could not recognize the spirit, and did not until after the meeting, when an old acquaintance brought him to my memory. Now I remember him well. I had never then spoken to the medium, except as herein noticed (while she was on the stand)—had never, to my knowledge, been nearer to her than I then was, about thirty or forty feet off, nor do I believe that she knew me, or that she ever saw me, except as I appeared, as one of her auditors.

These were among the simplest of the tests given. Many other persons had long correspondences with their friends—had numerous spirits around them at the same time, had them described, their names given, and various other items transmitted which, among other things, proved their identities beyond all reasonable doubt.

X

A STRANGE STORY.

A Boston Lady Sees a vision on the House-top.

FROM THE BOSTON TIMES.

On Friday morning last, at about four o'clock, a lady resident at the west end of the city, having occasion to ascend to the roof of her dwelling, beheld a brilliant reflection of a light of many colors, like the rain-bow, on the white linen hanging on her line, and raising her darkened eye in bewilderment to the sky, was obliged to cover her eyes with her hands on account of the dazzling effulgence and splendor which met her view, and transfixed as with a dart her very soul. Quivering with astonishment and fear, she hastened down stairs, and alarmed the inmates of the house, who, eager to behold what she failed to portray in words, were astounded to see in the firmament the blazing form of a man, as resplendent as the sun in its meridian glory. Round about him, the forms of gorgeously attired infants in angelic beauty hovered, and beneath them were seen the profiles of two women in a kneeling posture. One man, a Mr. Wiggin, also a resident of the west end, and a very trustworthy gentleman, possessing more *esprit present* than the others, smoked a glass, through which was perceivable these words: "come, now is the accepted time." These were in very large green letters, which he says he plainly saw. There were other words, but our informant could not dechiper them. "In the last days there shall be signs in the heavens." Surely the end must be approaching when justice will no longer be tempered with mercy, but with the wrath of the great Judge of all judges, who shall not fail nor be discouraged until He hath set judgment in the earth.

We have made inquiries concerning the parties alluded to above, and find that they are not Spiritualists nor Second Adventists, and are not giv[illegible]ht-mare. They are worthy Methodist people. Had only one person seen the sight it might be considered remarkable; but several saw the forms distinctly and the sight made an impression on their minds. We leave it for the meteorologist to determine what the phenomena was.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

SPIRITUALISM IN UTAH.

The Prophet Joseph Smith Conversing with Parley P. Pratt through a Spiritual Medium—Brigham Indignant, and Hurls his Anathemas at the Medium.

BY EDWIN EBNER DAVIS.

Living in this locality is an aged gentleman who was formerly a Mormon preacher, but left the faith "once delivered to the Saints,—" apostatized—because, forsooth, he could not exactly agree with all the doings nor believe all the sayings of the "Lord's Peculiar People." In fact, in his eyes, they were a "Peculiar People," very! To him I am indebted for the following narrative of "Spiritualism in the Valley:"

"In the winter of 1856," says he, "I was living in Salt Lake City, and one Sunday, as usual, found myself seated in the Tabernacle. In due time, Parley P. Pratt, then one of the Twelve Apostles, arose and stated to the congregation, that the subject for discussion upon the present occasion, was Spiritualism, and proceeded as follows:

"My brothers and sisters, you are fully aware, many, if not all, that Spiritualism and Spirit Mediums are in this valley—yea, even in Salt Lake City! In the first place, I wish to impress upon your mind the fact, that Spiritualism, as it is called, is *no humbug*! Understand me now, I, Parley Pratt, say Spiritualism is *no humbug*, I know it isn't. You will, no doubt, feel astonished at this revelation made by me, but stop awhile, and I'll astonish you *even more*.

A few nights since, I attended a spiritual circle, held privately in this city, and saw and heard many things which surprised me. The spirit of Joseph Smith was present, and I conversed with him, and he told me many things I know to be true, and known *only to myself*. There was also present a writing medium, and I asked Joseph if he would write me a message. He said he would. Paper and pencil were produced, and Joseph wrote me a few lines, and signed his name to the document, and I have it here in my pocket. Now, I have compared this writing with Joseph's, for I have letters of his in my possession, and I will defy the most acute observer to detect the slightest difference between the lines written at the spiritual circle and Joseph's written while in earth life. I have compared his o's and n's and h's, in fact, every letter on this piece of paper (holding it up before the congregation), I have examined minutely, name and all, alongside of manuscript I know he *did* write, and there is *no variation in the least*. All the motions of the medium while speaking, were strictly Joseph's—that will be sworn to. You all know, who have seen Joseph, the peculiar way he had of throwing himself when speaking; of throwing his head to one side, and pausing a moment as if to meditate. This the medium did, who never saw Joseph, and all her movements, gestures, and tone of voice, were Joseph Smiths, to a dot.

Now, my brothers and sisters, could I say "Spiritualism is false" in the face and eyes of this testimony? No; therefore, I say it is true! (A pause, the congregation somewhat excited.) But my brethren, *it is all the work of the devil*!

The phenomena is true, but the devil has a hand in the manifestations. The Lord never yet commenced a work upon the earth, but what the devil tried to do something as near like it as possible. But, my brethren and sisters, my experience does not end with the spiritual circle. When I retired to bed for the night, and had scarce laid down, rap, rap, rap came upon the head board of the bedstead. I had raised the devil, sure enough, and he would not keep quiet. Rap, rap, rap—they came more distinctly, and I got out of bed; but soon laid down again, yet the infernal raps continued, and thus it was all night long, and I did not sleep a wink. So you see, my friends, I have had enough experience in the matter to warrant me in saying that I am a firm believer in Spiritualism; but the devil is the prime mover of the whole business.

Brigham Young then arose and handled Spiritualists' and Mediums without gloves. Said he, "I would not force any one to go in the cold of winter, but as soon as grass grows and water runs, they must be off, or take the consequence. Now, mark me well; as soon as *grass grows and water runs, is your time*!"

The old gentleman who gave me the above is a strong Spiritualist, and a very intelligent truthful man. To Mormonism, said he, I am indebted for it. Had Parley P. Pratt never made the disclosure he did, I probably never would have investigated Spiritualism. As it is, I am thankful.

Palermo, Kansas.

The Baby.

BY MRS. EMILY E. MILLER.

"What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me if you can,—
You with your fingers as white as a nun,—
You with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving.
See if your wise little noodle can tell
What you are good for: now ponder it well."

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looking up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you."

PLANCHETTE.

Curious Workings of that Little Board.

[From the Warsaw Bulletin.]

MR. EDITOR:—As that little mysterious board known as planchette has been doing wonders and creating some surprise in other portions of the world, "A Subscriber," thought he would tell you and the public, through your paper, of some of its antics performed in this neighborhood. Item first. On the 11th. of July last, as a number of persons were working the planchette, a lady's name was written, a name entirely unknown to all present. She was asked how long she had been dead. Ans.—Seven years. Ques.—What is your wish? Ans.—Tell my friends that my husband is buried at Chattanooga; he died of wounds received at the battle of Shiloh; he was an army surgeon and was rash enough to place himself in danger and was wounded. She also gave directions to whom to send the above. It was sent on July 16th. and an answer was received August 11th, 1869, which read as followes:

Mr.——:—Your missive bearing date of July 16th, is at hand, and contents noted. The intelligence it conveys is truly welcome, for my daughter's husband's whereabouts, whether dead or alive, has been the cause of great anxiety to me since the death of his wife. Not a word have I heard from him. I start to-day for Chattanooga, hoping that if——be dead I will find his last resting place."

Nothing was heard from the parties until Oct. 1st, 1869, when the following note was received by me unsolicited.

Mr.————

"DEAR SIR:—I visited the confederate burial grounds and found the burial place of ————. Had the remains exhumed and brought to this city, (Columbia S. C.) and now he is buried in the family grounds, in the cemetery at this place. Many thanks for your kind act, you can't imagine how much real solid comfort your letter gave me."

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Having used one of Waters' Pianos for two years I have found it a very superior instrument.—Alonzo Gray, Principal Brooklyn Heights Seminary.

We have two Waters' Pianos in our Seminary, which have been severely tested for three years, and we can testify to their good quality and durability.—Wood & Gregory, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

HORACE WATERS, ESQ.—DEAR SIR—The Piano you sent me is allowed to be the best Piano in this town, and there are several of Chickering's and Stoddart's here.—Charles Rice, Perth, C. W.

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Freeport Passenger	*9:00 a. m.	*2:30 p. m.
Freeport Passenger	*9:45 p. m.	*5:00 p. m.
Rockford, Elgin, Fox River and State Line	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:45 a. m.
Lombard Accommodation	*6:10 p. m.	*6:50 a. m.
Wisconsin Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street.		
Mail Passenger	10:00 a. m.	7:15 p. m.
Night Passenger	*5:00 p. m.	5:30 a. m.
Janesville Accommodation	*3:00 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
Woodstock Accommodation	6:30 p. m.	9.00 p. m.
Milwaukee Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie streets.		
Day Express	*9:45 a. m.	*10:15 a. m.
Rosehill, Calvary and Evanston	*1:30 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Afternoon Express	*5:00 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
Kenosha Accommodation	*4:15 p. m.	9:10 a. m.
Waukegan Accommodation	*5:25 p. m.	8:40 a. m.
Waukegan do	*6:10 p. m.	*8:10 a. m.
Milwaukee Accommodation	*11:00 p. m.	5:45 a. m.

GEO. L. DUNLAP, Gen'l Sup't.
H. P. STANWOOD, General Ticket Agent.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express and Mail	10:00 a. m.	†4:30 p. m.
Peru Accommodation	‡11:00 p. m.	7:00 a. m.
Night Express	4:30 p. m.	*9:10 a. m.

A. H. SMITH, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
E. St. JOHN, Gen'l Ticket Clerk.
P. A. HALL, Ass't Gen'l Superintendent.

Michigan Southern Railroad.

Depot corner Van Buren and Sherman streets. Ticket Office 56 South Clark street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	*6:20 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
Special N Y Express	*8:00 a. m.	*10:00 p. m.
Pacific Express (daily)	4:45 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
Night Express	*10:00 p. m.	†*6:20 a. m.
Detroit Line.		
Day Express via Adrian	*8:00 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
Night " " "	*10:00 p. m.	*†6:30 a. m.

F. E. MORSE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., 56 Clark st., Chicago.

Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago—Depot, Corner of Madison and Canal Streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	*4:30 a. m.	6:15 p. m.
Day Express	*5:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Fast Line	4:45 p. m.	9.00 a. m.
Night Express	9:00 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	4:10 p. m.	8:40 a. m.

W. C. CLELAND, Gen. West'n Pass. Agt, 65 Clark st.

Illinois Central—Depot, foot of Lake street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cairo Mail	*8:30 a. m.	*9 30 p. m.
Cairo Express	19:20 p. m.	*6:20 a. m.
Keokuk Day Passenger	*8:30 a. m.	*9:30 p. m.
Keokuk Night Passenger	*9.30 p. m.	*6:30 a. m.
On Saturdays this train will leave at	4:50 p. m.	
Champaign Passenger	*4:10 p. m.	*9:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*6:20 a. m.	*7:45 a. m.
" " " "	*8:05 a. m.	*9:30 a. m.
" " " "	*12:10 p. m.	*1:40 p. m.
" " " "	*3:00 p. m.	*6:15 p. m.
" " " "	*6:10 p. m.	*7:35 p. m.
(St. Louis through trains.)		
Day Express	*6:30 a. m.	*9:30 p. m.
Fast Line	†9:30 p. m.	*8.30 a. m.

M. HUGHITT, Gen'l Supt.
W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail	†7:45 a. m.	6:15 p. m.
Day Express	*10:00 a. m.	*4:10 p. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*12:30 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
Afternoon Passenger	*3:30 p. m.	*9.50 p. m.
Aurora Passenger	*6:30 p. m.	*8:55 p. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*6:00 a. m.	*7:15 p. m.
Night Express	‡11:30 p. m.	†6:00 a. m.

ROBERT HARRIS, Superintendent.
SAMUEL POWELL, Gen'l Ticket Agt. Office in Gt. Cent. Depot

Chicago and St. Louis—Depot, corner Madison and Canal sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	*10:00 a. m.	*9 00 p. m.
Joliet Accommodation	*4 00 p. m.	9:45 a. m.
†Night Express	7:00 p. m.	*12:05 p. m.
Lightning Express	‡11 00 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.

T. B. BLACKSTONE, Pres. & Gen'l Superintendent.
A. NEWMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Office 55 Dearborn st.

Columbus, Chicago & Indiana Central Railway,—(late Chicago and Great Eastern Cincinnati Air Line and Indiana Central Railway Co's.)

	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati Express	*6:45 a. m.	*8:35 a. m.
Columbus Express	†6:45 p. m.	*2 30 p. m.
Cincinnati Night Express	†7 45 p. m.	*9:30 p. m.
Columbus Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	

N. E. SCOTT, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Ticket Office Corner Randolph and Dearborn streets.

Michigan Central Railroad—Union Depot, foot of Lake street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail Train	*6:00 a. m.	*8:50 p. m.
Day Express	*8:00 a. m.	*10.00 p. m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	‡4.45 p. m.	†*9:00 a. m.
Night Express	†*9:00 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.
Kalamazoo Accommodation	4:00 p. m.	*12:00 a. m.
Cincinnati and Louisville Trains		
Mail and Express	*6:00 a. m.	*10:10 p. m.
Evening Express	‡4 00 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.

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Notice to Correspondents and Others.

All letters, papers and matter for us or the Frontier Department, must be addressed to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Dupage county, Illinois.

From the East Saginaw (Mich.) Enterprise.

Thomas Paine.

We copy from an old number of ZION'S HERALD, the following concerning the noted Paine, from the pen of Rev. J. H. McCarty, of this city:

"I visited in company with a friend the farm and monument of the author of 'Common Sense' and the 'Crisis.' Paine was a man of great natural abilities. His pamphlet precipitated the American Revolution, and his pen was one of the means by which the American heart was stayed up in that dark night. But, with all that ability, sharpness, and adaptability to the wants of the times in which he lived, with his great boast of 'common sense,' he had almost less of it than any other man. The monument is at New Rochelle, on the 'Paine farm,' a tract of land which was sold to him by the State of New York, in recognition of his political writings. It is a small granite shaft, resting on a base of the same material, with carved cornice in the Romanesque style of architecture. On three sides it is covered with copious extracts from his writings. On the side facing the road there is a profile bust of Paine in relievo. The boys have made a target of the face, having literally covered it with mud. This may be from the odium which is attached to his name as a denouncer of the Christian faith. All of his efforts in behalf of human liberty, all of his argument against the "divine right of Kings," could not redeem his character from that odium, nor atone for the sin of writing such scurrilous things about Christianity. In the minds of these village boys even the name of Thomas Paine is coupled with all that is sinful and anti-christian, and that feeling has found expression in the desecration of his tomb.

Paine's bones, it is said, were exhumed many years ago, under the direction of his friends in England, and taken across the ocean, where he was to become a demi God among English skeptics. But when the vessel landed in the Thames they were not claimed, and finally they disappeared. As the story goes, it is not known to day whether they went to the Medical College or were thrown into the river. Such is a fitting rebuke to the gross sensuality and outright wickedness which characterized his life. His monument covered with mud, the ground around it a mesh-work of thorns and brambles, the fence all dilapidated, his bones lost, his writings almost forgotten, his name the synonym of profligacy the civilized world over. He died a miserable drunkard, consuming two gallons of brandy a week for some time previous to his death. As I stood and looked at the monument and thought of the awful wreck which it commemorated, I was more than ever profoundly impressed with the value of our holy religion—how much it would have done for him in life and death! Few persons care even to go to that spot; those who do go, do so out of mere curiosity. Who ever weeps there? Not a tear drops at the memory of Thomas Paine."

The above article speaks for itself. We pronounce it a lie, and call upon ZION'S HERALD to make good the statements of the Rev. J. H. McCarty, or stand convicted of a base and heartless falsehood. If the monument of Thomas Paine is a target for boys to throw mud at, they are the sons of Christians, of Ministers of all denominations, who have taught these boys to do these things, to insult the memory of one of America's truest statesmen, and the act of these boys in besmearing the face of the bust of Paine, is but the result of theological teachings. As to the statement of Paine's remains being exhumed, and their removal to England, and the manner in which they were disposed of, we doubt very much, but deem it as reliable as that other statement made by the same writer, that he died a miserable drunkard, consuming two gallons of brandy a week for some time previous to his death.

First. We affirm that there is not on record well authenticated evidence of Thomas Paine's drunkenness, or profligacy.

Second. We deny that he was infidel to a belief in one God, or a future existence.

Third. We deny that his bones were exhumed, and removed in the manner mentioned in the article above.

Walter Morton, who was with Mr. Paine in his last hours, in a short narrative of him says:

"In his religious opinions, he continued to the last as steadfast and tenacious as any sectarian to the definition of his own creed. He never, indeed, broached the subject first, but to intrusive, and inquisitive visitors, who came to try him on that point,—his general answer was to this effect: "My opinions are now before the world, and all have an opportunity to refute them if they can. I believe them unanswerable truths, and that I have done great service to mankind by boldly putting them forth. I do not wish to argue upon the subject now. I have labored disinterestedly in the cause of truth. I shook his hand after his use of speech was gone, but while the other organs told me sufficiently that he knew me and appreciated my affection, his eye glistened with genius under the pangs of death."

One of two things is true—Walter Morton lies, or the Rev. J. H. McCarty does, for no drunken man could speak and act in the hour of death, as related of Mr. Paine by Mr. Morton. The New York ADVERTISER, of June 9th, 1809, has the following notice:

"MR. THOMAS PAINE:—With heart-felt sorrow and poignant regret, we are compelled to announce to the world that Mr. Thomas Paine is no more. This distinguished philanthropist, whose life was devoted to the cause of humanity, departed this life yesterday morning, and if any man's memory deserved a place in the breast of a freeman, it is that of the deceased, for,

'Take him, for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'"

If Paine had been the common drunkard Rev. J. H. McCarty represents him to be, this notice would have been of a different type. Mr. Bond, an English surgeon, who was confined in the Luxembourg prison in Paris at the same time Paine was, and who disagreed with him in both political and theological matters, asserts: "Mr. Paine, while hourly expecting to die, read to me parts of his 'Age of Reason,' and every night when I left him to be separately locked up, and expected not to see him alive in the morning, he always expressed his firm belief in the principles of that book, and begged I would tell the world such were his dying opinions."

Mr. Bond has frequently observed, says Rickerman, the poet, that Paine was,

"The most conscientious man he ever knew."

Very unlike a "profligate and drunkard," from this testimony of Mr. McCarty's.

George Chalmer, (see his "Life of Paine) says:

"You are like Jove, coming down upon us in a shower of gold."

Robert Bisset D. D., in his "Life of Edmond Burke," says:

"Thomas Paine was represented (in England) as the minister of God, diffusing light to a darkened world."

Abbe Sieyer, the distinguished French statesman, in 1791, thus wrote:

"Mr. Thomas Paine is one of those men, who most contributed to the establishment of a republic in America—it is with great pleasure that I embrace this occasion to offer him a tribute of my thankfulness and profound esteem, for the truly philanthropic use he makes of his distinguished talents."

John Barlow, the poet, patriot and statesman, and intimate friend of Paine, says:

"He was one of the most benevolent and disinterested of mankind, endowed with the clearest perception, an uncommon share of original genius, and the greatest depth of thought. * * * He ought to be ranked among the brightest and undeviating luminaries of the age in which he lived. * * * As a visiting acquaintance and a literary friend, he was one of the most instructive men I ever have known. * * * He was always charitable to the poor beyond his means, a sure protector and a friend to all Americans in distress that he found in foreign countries; and he had frequent occasion to exert his influence in protecting them during the Revolution in France. * * * His writings will answer for his patriotism."

Dear readers, we ask you to carefully consider this testimony—besides which, we have the testimony of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson,—each bearing testimony to the honesty and great worth of Thomas Paine, as a man and patriot. Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, said to the venerable philanthropist, Judge Hartell, of New York, upon the latter proposing the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Thomas Paine:

"Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands; he has erected himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty. 'The Rights of Man,' will be more enduring than all the piles of marble or granite man can erect."

Of Thomas Paine's infidelity, as well as the oft repeated assertion, that he was a "profligate" and scoffer of all religious views and teachings, so frequently uttered by Churchmen, we offer the following testimony as an off-set. Mr. Paine writes in his 'Age of Reason':

"I believe in one God, and hope for a future existence.

"The key of heaven is not in the keeping of any sect, nor ought the road to it to be obstructed by any."

Paine's letter to Samuel Adams, June 1st. 1803:

"I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence; I content myself with believing, even to a positive conviction, that the Power who gave me existence, is able to continue it in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without this body; and it appears more probable to me, that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have had existence as I now have before that existence began."—'Age of Reason' page 57, Philadelphia Ed:

"I consider myself in the hands of my Creator, and that he will dispose of me after this life consistently with his goodness and justice."—Paine's thoughts on a future state.

And here we conclude with Thomas Paine's own words from Spirit Life, "I never had a knowledge of immortality before death. I hoped and believed. I do not hope now; I do not believe. I know I still live. I am immortal and am a sentinel in the temples of Liberty, working for freedom."

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM. DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

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Literary Department.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

INDIANA.

A View from the Panorama of Spiritualism and Reform.

BY DR. J. K. BAILEY.

A review of the experiences of the past, in connection with the great movement of the nineteenth century, brings before me oft recurring pictures of depression, doubt and failure, as well as the opposite and brightly glowing scenes, which cheer and gladden the heart and buoy the hope. Much, and by far the larger portion of individual failure and depression, is but the legitimate product of collective inattention, coldness and injustice. On the part of many, an inexcusable neglect of some of the most worthy and desirable promulgators of our radical and electic religion, philosophy and science, is dominant. This preponderating class can not tolerate anything but sensationalism, brass or the highest order of real power, to present the truths of our movement. And it is most lamentable, that by far the larger portion thereof dwell in the realms of the two former divisions. Assurance and the power of sensation, mingled with but a slight element of real merit, "draws," and consequently insures relief from the necessity of feeling down into the pockets of those most interested. Now, while we accede to sensationalism and assurance, a due importance, as a means of power, yet it would seem most consistent to award to retiring, modest merit, the palm of encouragement and support; for, surely the effect of the former is as transitory as it is startling, while the influence of the latter quietly but permanently impregnates the sinew and fibre of consciousness, and becomes a lasting reality in the great heart of human realization. It is a superficial view of the matter, that accords to sensationalism the preponderance of power and usefulness. While it startles and arouses, its effect is with like degree, as suddenly exhausted. One extreme always follows another, with a rapidity corresponding to the measure of violence. Slow growth is ever most healthy and permanent; therefore let us be more rational, and copy from Nature, lessons of grand utility. Let us encourage and support the less noisy, more modest and truly qualified speakers, mediums and workers in our ranks.

The shifting scenes of our grand panorama bring before us daily illustrations of the steady, onward march of our cause. The ideas of Spiritualism are everywhere, gradually but certainly infusing their life giving powers into the modified teachings of all classes. Nowhere is it absolutely ignored; everywhere is it modifying opinions, doctrines and laws. Every new practical success in the movement, especially every demonstration of financial and material, as well as of mental and spiritual power, adds more weight and force to the Archimedean lever of progress.

At Richmond (in this State), the friends of this noble cause have bravely illustrated the above cogitations. They have gradually increased the impetus of the invincibly, ever-moving car of reform.

It has been my pleasure and spiritual profit to participate with them in the opening exercises to the occupancy of the fine new hall, erected by the Richmond Progressive Lyceum and Library Association. For a description of this fine edifice and monument of persevering industry and energy, you are referred to the interesting account of the structure, from the Richmond *Telegram*, which follows this article.

The entire building, Hall, and series of meetings and entertainments connected with the opening exercises, were a complete success. A report of the proceedings and exercises being ordered published in the JOURNAL, and BANNER OF LIGHT, it would be superfluous for me to enter into detail of them. Wm. Denton did himself and the cause justice. The Lyceum exercises surpassed anything I have heretofore witnessed in that department;—would that all could have beheld and profited thereby.

Not being given to personal flattery or invective, I shall not touch the merit or demerit of he, she or they. Suffice it, that none can escape the exact measure of the one or the other, as the legitimate effect of the act. The best effect of this result in Richmond, perhaps, will be the influence upon the Spiritualistic public throughout the land. It continually points to the fact, that will energy, steady persevering effort, can overcome all obstacles. Let none shrink back into their shells of comfortable ease, and murmur, "Oh, we can't, there are not enough of us, etc.," for, be it known, that the determined souls who conceived and executed this project, were neither numerous or overstocked with "this world's goods;" they were only properly illuminated and true to that light. And it is the direct fruit of years of patient endurance and growth of earnest, steadfast tenacity to principles of true development, which, when each step is taken, becomes a permanent attainment, because necessitating no reaction and consequent destruction of landmarks and basic foundation. Let all profit by the lesson, and apply the fruit thereof to all conditions and necessities of our cause and the cause of humanity.

☞ Rosa Bonheur has made $3000,00 by her paintings.

☞ Thurlow Week's daughter is sorting 4,000 letters to help her father in writing his autobiography. He will spend the winter in Florida.

Lyceum Hall Building.

[From the Richmond Telegram.]

Something like six months ago, the first brick was laid, on the corner of Fifth and Broadway, for what was then supposed to be a modest building of no very imposing proportions. The preparations for its erection had been heralded by no flourish of trumpets. No canvassing committees had raked the town over for subscriptions. The plans had been made, the means raised quietly and unostentatiously, and the work begun and pushed forward without noise or bluster. When the foundation was laid, everybody was surprised at the size, and wondered what would be done with it and where the money would come from to complete it. Croakers prophesied that it never could, would or should, be finished, and venerable "I told you so!" declared they "had always said the Whatgdoodles were crazy." But the work went on, and as the building began to develop its magnificent proportions, with its beautiful decorations and elegant finish, perfect even to the smallest details, the grumblers were silenced and people began to acknowledge that, after all, there was energy, pluck and CAPITAL somewhere among the men who had undertaken to carry out the novel plan of combining in one building, business rooms, a hall for public amusements, and a place where they might worship according to the dictates of their own consciences. "Nothing succeeds like success" and the good sense and good management displayed by the Society in the erection of Lyceum Hall building, has done more to give it a place among the strong religious bodies of the city, than years of exemplary daily life and conversation could have done. Now they are, at least, recognized as a power in the community, and their influence, for good or evil, will be felt. By their fruits we shall know them, and by them and them alone, they are willing and anxious to be judged.

Lyceum Hall Building, which is now very nearly completed, has sixty feet front on Fifth and ninety on Broadway, giving three fine business rooms, each 20x90 feet, on the first floor. The entire second and third stories are occupied by Lyceum Hall, the audience room of which is 60x60 feet, with a gallery capable of seating three hundred persons. The entrance to the hall, on Broadway, is a broad stairway which leads to a capacious lobby-room, with ticket offices, check room, library room, and at either end, wide stairs leading to the Hall. Immediately over this room is the stage, (larger than at Phillip's Hall) which will be supplied with handsome hair cloth furniture and the stage scenery necessary for operas and the best class of entertainments. At either end of the stage is a good dressing room, and at the south end, a wash room, above which is a large reservoir of water, so arranged that any part of the building can be flooded at a moment's notice, in case of fire. Over the stage and approached by stairways that do not enter the main Hall, is a room 20x60 feet that is called the Banquet Hall, intended for a refreshment room and to be furnished with a china closet, cook stove, and the various paraphernalia necessary for a complete supper room. The main Hall is 33 feet from floor to ceiling, and is entered from the east or stage end. It will seat one thousand persons comfortably. The floor is double, with a filling of two or three inches of mortar between the two, and is as solid as a pavement. The wood work, like that of the entire building, is in ash and walnut, the door and window frames being of ash, ornamented with a walnut molding—as unique as it is elegant. The chairs are of ash, and will be 1,000 in number. The gallery will have three tiers of seats, neatly upholstered. From its construction, it will not obstruct the view below it being entirely supported by rods from the strong timbers of the roof. The hall and gallery will be lighted by 200 burners projecting from the gallery front in groups of three, arranged so as to light every part of the Hall, and above the gallery in groups of two, arranged for the best effect.

The frescoing—Mr. Al. Fisk artist—is not yet finished, but enough has been done to indicate the general plan. The design of the centerpiece of the ceiling, is an eagle bearing away the stars and stripes, with a mountain top and scenery in the distance, the whole enclosed by a circlet of stars. The centre piece is surrounded by a circle or key panels, ornamented with alhambra work and surmounted by a shell scroll, the panels being separated by trident scrolls. Outside of these are the side panels, with imitation stucco work at the corners. The cornice which is elaborate and displays a beautiful blending of tints, combines the Gothic and Elizabethan orders. The frescoing of the walls will be in double panels. The whole is done in chaste, rich tints, no positive colors being used. The arrangements for heating and ventilation are perfect, and the stifling atmosphere which kills enjoyment in our present places of public entertainment, will never be complained of here. The following are some of the items of expense. The entire cost of the building will be $45,000. It contains 480,000 brick, $3,000 in cut stone, $4,000 in timber, $1,000 in glass, $4,000 in galvanized iron work and roofing, $500 in iron for roof frame work, $1,500 for furniture. The carpenter work cost $5,000, brick laying, $2,500, plastering, $1,500, frescoing, $1,000.

The work has all been done by Richmond men and the material, with the single exception of the paving stones, which could not be had here, has been bought of Richmond contractors. There has been nothing but harmony in regard to the plans, and nothing but order among the workmen in erecting the building. No man has gone home at the end of the week without wages, and every dollar of the entire stock is paid. Within six months from the time the first brick was laid the entire building will be finished and the Hall, which is at least equal to the best in the state, ready for occupation. Can any other body, secular or religious, show a better record?

Extraordinary Spiritual Manifestations.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

A record of phenomena known as spirit manifestations has recently appeared in England, which appeals strongly to our love of the marvelous. It is entitled "Experiences in Spiritualism with Mr. D. D. Home, by Viscount Adare, with an introduction by the Earl of Dunraven. As it was printed for private circulation among the friends of these, two gentlemen, and is jealously protected lest it should get into general circulation in some surreptitious manner, it is not likely to be republished on this side of the water. It has attracted the attention of scientific men, however, because of the extraordinary manifestations therein recorded, and the numerous and distinguished names that attest the truthfulness of the statements.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* has been permitted to examine the book, and has so far used his privilege as to give us an abstract of its contents. According to this writer, the moving of objects by themselves, with no visible force, was an ordinary occurrence. Pianos, sofas, chairs, tables and books were moved about the rooms in which seances were held, and appeared to rise in the air of their own accord. In fourteen instances, he says, flowers were brought by invisible hands and distributed among different persons. Their fragrance was taken from them and thrown about the room. Brandy disappeared from the glass containing it, and fell through space into it, through the fingers of Lord Adare. The spirit was then extracted from it, the water remaining. In twenty three instances spirit forms were seen, in thirteen, spirit hands, and in twenty other cases they touched persons in the room. Spirit voices were heard, and other interesting phenomena of like sort were seen, and are attested by upward of fifty witnesses.

But the more striking phenomena occurred in connection with the medium, Mr. Home. Thus, at Ashley House, for instance, in the presence of Lord Adare and the Master of Lindsey, Home was seen to rise in the air; he was "carried along the wall, brushing past the pictures, to the opposite side of the room." He was afterward taken in the open air and carried clear over a wall, a distance of ten or twelve yards. At Buckingham, Gate No. 7, he was raised in the air horizontally, "his head became quite luminous at the top, giving him the appearance of having a halo around it," and in each hand "there came a little globe of fire," which, says Lord Adare, had, to his eyes, a blue color, and made a very pretty effect. At another seance at Ashley House, Home was carried out of one window and came in at another, at an elevation of forty five feet from the ground. When he went out of the window of one room he presently appeared at the window of another, which he opened, "and walked in quite coolly."

At some of these seances his body was elongated from his usual stature of five feet ten inches, to six feet four. The measurement was carefully taken by Lord Adare, assisted by a Mr. Tencken. "He appeared to grow, also, in breadth and size all over." This experiment was often repeated. He was, as the painters would say, "foreshortened" by the same agency. At another time his arms were stretched out, so that from finger tip to finger tip, the elongation amounted to nine and a half inches beyond the natural measurement of the extended arms and hands. The skeleton of this gentleman will probably be found to be composed of gutta percha.

But the most remarkable test was that of fire. It reminds one of the Biblical story of the three young Israelites who were cast into the fiery furnace and came forth unsinged. But we cannot do justice to the account by an abstract, and we therefore quote fully. At the house of Mr. Hennings, at Norwood, and in the presence of several persons, whose names are given, Lord Adare says:

"He (Mr. Home) went to the fire, poked up the coals, and putting his hand in, drew out a hot burning ember, about the size of an orange; this he carried about the room as if to show it to the spirits, (who, he said, were present,) and then brought it to us; we all examined it. He then put it back in the fire and showed us his hands; they were not in the least blackened or scorched, neither did they smell of fire, but, on the contrary, of a sweet scent, which he threw off from his fingers at us across the table. Having apparently spoken to some spirits, he went back to the fire, and with his hand stirred the embers into a flame; then, kneeling down, he placed his face right among the burning coals, moving it about as though bathing it in water. Then, getting up, he held his finger for some time in the flame of a candle. Presently, he took the same lump of coal which he had previously handled and came over to us, blowing upon it to make it brighter. He then walked round the table, and said;

'I want to see which of you will be the best subject. Ah! Adam will be the easiest, because he has been the most with DAN.'

Mr. Jencken held out his hand, saying, 'Put it in mine.' Home said, 'No, no; touch it and see.'

He touched it with the tip of his finger, and burned himself. Home then held it within four or five inches of Mr. Saal's and Mr. Hurt's hands, and they could not endure the heat. He came to me and said;

'Now, if you are not afraid, hold out your hand.'

I did so, and having made two rapid passes over my hand, he placed the coal in it. I must have held it for half a minute—long enough to have burned my hand fearfully; the coal felt scarcely warm. Home then took it away, laughed, and seemed much pleased. As he was going back to the fireplace, he suddenly turned round, and said:

'Why, just fancy, some of them think that only one side of the ember was hot.'

He told me to make a hollow of both my hands; I did so, and he placed the coal in them, and then put both his hands on the top of the coal, so that it was completely covered by our four hands, and we held it there for some time. Upon this occasion scarcely any heat at all could be perceived."

Similar experiments were made at Ashley House, and are attested by witnesses whose testimony would stand unimpeached in any community. We quote the following passages from a letter of the well known authoress, Mrs. S. C. Hall, who is distinguished the world over for the purity of her writings and the elevated thought that runs through them. The letter is dated at "15 Ashley Place, July 5, 1869," and is addressed to the Earl of Dunraven. The seance took place some weeks previous to the date of the letter. She says:

"We were nine (a greater number than Mr. Home likes); we were seated round the table, as usual, in the small drawing-room, which communicates with a much larger room; the folding doors were pushed back into the wall, and the portiers unclosed. I think there was one lamp burning over the table, but a very large fire was blazing away in the large room. I know that there was a great deal of light. The Master of Lindsey, Rev. Mr. Y— and his wife, Mr. Hall and myself, Mr. Home, and the Misses Bertolacci were present. We sat for some little time before the tremulous motion that so frequently indicates stronger manifestations, commenced, but it was quickly followed by raps, not only on the table, but in different parts of the room. The table was lifted up and down—lifted perfectly off the ground—made 'light' and 'heavy' at the request of one or two of the gentlemen present; and, after the lapse of, I suppose, nearly an hour, Mr. Home went into a trance. Presently he pushed his chair, or the chair was pushed, quite away from the table. He got up, walked about the room in his usual manner, went to the fire-place, half knelt on the fender stool, took up the poker and poked the fire, which was like a red hot furnace, so as to increase the heat, held his hands over the fire for some time, and finally drew out of the fire, with his hand, a large lump of live, burning coal, so large that he held it in both hands as he came from the fire-place in the large room into the small room where, seated round the table, we were all watching his movements. Mr. Hall was seated nearly opposite to where I sat, and I saw Mr. Home, after standing about half a minute at the back of Mr. Hall's chair, deliberately place the lump of burning coal on his head. I have wondered since that I was not frightened, but I was not; I had perfect faith that he would not be injured. Some one said, 'Is it not hot?' Mr. Hall answered, 'Warm, but not hot.' Mr. Home had moved a little away, but returned, still in a trance; he smiled, and seemed quite pleased, and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall's white hair over the red coal. The white hair had the appearance of silver threads over the red coal. Mr. Home drew the hair into a sort of pyramid, the coal, still red, showing beneath the hair; then, after, I think, four or five minutes, Mr. Home pushed the hair back, and taking the coal off Mr. Hall's head, he said (in the peculiar low voice in which, when in a trance, he always speaks) addressing Mrs. Y., 'Will you have it?'

She drew back, and I heard him murmur, 'Little faith—little faith.'

Two or three attempted to touch it, but it burned their fingers. I said, 'Daniel, bring it over to me, I do not fear to take it.' It was not red all over, as when Mr. Home put it on Mr. Hall's head, but it was still red in parts. Mr. Home came and knelt by my side; I put out my right hand, but he murmured, 'No, not that, the other hand.' He then placed it in my left hand, where it remained more than a minute. I felt it, as husband had said, 'warm,' yet, when I stooped down to examine the coal, my face felt the heat so much that I was obliged to withdraw it. After that, Mrs. Y. took it, and still she felt no inconvenience. When Mr. Hall brushed his hair at night he found a quantity of cinder dust. Mr. Home was elongated, and all the manifestations that evening were very remarkable."

We leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. If he can satisfactorily account for this phenomena on scientific principles, he is welcome to do so; or if he thinks it possible that the art of juggling has reached such perfection that upward of fifty witnesses could be successfully deceived, and their senses be outwitted, he is entitled to that view of the matter. Juggling has been carried to great perfection—witness the Davenport Brothers and the Chinese and Hindoos—and as to science, Mr. Home, however great his pretensions, has scrupulously declined to submit to such scientific investigations as he knew would be thorough. But that extraordinary manifestations did occur, or seemed to occur, at the time and place mentioned, we are hardly at liberty to doubt, unless ready to believe that men and women occupying the highest social positions, and distinguished for the purity and usefulness of their lives and the excellence of their works, have deliberately combined to impose upon the credulity of mankind.

We are asked to believe in miracles not half so credibly attested, and if we reject them are denounced as infidels and unbelievers. Ministers who claim pre-eminence for piety, relate stories of men who have had their tongues paralyzed because they taught false doctrines, and soberly insist that these miracles have been wrought in our own time and country. When they can bring forward as many and as credible witnesses to such phenomena as have confirmed the statements of the Earl of Dunraven and Lord Adare, touching the spiritual manifestations at the seances of Mr. Home, we shall be inclined to treat them with sober consideration. But it will not do for them to insist upon faith, without proof, in their wonderful stories, and at the same time denounce things, no more marvelous, as impositions and unworthy of credence, which have the authentication of individuals as distinguished, to say the least, for adherence to the truth as themselves. Every miracle must be tested upon its own merits, whether it be Home handling live coals without burning, or a Presbyterian deacon successfully invoking paralysis upon a sincere Universalist.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

False Teachers—Geology.

BY EDWIN ABNER DAVIS.

The cry of false teacher! humbug! devil! infidelity! delusion! etc., which the press and clergy have for years heaped upon the Spiritualists, is on the wane. Sensible people,—those who are not afraid to investigate Spiritualism, must necessarily come to the conclusion, and do, in nine cases out of ten, that the beautiful doctrine of Spiritual Philosophy is as fixed and immutable as nature. Investigating committees all over the country, who have been invited to be present at spiritual seances have declared the manifestations no humbug—neither deception nor jugglery; but something they could not account for, could not solve. Science, scoffed, defeated, beat in every encounter with spiritual phenomena, leaves the field, and wisely gives up the contest. The scientific men of the whole world, or rather, wherever Spiritualism has been manifest, have in vain tried to solve the question of spiritual phenomena, by the light of science, chemistry and agencies of like nature. The result is well known. The clergy, taking their cue in the failure of science, have dropped the cry of humbug! and taken up that of devil! and from nearly every pulpit in the land, comes the long loud wail against Spiritualism, of diabolism! devil!! devil!!! that terrible devil, whom orthodoxy fears more than God. Well, now if the devil, through Spiritualism, teaches mankind to be moral, to shun evil, to "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," to quit drinking whiskey, using tobacco and profane words, to be upright, honest and industrious; he must be a very good kind of a devil, and has been terribly slandered by priest and people, and the clergy ought to be very careful to make their calling and election sure, and not get into his clutches. False teachers! Who are the false teachers? Spiritualism, which teaches that there is a future for all of God's dear humanity, or orthodoxy, which consigns nine-tenths of mankind to eternal torments beyond the vale? Spiritualism, which sees God in everything—in the lilly, the beautiful rose, the fragrant flowers, the opening bud; in the storm cloud, and lightning's flash, in the thunder, the earthquake, the volcano, the rippling brook, in the glorious sunlight, the Stygian darkness, in man? or Orthodoxy, who locates Deity in a mythical heaven, with book in hand, writing down the acts and thoughts of the human family, as testimony against them in future judgment, now scowling upon the bad, anon smiling upon good orthodox Christians—those who belong to "Our Church?"

Who are the false teachers? Spiritualism, which teaches, and has positive proof, through Geology, that the world has existed hundreds of thousands of years? or Theology, which imposes upon the human race the doctrine that the world was created a little over, or about six thousand years ago? All nature goes to disprove the six thousand year doctrine. Common sense and Geology stamp with falsehood the assertion of the world being created in six days. Genesis to the contrary, notwithstanding, nature does not, can not lie. Deep down in the recesses of the earth are found the undisputable evidences of man and animal existence on our planet, thousands of years prior to the Mosaic account of creation. This doctrine is met by the churches with the cry of "infidel! infidel!" and they throw aside the science of Geology as an infidel doctrine, and teach their fellows to shun it as the poison of the asp. Well, now, wherein is the infidelity in a doctrine which teaches that God created the world, but in a different manner from that described by Moses, and at a far more remote period?

Do not the clergy and teachers, both at home and abroad, know that Geology as a science is as true and well defined as Astronomy? Of course they do. Why, then, do they not teach it to the people? Why do they seek to cover up and hide from their fellows the most beautiful ideas of God, creation and the truths of nature, as taught by Geology? Why don't they come out like honest men, and say to their hearers, "My friends, the Mosaic account of the Creation is wrong. Moses had a faint idea of the creation of our planet, but he derived all his knowledge from tradition. What he taught and wrote were mere ideas, borrowed from former generations, ignorant of Geology and the sciences. Study Geology, my friends, for therein you will find the beautiful workings of Nature and Nature's God."

"Ah!" says the Advent preacher. "Geology won't do for our people. It knocks the props from our religion. Where would our seventh-day Sabbath be, if we admit for a moment that Geology is true? No, no! We must hide that science from our church and people altogether."

And thus it is with all the sects. Geology knocks to pieces all established creeds and theories respecting God, creation and religion, and plants in their stead the glorious banner of progression, teaching man the true nature of earth, air, sea, sky, heaven, man and Deity; and there, founded not upon the musty stale traditions of past ages, but upon perfect knowledge, developed by the ever present now. The reason that Geology is not more understood by people generally, is because the clergy and sectarian world generally have tried to hide and cover up its glorious truths, because it attacks and proves false their ideas, teachings and theology, and relieves mankind of the dark veil of mysticism, superstition, bigotry and error which ecclesiastical intolerance has sought to enshroud the world with.

But a glorious day has dawned. Old things are passing away, to give place to the blessed gospel of the New Dispensation. People are trying to investigate, to think for themselves, and refuse to be enthralled longer in the meshes of priestcraft and ignorance. Spiritualism, guided by the brilliant burning light of science, and sustained by direct revelation from the land of spirits, is fast working its way into the popular heart, gaining on the affections of the people, despite the cries of humbug! infidelity! devilism! and the long string of epithets hurled at it by both Church and State.

Continued on fourth page.

Pacific Department.

By..BENJ. TODD.

Travels in Oregon.

Immediately after the State Fair, the State Spiritual Association held their annual meeting at Salem, and elected their officers for the ensuing year, as follows:

For President, Col. C. A Reed, of Salem; for Vice Presidents, F. A. Chenweth, of Corvallis, Mrs. Peters, of Portland, and Mrs. Parker, of Astoria; for Secretary, Mrs. Mary P. Sautel, of Salem; Corresponding Secretaries, A. S. Gross and Mrs. Benj. Todd, of Portland; Treasurer, I. S. Hawkins, of Salem.

At that meeting, the Association commissioned our wife and ourself as ministers of the various spiritual congregations in Oregon, to lecture, teach and preach, to solemnize marriage under the laws of Oregon, to bury the dead and to attend to all other acts, lawful and official, authorized by law to ministers and priests of other churches and congregations in said State.

Thus armed and equipped, we started out to continue our year's work in the State. The first place visited was Butterville, a small burg lying on the bank of the Willamette River, and here we spoke on Friday evening, and gave out appointments for Saturday evening and also Sunday. On going to our lecture on Saturday evening, we were introduced to a clergyman of the Congregational faith, who claimed that he had a prior appointment of five weeks' standing. But we compromised the matter, allowing ourself to speak at 10½ o'clock, the Rev. at 1 o'clock, and ourself again at 2. The Rev. Mr. Selwood, at Oregon City, fifteen miles below, hearing that the wolf was at Butterville, came up on Saturday evening to look after his flock of Episcopalian sheep. He gathered them together on Sunday, and warned them to beware how they went straying around loose, for the wolf was in the place and they might get devoured. The Episcopal and Congregational shepherds joined their forces in the morning and mustered ten sheep by actual count, all of them ewes. When the hour for our afternoon appointment came around, we went to the hall and found the preacher still at it. Just as we entered the door, we heard him make the remark that Spiritualism took away all moral restraint, and left man without any accountability for his sins and crimes. On looking up from his notes, and beholding us standing there listening, he began to cringe and shrink down until we thought he would not stop before he had fairly sunk into his boots. At the same time, he commenced apologizing after the following fashion:

"I suppose my time—yes, well—could said more—trespass—yes, well—don't think—Mr. Todd—I give way."

Whereupon we addressed him thus:

"Upon what authority did you make the assertion we heard on entering the door, viz: 'That Spiritualism takes away all responsibility from mankind on account of their crimes?'"

MIN.—We know but little about Spiritualism except what we have been told and read of in the papers.

TODD.—And what you have heard principally came from your brother preachers, did it not?

MIN.—Yes, mainly.

TODD.—Don't you know that preachers lie, and newspapers too; especially when they are talking about Spiritualism?

MIN.—They may sometimes misrepresent, but don't mean to lie.

TODD.—If they misrepresent knowingly, is it not a lie?

MIN.—They might not know.

TODD.—If they tell a thing that they do not know to be true, is it not a lie on their part?

MIN.—(Taking out his watch.) I must be going.

TODD.—No sir, you are not going. Sit down there on that seat and listen to me, and I will show you that your charge is false.

MIN.—Don't think—would be glad—late—appoint to—I must—

TODD.—You must not go until you hear me. Sit down there and sit still until I get through, and learn something about Spiritualism. And mark you, never be caught talking about that which you know nothing of, and your range of subject will be very limited.

The poor fellow dropped down into a seat, as though he had been shot, heaving a deep sigh as he did so, at the same time looking the picture of despair. We went on to show him that the whole of his religious institution was founded upon his old devil as the main pillar. For had there been no devil, there would have been no temptation; had there been no temptation, there would have been no fall, and had there been no fall, there would have been no total depravity, and had there been no total depravity there would have been no need of a vicarious atonement. We showed also that this vicarious atonement was nothing more nor less than an institution for selling indulgences to commit sin, a high bid for crime. And the religious world had taken advantage of it to commit all kinds of whoredoms, adulteries, stealing, lying, swearing and drunkenness, believing that through the atoning merits of Christ's blood they were going, "scott free," right from their life of lasciviousness and bacchanal revels right into glory. We demonstrated that Spiritualism taught that God never did and never would forgive a sin, but that on the head of the transgressor alone must rest the inevitable result of his actions. At the close of our discourse the preacher remarked to one who sat next to him that it was the first time that he ever listened to a Spiritualist, and if God would forgive him then, he would never listen to another.

Apology.

An apology is due the readers and Brother Jones as editor of the JOURNAL, from me, for the lack of the Pacific Department for several weeks past, but our excuse is that we have been so busy in removing our family from California to Oregon, and getting arranged our labors as State Agent for the ensuing year, that we have not had time to write more than our necessary business correspondence. We love the JOURNAL, and heartily wish it all the success that it so richly deserves, and we have been, and are still, laboring to the best of our ability to spread its circulation. When Brother Jones commenced publishing it some years ago, no one hailed its introduction into the field of spiritual literature more warmly than ourself. We felt the need of a liberal, fearless and out-spoken advocate of the Spiritual philosophy, as it then was and now is, and when Brother Jones, through duplicity and fraud, was ousted from the concern, and its name changed to the Spiritual Republic, we felt sad indeed, for under that management, it was a mere abortion in comparison to what it was before and is now.

When that occurred, we were almost entirely absorbed in our own paper, the Banner of Progress, and took occasion through that organ to give our opinion freely concerning it. It is true that our remarks called forth some very severe criticisms in private correspondence from its managers, but they did not disturb our equilibrium. We read them with unruffled feelings, and quietly dropped them into our waste basket, nor did we deign to reply. But when it resumed its old name once more under the management of Jones, we felt as though some near and dear friend long lost, had returned once more to gladden our sight and heart. And so long as it shall be our province to labor in a public capacity in the field of reform, it shall have our hearty and entire support. And we wish to say to those subscribers that we obtained in California, when your year expires (as some of them will soon), go at once to your post master, get an order and send to the JOURNAL, and thus renew your subscriptions, and if you spend an hour or two in looking up some friends to send with you, all the better. I know that if you have read your papers well for the past year, you can conscientiously recommend it as the best liberal paper in the world.

Ontario, Wis.—Mrs. Caroline E. Cary writes.—I can hardly express to you the solace the paper has been to me, for my lot in life has not been an easy one, and to believe that this weary round is all, is not very comforting to a woman nearly fifty, that has to sew night and day for a living. Now you can see the bright light your paper has brought into my home, for it brings so much proof of a happy immortality that it inspires me with hope; and I toil on, enduring the present and looking forward to the future with feelings such as I never had before reading your paper.

Woman and man—Their Relation to Each Other.

BY ADDIE L. BALLOU.

From the Cleveland Herald.

In your issue of yesterday appears the following significant article under the heading of "Notes and Comments," which seems so like a thrust or challenge, which some one is expected to take up, that I feel quite like accepting it for at least a little grapple. It says:

"Here is a nut for the woman's rights advocates to crack. If woman is to be in all respects the equal of man, can a man be justly sued for the seduction of woman? It is now assumed that woman being the 'weaker vessel, the man is the wronger and the woman the wronged, though in fact the shoe is sometimes on the other foot. Shall we not in future see a married woman, for instance, sueing another woman for the seduction of her husband? Or is the crime to be stricken from the statue books altogether."

Now the writer of this article evidently sees seduction as a crime, and when he considers the definition of *seduction* to be "drawn or enticed from virtue, corrupt, depraved, &c.," he must of course see one to be the victim and the other the power. Were both positioned equal or exactly the same, it would not be seduction proper, but a joint crime punishable to each. It is because it is not a joint affair that makes it justly more punishable to the male, or the one at whose door seduction found its birth in contemplation.

Though men and women are endowed with the same faculties, and woman may and does, have the same physical laws to control her, and is subject, therefore, to the same physical temptations, she must be morally stronger, on an average, than man, for she not only must hold her own destiny of virtue in her hands, but must battle back the waverings of her own conscience, resist herself, and him with stronger magnetic power and less principle. I say less principle because I do not believe that man has yet reached the point of virtue where he would accept of beggary and destitution for the sake of its sanctity, if the boon of comfort, protection and assistance, were offered for its purchase, while woman shows herself to be not "the weaker vessel" as she is is represented, but the stronger of the two, in that she will suffer more than this, and still be pure before the law. But it may be, perchance, that the "shoe is on the other foot" in exceptional cases, if it were possible for a woman to find, and "draw and entice from virtue," a man who was in that pure and holy path. Unless he wantonly slipped into the vile abodes of vice for the purpose of being enticed, then should her punishment be in accordance with her sin. Men are not however, generally, if ever, over fastidious about placing themselves in the way of temptation, and are willing to be drawn into this, of all other vices, and as willing to day as in the days of Edenic lore to cry out "The woman did tempt me" and as then, who but the devil could possibly have tempted her.

Actual guilt in the end is measured by motive as well as result. The man who aims a deadly blow at another's life is a murderer at heart, whether the result be death or recovery, the same as "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her committeth adultery in his heart." The law punishes only where it discovers, but the consciousness of guilt carries its penalties with it.

The apparent wrong, then, is what the law has to punish. The "wronged" are they who suffer most by its violation in this relation, and man's complicity in these crimes is eminently selfish on his part, for what has he at stake? His character, if sullied by such "fastnesses" only inspires his fellows with a sense of his brilliancy and sharpness. There is no decrease of wages for his services, no lack of employment for this discrepancy, no father's house to be disgraced or to be banished from, while she often, from her great love, confides too much, and loses all that holds her in respectable (?) society, and that which can never be restored to her, beside always bringing her own life into jeopardy, and often another one welcomed into existence, to endure the life long terror of disgraceful birth. Query—Ought not such children to have the benefit of a protecting law by which they can become legitimatized or be able to sue for their inherent rights.?

If one were to judge of the code of morals, and the discipline of statute books, and their governing laws, by the people who make up our society to day in the United States, what would be the conclusion? Why are laws so good for the protection of all, so little enforced? Is it because men are so good, or are there none free enough from "sin" to "cast the first stone?" And, under the Scriptural interpretation, how many are free from adultery? Women are not all angels, neither are all men fiends. Both might be bettered and live, and if there were more better and stronger and purer women, there would be, if not till the next generation, better men. And if women did not encourage vices in men by a negative assent to them, they would sooner reform. Men are just as weak under the influence of a good woman to-day as they were when Mrs. Eve Adam shaped the whole future course of her husband and sons, and if men and women both would struggle as hard to be wise and good as they do to hide the bad by falsehood and deceit, would pluck the golden grains of legitimate fruit instead of biting the bitter galls of illegitimate experiment, they would each find Virtue to be best and her reward sublime.

As far as it is benefiting the masses who suffer, the crime might as well be "stricken off the statute books altogether." There is many a lone heart that went out in the spring and joy of girlhood and innocence, confiding and ignorant of impending disaster, that has been wrecked on the treacherous sands of sensual love piloted by inexperienced hands, and whose misguidings have left their stranded bark to drift down the silent river, or be drifted by the ebbing tide out into the darker sea of a forsaken and hopeless "death in life."

For such as these, the advocates of "equal rights" are struggling, that innocence may not always bear the cross of guilt, that equally guilty man shall feel the groans and heart broken moans he wrings from the defenseless—that woman shall forget the wrongs and injustice forced upon her, and man may remember that he has a right to suffer equally with her in the eyes of society and the law. In giving equal rights to woman to give equal wrongs to equally erring man, and justice to all, is the measure of our ambition.

Letter from J. Antis, M. D.

Enclosed you will find three dollars from me in payment for the JOURNAL for another year, also fifty cents from Dr. Hand, for the paper three months. I intend to get as many new subscribers for your paper as you lose old ones. The lady from Lincoln, Ill., who requested you to stop sending her paper, did so through the influence of the moment, without consulting her taste. The bread contained in the paper is the food of her soul, and she can no more do without it than she can her food for the body, for a person could illy go back to husks and enjoy it after partaking of such manna as the JOURNAL contains. Far different appears to be the case of your Marseilles man. His letter to you wishing you to discontinue the paper after he had been reading it for a length of time without paying for what he had received, speaks for itself, and shows a condition of humanity, rendered so by teachings in the far past, that should excite our pity,—not contempt. Your paper could not be appreciated by him any more than it could have been by an antediluvian, because of its being so far in advance of his calibre of thought. Pearls were never designed for swine. Such an article as the one published a few weeks ago on Planchette, which alone is worth more than the price of the paper, would weigh nothing with his uncultivated mind. You can not, Mr. Jones, force a gallon of water into a quart cup. You must have patience with a creed bound humanity, and practice charity.

Morris, Ill.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Various Theories Considered.

"Can Spirits Show Themselves?" The Power of Spirits. What is Necessary to Control Mediums, and to become Mediumistic?

BY WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

Every Spiritual paper that the course of time or the force of steam brings to me, convinces me the more, that as a man dies, so he enters the Spirit World—no better, no worse; the same in knowledge, disposition and inclinations. It is true, that spirits may, and do learn much in the course of time; but that the becoming a spirit gives them knowledge intuitively, is not true. Many persons who attend public, as well as private circles, labor under the impression that all spirits who communicate, know everything, and can satisfactorily explain any question that may be put to them. I am not surprised, therefore, that such persons are often sadly disappointed.

In the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 4th, 1869, page 6, under the head of "Questions and Answers," the following question is asked, viz: "Can a spirit show itself to any one it wishes to, or must the person to whom the spirit wishes to show itself, do something to assist. And if so, what."

The substance of the answer given by the spirit was, "That it is necessary for a medium, or condenser to be present, or that conditions are necessary,"—but did not explain what those conditions were, or how the spirit affects it.

The spirit of Dr. Hare, communicating with us upon this subject, says, that it is impossible for spirits to make themselves visible to mortals not clairvoyant, unless they can gather materiality from the aura eliminated from the medium. This, the Doctor says, is moulded into shape by them, so as to represent the form they possessed while on the earth sphere, and gives us an idea of how it may possibly be affected, although we may never know the exact process or manner of doing it.

Another proof that dying does not impart knowledge or capabilities to the spirit, is the fact that they frequently speak and spell indifferently while communicating through mediums, whether they have been educated or not. Other spirits sometimes speak different languages through mediums who do not understand a word that is uttered, or are perfectly unconscious at the time. Knowing these facts, persons should not be disappointed at receiving unsatisfactory answers, nor be surprised if they should get communications in a language that the medium is not acquainted with; and it may be well enough for those who visit circles to remember that conditions are always necessary, and that if is as impossible for spirits to communicate without them, as it is for seeds to germinate without heat, moisture or sunshine.

Spirits differ as much as mortals, and as dying does not make them better than they were here, we should not expect too much from all of them, especially from those who have but recently passed away. I have frequently been disappointed in many things which were given through mediums, and much regretted the fact that the accounts given by them are so often contradictory; but when we reflect that they are not perfect, and that, like men, they may differ, and give as facts that which they believe to be so from their stand-point, we should remember that what they gave may be true to them, no matter how much it may differ from others, or seem contradictory to us. As this view of the matter accords with the facts in the case, it has reconciled my mind to their discrepancies, as a necessity, under existing circumstances, and that, as such, it may be all for the best in the end.

Upon a former occasion, I stated (and it may not be out of place to repeat it here) that the power of spirits to control mediums, depends as much upon the condition of the spirit as upon the qualities of the medium, and as both are in condition or not, so will the result of a control be perfect or not. It is, therefore, important that the medium should be perfectly controled, and to be so, or to become mediumistic, it is absolutely necessary to be able to enter the somnambulic condition, as it will be found impossible for spirits to control any one who is not in that state. Mediumship, therefore, consists in being able to enter that condition partially, or the whole body at the same time.

Trance, or unconscious mediumship takes place when the whole body, brain and all, is in a somnambulic state. If the sense of seeing, only, is in that state, then the person can see spirits clairvoyantly, and if the hearing is in that condition, they can hear them, but it will be impossible for them to do either if their senses are not in that state, and the deeper they are in it, the plainer will be the sight and the more acute the hearing. Many persons enter the state partially and others perfectly, without having been taught, and such individuals are natural mediums, or somnambulists. The condition, however, can be entered by any one who will practice the art sufficiently under proper instructions, and my experience warrants me in saying, that with a firm resolution upon the part of the person, and a compliance with the instructions given in my book and upon many occasions in the JOURNAL, that all who persevere sufficiently, may eventually succeed, and enjoy the blessing which entering this condition is destined to confer.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

A Reason Why we Sometimes get False Messages.

GIVEN THROUGH LYDIA H. BAKER.

As the outward consciousness receded, and the inward, or spiritual, of the unconscious trance opened, bringing me into a group of spirits, one of which was a man of an analytical and scientific mind, evidently one of the attending group of my regular monitors, I saw the message he was about to bring was in answer to an oft repeated question of my own waking mind,—one that I had solicitiously repeated without being able to satisfactorily solve it, or have it answered by my guides, for me. It was a clear and well defined trance condition, holding my mind so absorbed upon the question, it was regardless of any further inquiry of who my control was, than the facts noted of his ability.

In my strong intuitive impressions, I had felt it was not possible that an *evil* spirit could be the author of mistaken messages—that they must be from some philosophical cause, *mistakes* in which neither I nor the control was culpable, but how to solve the cause, I had puzzled my brain to know, feeling there would be an injustice upon the part of my most elevated spiritual guides to permit me to be even in the most trifling affairs, the dupe of an evil spirit, when falsehood was so repugnant to me, and my daily aspirations were that my guides would not permit the undeveloped to control me, and now, this spirit was answering the question; and after making the fact known to me that my mistakes were common to mediumship, in consequence of of atmospheric conditions engendered by spirits for the purpose of communicating. That as the human voice was made audible by an atmosphere, so the spirit had one peculiar to itself, a state or condition of *air*, through which the human senses of seeing, hearing, &c., was approached, but, that, owing to the *rapidity* with which this atmosphere passed, after being engendered, and the dullness of the human mind, the best intentioned spirits sometimes failed to bring correct messages; telling me, that for this cause—the *slowness* of the human mind to adapt itself to the *quickness* of the spirits in its *atmosphere* of communication—a pictorial sketch upon the retina of the inner vision was generally more reliable, because it occupied *less time* for the human mind to comprehend the picture, than the same conveyed in words. He then went on to illustrate, by the supposition of a case in point, in these words, both spoken and pictured to me:

"We will suppose there was a steamboat crossing the lake, a majority of the passengers of which recognized a ministry of angels, and they had on board the mortal remains of one who had been an honored medium, and also a good one, and all having confidence in the medium and the spirit that they felt assured was accompanying his worn out casket to its last resting place, and, under these conditions, some of the passengers and officers of the boat were desirous of testing its speed, having commenced putting on steam, when the other part remonstrated, fearing an accident, and all concluded to leave it to the spirit of the resurrected medium, through the control of the medium present, and, this being agreed upon, the answer received should be "go on," the fireing up continued, and the result an explosion and the loss of life and property. Now, in order to give this message, the spirit controlling would have to produce an atmosphere similar to that engendered by the fireing of two pistols at right angles, that would pass very rapidly, and would have said "do *not* go on," but in consequence of the earth mold of the human brain, and these facts connected with the means used, they failed to get but part of the sentence uttered by the spirit"

Here he shewed me that spirits not unfrequently over estimated their ability to make the medium correctly and fully comprehend them; and again, feeling that though they would fail in part, since as the finite mind cannot comprehend the Infinite, there must of a necessity be many things we would be instructed in, if capable; yet as we *are* capable of *learning* much through our little failures to comprehend, and this necessarily belongs to all instruction, so it is not so much a matter of regret as a care upon the spirit mind, to make the mistakes as small as possible; and we should never get discouraged, or attribute to an evil source, difficulties that philosophically exist. And so I was reminded that as all spirit life acts in conditions that are fallable, it is a childish simplicity of mind that will look for an infallable inspiration, or believe everything it cannot comprehend eminates from an evil source.

Lancaster, Texas.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts.

BY WARREN CHASE.

No. VI.

"And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah." (2d Samuel xxiv: 1)

Whose word of the Lord this passage is, we do not know, but as it is in God's word, of course he spoke it or wrote it through some medium, of which he used a great variety. But what is most interesting in connection with our text is, that the Word of God, as written here, shows that his anger was again kindled at David for numbering the people, and gave him a choice of three evils or penalties of which David chose the lightest, and the Lord sent a pestilence which destroyed seventy thousand of the people for David's sin which the Lord prompted this "man after his own heart" to do.

If this was a single instance of the most unjustifiable cruelty, injustice and crime committed by the Jewish God, we should call it an interpolation, or in some way a mistake, but as this Old Testament-Word of God is full of such inconsistent cruelties, we are compelled to reject the whole, or accept the character, bad as it is. Any God who would select such a man as David, and keep him in power, and then extend it to such a successor as Solomon, ought never to be introduced into any civilized country as an object of worship, for no intelligent person can love or even respect such a character. Fear only can extract from any human being the least regard for such a character. When people thought he thundered and lightened, and blew in whirlwinds and tornadoes, roared in the sea, rumbled in the earthquake and belched in the volcano; when they believed he brought the famine and pestilence, killed little children and old persons, and sent one to heaven and ten to hell, there might have been sacrifice and prayer offered to him through fear, and there is no wonder that the people that did believe in such a God were base, hypocritical, dishonest and knavish, and yet the most cringing sycophants on earth. How could they be otherwise and be God-like? The only wonder is, that either Jews or Christians were as good as they were, with such a God for a pattern. We see by the history what David was, whose heart was so near like his God's, and who was moulded in character by him, and Solomon, also, his most wise and prudent servant in the earth. Certainly there was a similarity in the characters and the dispositions of these three persons, David, Solomon and Jehovah.

GEORGIA.

Spiritualism in the South—the Odious Law.

BY A. D BROWN.

I have been a good deal grieved, and somewhat vexed for the past week, but I hope you do not feel any bad effect from it. I thought you had stopped the JOURNAL, but I could not have blamed you much if you had as I was negligent about remitting. Now please alter the little tag to correspond with the money I enclose, then I will know when to send more.

I see in one of your last papers that a lady (a medium I suppose) would spend the winter in the South,—I think in Miss. and Ala. Now I wish you would inform her that there is a law in Ala, which makes it a crime or misdemeanor to hold a public seance in the state. I have forgotten whether there is imprisonment; but the fine is five hundred dollars, and I think it would be well for her to be on her guard.

Probably you recollect that some years ago Dr. Redmond went to New Orleans, and that a man followed him from New York to expose his jugglery, as he called it. The Dr. arrived in Montgomery, on his way, while the legislature was in session, and probably intended to hold a seance in that city, but the legislature, unwilling to have their old theology doubted or disturbed laid all other business aside, suspended rules, and forthwith passed the above mentioned law for the Dr.'s especial benefit,—for benefit it must have been if the people in Montgomery resembled those at that time here. Mr. Lanning,—I believe it was—came a day or two before the Dr. to prepare the way—a sort of John the Baptist, to have things ready for the Dr.; but a suitable room could not be found in the city for less than fifteen or twenty dollars per night. I went with Brother Lanning to try to procure a room, and the only room that would have at all answered the purpose, was in an old dilapidated building, and the owners wanted fifteen dollars per night for it, which was in all probability more than they received by the month; so I think the law was in the Dr.'s favor, as in my opinion he would not have made expenses.

It is different now. I think there are a great number of incipient Spiritualists in this city, if they only had some one to open their eyes to the truth of our beautiful philosophy, and instruct them therein. I wish we could have some good test mediums and lecturers visit us.

I have been a Spiritualist in feeling ever since A. J. Davis used to publish his beautiful writings in the "Univercœlium"—in 1848, I believe it was. My belief was not fully confirmed until I visited Dr. Redmond and other mediums in New York, in 1857 Since that time, I feel sure and steadfast in the belief, and I feel that the shorter my time grows on earth, the stronger my faith becomes.

I have been an excellent physical medium, and have had some excellent tests,—better when I doubted, than since I have been confirmed in my belief My mediumship is now taken from me, much to my regret, but I suppose it was because I did not improve my talents I should have done. I could only get a promiscuous circle occasionally, and then there was generally much talking and laughing around the seance, and I thought it was making too light of a serious thing. My tests have proven to me that the spirits are willing to work here if they had any encouragement that mortals would work with them, and pay proper attention to their instructions.

Columbus, Geo.

Good News to Mediums.

LETTER FROM CARLETON RICE.

I observe in the BANNER of a recent date, a notice relating to homes for mediums and lecturers on Spiritualism, while abroad among strangers, or others doing their duties in this excellent cause.

To such I would say, if any one chances to be in the vicinity where I reside, if he or she will call on me at Hamilton, N. Y., they will find a free and comfortable home, for the purpose of a visit, or an opportunity to lecture in those parts, and they will find my wife (an excellent woman), ready to make them contented while making such a call. Hamilton is accessible from all parts by rail road, and let others who are friendly to the cause of humanity thus signify their willingness to assist and cheer those who thus spend their time and strength in spreading the truth of the immortality of the soul.

There are others living in this vicinity who would gladly do what I propose, and there are also more mediums scattered among the Spiritualists than people are generally aware of. In the town of Smithfield, it is said that over one-half of the inhabitants are Spiritualists, or favor that belief more than any other. In the village of Peterboro' are four places or houses for public worship—two of them, Presbyterian and Baptist,—have become defunct, and their large meeting houses are rotting down. The Methodist church, as the wag said, "running emptyings." The fourth is the principal, and is called the "Free Church of Peterboro'"—where lecturers on Spiritualism, woman's rights, temperance, etc., can have the privilege of speaking at any time. At this house, on Sunday generally, Gerrit Smith advocates the "Religion of reason," in opposition to the "Religion without reason," and many go to hear him. Spiritualist lecturers and mediums always have good audiences and meet with a good reception at the hands of the citizens of Peterboro'.

Correspondence in Brief.

Richfield Spa, N. Y.—S. A. McM. writes.—Being a believer in Spiritual and Harmonial Philosophy. I wish to say a few words to my dear brothers and sisters through the JOURNAL, in regard to the proposition published by you Jan. 1st, 1870, made by Mr. S. Jenkins, of Lakeville, Dakota Co., Minn., which I think is a good opportunity for those who would like to engage in the agricultural business, and especially to become more earnest and faithful workers in the cause of Spiritual Philosophy, the only true and most consistent religious doctrine that is being vindicated, or ever has been, since Christ left this earth-life.

The lands that Mr. Jenkins offers to dispose of, are very desirable as to locality, and are also very productive; and you will see by the paper his object in making the proposition to Spiritualists, and that he will dispose of his lands to suit purchasers. So now, and there is, the time to act.

Paris, Ill.—R. B. Kauffman writes.—The bold stand you have taken to defend a much misunderstood and badly persecuted class of society, viz: the mediums, of which I am an humble member, calls forth all the deep feelings of the soul. Your editorial department is food to me, and were I to attempt to say which of the other departments could be spared, I fear I could make no decision, for they are all good. I do not exactly know whether the paper is becoming better every week or myself more highly developed by its glorious principles, but it is certainly one or both, for surely there is progress somewhere, and I think no one could read its inspired pages without becoming holier and better.

New Philadelphia, Ohio.—J. N. Strickmaker writes.—We have had several seances held in this city during the last month, through the renowned physical medium, Mrs. Elizabeth, daughter of Ira Davenport, Sen. Her mediumistic powers in physical demonstrations, exceed all of her sex now on record, either of the past or present. Connected with these varied demonstrations, conversation has been carried on here night after night with the invisibles, and wise precepts and good sayings worthy of thought, have been given to us Hymns and spiritual songs have been sung by them in a loud musical voice, the medium chanting one verse, and the voices the next, each varying as much as human voices do, and talent as varied, to the edification of various investigators.

Blandville, Ill.—Mrs. N. P. Lisk writes.—In the JOURNAL of Dec. 18th, No. 13, in a communication from Henry J. Rsmond, saying, "Let us sail out," said I at last, we can not yet; we must wait until we reach the current. If we go outside of that we may be lost in the intense cold and the poisonous gases, or we may be swallowed up in the vortex of some flaming comet," answered my wise companions. Now I ask for information. Can a spirit ever be lost or destroyed? I have been studying Spiritualism for about sixteen years, and yet I don't know as much as I wish to, but want to learn all I can.

Shellsburg, Ill.—A. G. Rathbun writes.—We lay down the rail tie and take up the pen, in order to return thanks for your kindness in sending the dear JOURNAL; also two dollars, which brings me to the bottom of my pocket, but not discouraged, for this is not the only time we have reached bottom in this direction, in a good cause. We love the paper now more than ever.

Le Claire, Iowa.—L. L. Hare writes.—To-day is Christmas, and how sad I feel! All that is most dear to me on this earth has passed away—my dear child who is dead in California, away from friends and home. This is what made me subscribe for your paper. I thought to gain some consolation by reading it, and really I have.

Philadelphia, Pa.—W. E. Richner writes.—The paper just received is a perfect gem in the wealth of its contents and typography—decidedly "a thing of beauty," on which to look is a real pleasure. I am delighted.

MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:
Story of Fact Phenomena and Mystery

BY GEORGE SOMMERVILLE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE APPARITION—THE ORPHAN'S RIGHTS—THE MISER'S WILL—RESTORATION.

Abel Grimps was sitting in his room as usual alone, and deeply absorbed in scheming for the possession of gold. It was near midnight, and if his speculative and miserly scheme embraced murder, we care not now to say. But from plotting for the present accumulation of wealth, his mind wandered free, without his will, through the refreshed vista of memory, to the "mysterious murder" at Kensington, and while he sat thus, at the "very witching time of night," he recognized at last in his soul, a voice calling for redress; again he seemed to hear the last groan of his victim, as he attempted to drive the steel to his heart on that fatal night; an influence closed around, which seemed to place him with the power of the spirit of his victim, and his blood gradually becoming sluggish, he shuddered terribly. Again he heard the "three signal raps," and glancing toward the door, it flew open suddenly, and he beheld a tall figure, pale and sad, shrouded in white, as if just from the tomb, his long ambrosial locks, struggling in damp masses down over his bared shoulders, his eyes were glassy and set, yet seeming to emit flashes of lurid fire, while on his left breast appeared the deadly wound, yet moist with the trickling blood, toward which the spectre directed his index finger, as he slowly and steadily approached the horror stricken miser and murderer.

Speechless and shivering, the old man stood up, and stared on the midnight intruder. His countenance changed color, grew paler and paler, his limbs becoming weak, smote together, and large drops stood out on his forehead, and then rolled down his rigid and distorted face, with soul chilling effect. With a heavy groan, he gasped:

"Great God! It is his spirit," and burying his face in his hands, he sank like a child to his knees.

The spectre approaching, touched him slightly on the shoulder. The shivering Jew trembled fearfully, while the spectre solemnly commanded:

"Caleb Seigle look up. Restore the wronged orphan's their rights. Refuse, and to-night you die. Listen and obey. The miser shuddered in silence."

"Remember," the spectre continued, "fail to do this, and this night, thy soul shall be required of thee."

The affrighted Jew fell back rigid to the floor. Still the spirit went on:

"Caleb Seigle, thy days are numbered. Delay not."

A shattering wind now shook the misers old tenement, as though it was but a cradle in the whirlpool. The windows rattled, the door creaking on its hinges, flew open, and closed again, and all was then silent; the spectre had departed.

The subdued miser after laying in a semi-conscious trance for an hour, at length showed signs again of physical life. Raising himself up partially, yet filled with fear, and tremblingly he glanced round the room. The cold perspiration had chilled on him, and created almost an ungovernable shivering.

"What has happened?" he at length asked. "A fearful dream, and yet not all a dream. He come to me. I saw him. Oh! I have lived a wretched life—a murderer," he said in an under tone, "so many years since, and the horrid phantom haunts and follows me still. Oh! that I could escape it."

As the troubled and relenting Jew passed at length from a long season of repentant reflection, he concluded to obey the heavenly vision, the voice of the spirit, and in the form of a last will and testament, make ample restoration to the wronged. Procuring writing material, parchment, etc., he sat down, and wrote the following brief schedule.

"The last will and testament of Caleb Seigle, A. D. 186——"

In the name of the God of Abraham Isaac and Jacob, I, Caleb Seigle, give and bequeath in this my latest will and testament, to Media Clarendon, the sum of five thousand dollars in lawful money of the United States, and one three story brick house, No—, B—street. I give and bequeath to Clarence Clarendon, five thousand dollars in money, and the three-story brick house in R—street, No—, and I give and bequeath to my cousin Rebecca Seigle, the sum of ten-thousand dollars and the two-story brick house in seventh street, No—, being the one in which I now live. Among my possessions there is a small sealed packet, containing Valuables. It and its contents, I bequeath to Clarence Clarenden's brother.

The brief document thus concluded, the writer pondered over it some time, and at length, as a heavy sigh escaped him he said:

"That duty is discharged, and its burden removed from my soul. Oh! accursed gold, how it eats into one's peace. Yet what a joy its free restoration gives. So many years accumulating this, and now to part so suddenly with it, 'tis not without its pang. Let it go. The God of Abraham, praise——"

Lifting his eyes toward heaven as if in prayer, he rolled up the parchment, and carefully deposited it with the packet in his iron chest, and locked it there.

The pleasanter passage now of several days has brought also quite a change to the repentant miser. He appears now attired neatly in a suit of black, his grey locks combed out, and his face smoothly shaved and clean—he seems happy. Carlo, his faithful mastiff lies at his feet, while the converted Jew is lost in a pleasant revery.

"Happy at last. This crushing weight of guilt beneath which I have labored so long, at last removed. Oh! what have I not suffered—restless nights of terror, many have I passed. But God is good, righteous and just, in all his ways."

The clock struck the hour, and the sound had scarcely ceased as the three signal raps were once more heard. A sudden chill sped swiftly through the veins of the Jew, as he thought of the terror they once gave him.

"They terrify me no more," he whispered, as he arose to open the door. "I can now confront him with composure—heart at ease." He opened the door, and Dudly Clarenden entered.

"Well Seigle, you see I keep my promise."

"Yes sir; you do promptly, and I am happy to meet you."

"Ah!" He responded as he peered a second time into the miser's face, to reassure himself of the expression of sincerity and placid calmness stamped there.

"Does it surprise you, Dudly Clarenden," the Jew enquired in the most pleasant manner.

"What do you mean by that? ejaculated the other, changing color slightly.

"Is not my name 'Austin Clairbourn?'"

"Perhaps, but open your business with me, sir. I am prepared now for whatever you may ask."

"Where then are the children?"

"They are in the city."

"Now, is this true, or a mere subterfuge by which you hope to escape my vengence." Dudly demanded.

"It is the truth. I expect them here to-night, if you will remain, Dudly Clarenden, you may once more embrace your children."

"My children! What mean you, cried Clarenden. "Why should you, sir, still attempt to deceive me?"

"Is it so?"

"Yes sir. I have every reason to believe that you are the identical person whom more than sixteen years since, I attempted to mur——"

"Ha! You know me then. How have you contrived to gain this knowledge? for Clarenden is my name."

During this remarkable interview betwixt the gentleman and the Jew, a different scene is progressing in another part of the city.

In her humble home, sat Media, enjoying her genial hospitality. By invitation there was Jack Ringgold, Clarence Rodgers and Ella Russel, Fred Weldon and Josephine Kennedy, Sylvan Shermer and Miss. Linda Ray.

As they sat in the parlor, there being a large table in the center of the room just beneath the chandelier, they had unconsciously formed a very susceptible circle for spirit control, Media sitting a little in advance, Ringgold to the right, while off to the left across the room, sat Clarence and Ella.

Media, with eyes partially closed, coming immediately under control, and as she still sat, addressed her remarks directly to Clarence.

"Clarence, I am glad you have come. You're a poet, but you do not know it. Ha! ha! Nor do you know your real name. Humph! quite doubtful, if you know who your father was, or your mother."

"Is this not somewhat shabby, to speak of one in this way, in such a company as this?"

"Ha, none of them any better than they ought to be, nor do they know any too much. Your right name, Clarence, is not Clinton."

"What is it then? I've never known another."

"I see it. It is in the form of a brilliant cresent just above your head. The letters are formed in a misty light, and the first is a large C. It is a name more royal in sound than the one you now bear. It has a very "royal" sound. The spirit of a tall, dignified beautiful lady, stands now by your side, and taking you by the hand seems to lead you to the center of the room. She beckons me to come."

The Medium, impulsively drawn forward to her feet, joined Clarence in the middle of the room, near the table, and clasping his left hand, both turned full around, and stood gazing in a semi-trance condition into the large Spanish mirror, on the opposite side of the appartment, which reached nearly to the floor.

"Clarence, what do you see? Media continued."

"I see the tall lady you have spoken of, attired in a long flowing robe of white; with a sweet smiling motherly face."

"She calls you Clarence Clarenden. Says she is your mother, and seems sad that you can not remember nor recognize her. She also says, you had a sister once. Her you can remember?"

"Yes a sweet sympathetic little girl. But we were separated when very young, and I have never looked upon her since."

"Look, Clarence, what now do you see?"

"A very bright light around her head, and through it in living characters, the ever single-endearing name of Mother. And now she waves her hand toward you, Media, and the voice, as of an angel, whispers, Sister, Brother."

Media and Clarence, by the influence were now turned again, face to face, and for a second seemed to peer into the soul of each, and then in the glad enrapturing recognition, clasped in a speechless happy embrace.

The revelation was a remarkable and beautiful one—no loud nor vehement expressions of sudden surprise, but an exquisite sense of the deepest, happiest, brotherly and sisterly love.

It was in truth, strange as it may appear, and long as they had been casually acquainted, quite unaware of their real relationship. Media and Clarence were brother and sister.

Still, under powerful control, Media, unclasping her arms from Clarence, and looking up and off an instant, and waving her hand said:

"Come; we must get out of this. She turned away and beckons us, Clarence, earnestly to follow."

And still entranced, Media clasped her newly known brother by the hand, and stepped into the street. Ringgold and company, deeply interested now to see the end of the strange phenomena, as also to shield his loved Media from insult and harm, followed at a distance, convenient in case of any emergency. Leading them several squares, and turing a number of street corners, Media stopped at length in front of a small unassuming tenement, located in a part of our city, by no means wealthy, at least not considered fashionable. It was the dingy private appartment of what was indicated by the three bronze balls, to be a pawnbrokers establishment, the residence and place of business of Caleb Seigle.

Soon as the door opened in answer to Media's rapping at the knocker (there was no bell), she caught an instant glimpse of the Jew, as he sat far back in his private room, looking towards the opened door; and again the entrancement of spasmodic madness seized her. With a wild shriek she ran, and grasping the old man by the arm, she cried:

"You said you had found my father, and would show him to us. Restore to us now our parent, 'ere you are dispatched to bring him from the other world."

Ringgold and company looked on mute with astonishment. The Jew trembled and turned pale beneath the strange power and spell of the excited Media, who still clasping Clarence by the hand, stood before the amazed miser, the three forming the prominent figures in a tableau, at once curious, singular and pathetic.

For an instant, the gaze of the wonder-stricken Jew, was drawn off toward the door again; then raising his hand in the directon indicated, exclaimed with a degree of relief:

"There—God be praised, he has come. Media, your parent is here."

All eyes were instantly turned toward the tall manly form, now approaching their midst.

The stranger appeared at first, not a little disconcerted at meeting unexpectedly such a company, the most of whom were strangers to him. But as his quick eye passing Ringgold, ran round the group, and returned to Ringgold again, he started, and the other as he met the keen eye of the gentleman seemed also to recognize an old acquaintance in the well formed person of Dudly Clarendon.

Media and Clarence at length relieved of the spirit entrancement, gazed on the new comer, but knew him not. Caleb Seigle was now the first to speak. He said:

"Media and Clarence. I now acquit myself of a long standing obligation. Once I attempted to take the life of your parent."

Brother and sister started at the bold confession, and looked on each other in doubt.

"And until some months since," he continued "believed I had done so. But Jehovah be praised; that parent now stands before you."

Clarenden casting aside a flowing cloak which he sometimes wore, stood revealed in their midst, his eyes beaming with unspeakable affection, seemed riveted in their glad gaze on his long absent children at last to him restored.

"Yes, yes," he spake in tones of trembling emotion. Clarence, Media, look on your father at last restored to you. You are my long lost children. We dare not attempt a description of the deep pathos, the thrilling and affectionate scene. As father, daughter and son embraced each other with joy unspeakable—brought thus together so strangely, by spirit direction and revelation, after having been seperated so long, it indeed was a holy scene; there was none there but felt its sacred and happy influence. To the converted Jew, the incident appeared the happiest of his life.

The first gush of feeling subsiding, Ringgold approaching Clarendon, said:

"I too, Dudly Clarenden, grasp your hand with pleasure, though unabled to meet with you till now, since we parted on that eventful day."

"My dear sir, you have placed me under a life-long obligation. To you, noble Ringgold, and the good spirit that prompted and assisted you, I owe my life."

Media and Clarence casting enquiring glances, Ringgold continued:

"Media, Clarence, at a suitable time and place, if agreeable to all concerned, I will further unravel this mystery."

"There is one thing more," interrupted the Jew. "It is in that chest,—money and my will."

Unlocking the iron chest, he threw back the lid, and exposed to their astonished vision several bags of gold; then taking up the parchment, handed it to Clarenden, saying, "I appoint you Dudly Clarenden, my executor. Take this and read it. In it you will find restored, more than you have lost. It is all yours."

Receiving the singular document with some trepidation, of its contents, Clarenden scarcely knew what to say. All were greatly astonished, confounded in fact, save the delighted Jew—his sudden generous exultant joy, for the moment knew no bounds. As he still sat in his chair enjoying their wonder and surprise, a wild, loud burst of hilarious laughter escaped him. He had not laughed for years—so serious had he grown in the sordid accumulation of money. All now were again attracted to the Jew; he had fallen back in his chair ghostly pale. Clarenden sprang to his side, and called to him, but no answer came. He was dead, his spirit had fled. Blood oozing through the clenched teeth purpling the thin lips told the tale. In the excess of his repentant joy, he had burst one of the larger blood vessels.

Solemn were the feelings of the noble Clarenden, as he now gazed on the pale shrunken features fixed in death, of the man who once had attempted his life. Though he was then in heart a murderer, yet since he had repented so sincerely, and restored so fully all that he had wrongfully obtained, Dudly Clarenden could only forgive him. He also felt it incumbent on him, to see that the Jew received a descent burial.

To be continued.

ORTHODOXY.
Revival in Union, Wis.

BY J. A. SAWIN.

As people in the country have a partial rest from labor during winter, our Orthodox divines improve the opportunity to call upon the Lord to come down and receive their "help against the mighty," of course not for the benefit of the preachers, for they are already saved, regenerated, and their garments are washed "white in the blood of the lamb,"—though just how washing a garment in red blood should make it white they have not seen fit to tell us. But they pray earnestly, or very loud at least, whether earnest or not, that he would come down and receive their help, probably thinking or knowing that he is very feeble—and just here let me respectfully say that, placing full confidence in their description of him, I fully agree with them.

Brother Jones, I remember you requested worldly people to attend orthodox meetings for the purpose of exerting a magnetic influence over the brethren, and thereby restrain them from exercising their strong criminal passions. This is practical benevolence, and all good people ought to be willing to spend a few days in a year for such a laudable purpose; but when the Lord comes down and stays six weeks in one little town, holding meetings every day, the tax on poor mortals becomes a little too much, and we are compelled to let the "followers of the Lord work out their own salvation."

The village of Union, a few miles from this place, has been honored with such a meeting for the past six weeks. As to the actual attendance of the Lord, deponent cannot say, but taking the word of the brethren for truth, he has undoubtedly been there since the first week. But my object in writing this is to notice one particular sermon of the Rev. M Sharp, dispenser-in-chief of the word of the Lord during this "protracted effort." His text was, "And in the latter days ye shall consider it perfectly." These luminous words he informed us, were found in Jeremiah 33rd chapter, a chapter abounding in such disjointed and contradictory statements, threats and promises, that I may safely defy any preacher to show any harmony between them. But there is no limit to the presumption with which an orthodox preacher relies on the ignorance or prejudice of his hearers; and accordingly the Rev. gentleman told us these were the words of God directed to us, but not to take effect till after death, when it would be too late to receive any benefit from them. He was careful to say that he did not believe in a hell of fire and brimstone, thus flatly contradicting the "word of god," but said that hell was made up fo considering! But oh! the horrors of considering! If a thoughtful person could by any magic power so expand his credulity as to believe Rev. Sharp's description, he must inevitably conclude that the billowy lake of burning brimstone, over which the good old preachers of thirty years ago used to shake poor sinners till they "would squall like racoons" (I quote from one of them), is a cool and comfortable residence in comparison. After painting the horrid picture of futurity, he took pains to prove from the "word of God" which he had just denied, that it would be eternal; and then as if to make this muddle of a sermon still more ridiculous, or more probably, to see how much absurdity his church could swallow at one dose, he said: "And how long will ye consider? Until you have considered it perfectly;" thus proving by his own inimitable logic, either annihilation or universal salvation. My respect for the intelligence of the audience was increased when after closing the sermon, (?) he called on the anxious to come forward and receive the special manipulations required for a full fledged modern religionist, for although he repeated the call, not one out of several hundred would budge an inch. He gave then as a reason, "that the house was so crowded," and requested the anxious ones to rise if they wished the prayers of the church, but only one arose.

P. S. I have learned that the fruit of six weeks effort is nine candidates for baptism.

Evansville, Wis.

Knight's Town.—Dr. J. Hill writes.—I am very much pleased to see you manifest so bold and independent a position for the JOURNAL,—gratifying to have one free vehicle of thought through which all subjects may be freely discussed.

☞ It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse in the nose will restore his sight. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him in the pocket.

Speakers Register.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

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Our New Books.

Continued from first page.

False teachers of the people! Spiritualism catches the refrain, and echoes back, "Yes, false teachers of the people!" in the face and teeth of a false bloated theology, which lives not in the glorious light and truth revealed to man in the present age, preferring rather to feed its followers upon the stale porridge doled out to heathen worshipers away back in the dim misty past. Spiritualism is as old as mankind, and the manifestations through media, in the nineteenth century, accord harmoniously with the workings of superior intelligences in Spirit Life, all along through the ages that have passed since man became a "living soul."

Palestine, Kansas, Dec. 12 h, 1869

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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The Extreme Absurdity of the Bible Statements.—Views of the Author of the Three Voices.

There is a strange mystery connected with the Immaculate Conception. The idea that God the Infinite, should select a virgin for the purpose designated in Scripture, is so extremely inconsistent and absurd. This event as stated in the Bible, is not founded on common sense or reason, and is well calculated to excite within the mind the thought as to why it is that the various Orthodox churches will still cling with such tenacity to an old exploded notion.

It really seems to us that God—the God who made Adam out of the dust of the earth, and Mother Eve from a rib of his, would not have selected one of their descendants to become the mother of a son for Him, from the simple fact they had "fallen from grace"—had become tinctured with sin, and, of course, all their descendants had become affected thereby, and not one of them could have been pure. Now it seems to us that God, having tried the "dust of the earth," and a "rib," in the process of creating intelligent beings—male and female—and having signally failed, would have stepped aside altogether from his two failures, and tried some other method than the one referred to in the statement in regard to the Immaculate Conception. "Nothing succeeds so well as success," appears not to have been taken into consideration by God in this third and last effort to bring into the world a human being that should truly reflect His omniscience, omnipotence and goodness, and succeed in thwarting His enemies. That His last attempt was a decided improvement on the first two, no rational mind will deny. But here is a curious principal of philosophy, the nature of which we are not prepared to demonstrate. How God could take a descendant of two "failures" and make a "success," is to us as inexplicable as the idea was to the Irishman who had ate a large number of peaches, and when asked how he liked them, said, "Rale-ly well, but the sades set hard on my stomach."

We do not wish to ridicule this idea of the Immaculate Conception. If possible, we would become serious in discussing the real merits of the same, and endeavor to show its extreme absurdity, but the idea is so ridiculous, that philosophy flees from our mind and refuses to allow her bright plumage to nestle over an event of such extreme absurdity, in order to hatch out an idea that will blaze forth to the world, pointing to MAN, not GOD, as the father of Jesus. The poet asks:

> "Really is it true that God did go
> And on Virgin Mary, a child bestow,
> And then by law forbid the same
> And never repeat the like again?"

Why God should select Mary for the purpose of begetting a son, when the Bible distinctly says that He is an impartial Being and no respector of persons, we are unable to say. This act of God, in slighting all the other virgins, is certainly not very commendable, and we are inclined to find fault with him for it. The following question is a pertinent one:

> "And were not other virgins pure as she,
> And did they not pray, 'O God, come to me?'
> They wished a son, why not give to them
> A jewel from the heavenly diadem?"

If God is really an impartial Being, some other God than the one designated in Scripture must have imposed on the credulity of Mary, for really He could not respect her any more than the other virgins. The muse cannot comprehend this question:

> "Really, we can not understand why,
> God should his own inherent law defy,
> And commit adultery, then go home
> As if ashamed, to his heavenly throne,
> And then with sceptre in hand,
> Boldly issue his command
> For mortals not to do as he had done,
> But all such acts forever shun."

It does really seem to us that God made a great mistake in doing that which He will deem criminal in His children. It is true, "He is a jealous God," according to the statement in the Bible, and actuated, no doubt, by a jealous disposition, He issued His edict against adultery. We often wondered in our younger days how God really did appear when He first visited Mary, and were accustomed to quote these lines:

> "When God stepped from his heavenly throne,
> And ventured within Mary's humble home,
> Did he take off his hat, and politely greet,
> Mary, so chaste, with kisses sweet?"

That question is really a pertinent one, although it may seem to lack that dignity so requisite in the discussion of abstruse subjects, or more especially those that relate to the action of Deity. It may be possible, however, that God—the God who came from heaven—did not possess those keen sensibilities that mortals do in relation to those little greetings that send sunshine into the soul, drive away the clouds of care, and make both men and women better, holier and purer. But we might well ask:

> "When God left his regal throne,
> And came to earth to beget a son,
> Did he sit with Mary's love
> By pointing to his throne above?
> But God is omnipresent,—everywhere,
> Then, how with Mary, more than elsewhere?"

The above is another pertinent inquiry of the muse, and one well worthy of a candid reply from those who believe that He can be in one place more than another. We would like to visit that locality where there is "more of God than elsewhere," and give the same a careful examination. Such a locality would attract more attention than the Cardiff Giant, Barnum's Mermaid, or Artemus Ward's "wax figers."

This Immaculate Conception is certainly an interesting question, although it never had an existence, never was among the realities, any more than the Lilliputians seen by Gulliver, or the huge eagle that Sinbad the sailor rode through the air. Nevertheless, the subject is interesting and prolific of thought. The question might well be asked, was "God with Mary more than elsewhere?" Can God be in one place more than another? Does it appear reasonable that He would take the descendant of two failures that He might be instrumental in bringing into the world a "success?" These are queries worthy of consideration. If God really was with Mary as stated, certain laws lies were without a supervising agency—a God. But the Bible says He is omnipresent; then, in order to be with Mary in the manner designated, it follows that He had "to condense Himself," leaving certain parts of His kingdom without any controlling influence.

But we have written this article, not for the purpose altogether of showing the absurdity of the Immaculate Conception, but to bring into notice one of the spiciest books—really a poetical gem—brim full of sparkling nectar from the gurgling fountains of the Muses! It is a literary jewel—just the the thing for a place in the library! A garland of fresh thoughts, woven by the master hand of a poet! We allude to THE THREE VOICES. It is truly a fine book. Each leaf is a literary treasure, twenty-five per cent above par, and still rising. Its merit is permanent as the sunshine—as everlasting as God Himself. It is all meat, there is no shell to crack—no circumlocutory verbosity to wade through in order to come to an "oasis of real truth." We love this book for its intrinsic merit. It chimes sweetly in our mind, and we feel that its mission is to establish truth, and overthrow error. But here we have a query advanced by the author of THE VOICES. He comes to our relief; he is a poet—we are not.

A QUERY FOR THE THOUGHTFUL, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE VOICES."

> If Mary while a virgin bore a child
> Before she was by hymen's charms beguiled—
> Then God repealed, or modified a clause
> In His established procreative laws,
> To raise a God-like man, of whom to boast,
> Whose only father was the Holy Ghost.
> To thoughtful minds how strange this tale doth seem,
> While ALL ITS CLAIMS ARE FOUNDED IN A DREAM!
>
> We would deal kindly, wishing no abuse;
> But why may not OUR Mary plead excuse,
> And charge their follies to a Higher Power
> To palliate for some misguided hour?
>
> If that important law has been repealed,
> Its restoration nowhere is revealed;
> And many maidens yet may truly find
> The ancient record suited to their mind;
> But modern Josephs will be VERY SLOW
> IN HAVING FAITH TO EQUAL GOOD OLD JO!!

In these three verses can be found food for reflection. A "query" is often productive of more thought than a long disquisition on some abtruse subject. The question above has a world of thought in its ample folds. Error can be crippled by a simple query and shorn of the brilliant garments which it ofttimes steals from Truth, more easily than by a long logical discourse.

The author of THE VOICES has done the world a signal service in this volume—equally as beneficial to mankind as the discovery of the diurnal revolution of the earth by Gallileo. His ideas are pointed, clear, concise; his narrative is beautiful, musical, and bubbling over with the emotions of a soul that is inspired from the Central Source of Thought.

In showing the extreme absurdity of the story in relation to Noah and the ark, he says:

> "(The folly of this story is quite clear,
> As all these tribes were fed at least a year,
> Within a space not half their cubic feet,
> While most of them TEN TIMES their bulk would eat.)"

In his remarks on the deluge he says:

> "(Sad to relate, yet harder understood,
> That all was evil, God created good;
> That such a fate should now befall mankind,
> When all for good their Maker had designed;
> That evil uncreated should prevail,
> And with success the powers of truth assail;
> That God's great plan should now forever fail,
> And hell with death and devils get us all;
> That Satan and his host should only live,
> Yet run at large permitted to deceive.
> If Satan caused all evil to prevail,
> Why did not God the cause at once assail?
> What lasting good can any one expect,
> While cause remains, by punishing effect?
> Be as it may, the devil gained his plan,
> God made His title good by drowning man:
> Thus Nature wept in sadness o'er the tomb,
> That draped the earth in universal gloom.
> One righteous family alone reserved
> With this the race of man must be preserved;
> They being just, the right would only do,
> Like as at first, God now begins anew.)"

THE VOICES, comprising some 200 pages, and founded on "Holy Writ," is for sale at this office.—Price $1 25; postage 16 cts.

San Jose, Mason Co., Ill.

A person writing from the above named place complains that he has written before and got no reply. The reason is obvious—he don't append any name to his letters. When will careless correspondents learn to be more careful?

Try it again, brother

BRO. S. S. FRENCH.

What is J. W.'s Post Office address?

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE.

Hagar and the Angel—Formation of the Physical Body.

In our previous article, we spoke of the jealousy of Sarai, the duplicity and meanness of Abraham, showing conclusively that he became, in the strictest sense of the term, a "free lover" when he took to his bosom Hagar, and that in deserting her at a critical period when she needed sympathy and attention, he placed himself in a position to be despised by every lover of virtue and right. Any one who will read the account of his treatment of Hagar, and still entertain an exalted opinion of his character, has but little judgment, and less common sense. From our inmost soul, we pity that man who will take to his bosom some frail flower, and by his poisonous, lustful breath, blast its beautiful leaves and destroy its heaven-born fragrance, and then cast it away, to sink in the filth and mire of human passion! To such a man there is a fearful retribution in the Spirit World, for every wrong perpetrated by human kind, leaves its imprint on the nature, and there it will burn and seeth and irritate and trouble its possessor, until he can do some great good to act as a palliative, or a cure. Abraham treated Hagar unkindly, and to add to the troubles that were still weighing heavily on her mind, the angel said, "He (her child) will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The angel, or ministering spirit, could only tell her the truth, however sad it might make her.

In regard to this communication, we can only come to this conclusion—that Hagar was clairvoyant and clairaudient, and therefore saw the spirit form of the angel, and the voice given expression to by him, or he so materialized himself that he could present himself to her. On carefully reading the 16 h chapter of Genesis, we have come to the conclusion that Hagar was a medium for physical manifestations, and that the angel actually materialized himself, or, in other words, through the action of certain laws, assumed a physical organization so tangible that he could be seen by the natural eye, and carry on a conversation with those around him. The query naturally arises how a spirit, through the automatic action of law, or otherwise, could assume a physical organization, and talk with those in the natural body, making itself distinctly seen and heard. This is, indeed, a complex question, but in order to render our pathway clear, we must explain something of the nature of this beautiful process. Allow us to say that we cannot go into detail on this question, and trace the formation of this outer covering step by step, giving the action of the spirit ual form and those forces connected therewith, that draw from the elements and the emanations of the medium, that which makes up the physical organization. We will give only one simple illustration as to how this remarkable process in nature is carried on, leaving its further illustration for forthcoming articles. For example, take certain chemicals,—all of which are familiar to almost every woman in the land, and dissolve them in water, and they at once become invisible to the eye. Now place within the basin that holds the solution a wire, or combination of wires, and the chemicals dissolved therein will cluster around them, forming beautiful crystals, in accordance with the well-known law of chemical attraction and affinity. The crystals will be perfect in proportion to the quantity and fineness of the chemicals used. The wire acts as the central attractive power. Now place a spirit in contact with the emanation of a physical medium, and that emanation containing all the constituent parts of the human body, will just as naturally gravitate to appropriate parts of the spirit, as the chemicals in the basin would attach themselves to the wire. This we know to be the correct theory in regard to these physical manifestations. Were you an independant clairvoyant, you could see this beautiful process of nature. To your eye, then, the emanation of the medium could be plainly seen, and you could detect the constituent parts thereof attaching themselves to the spirit, forming bone, nerve, muscles, etc., creating in one sense, a human body. In this explanation, we have only given you the "morning twilight" of a glorious truth. By and by, the bright orb of day will burst in upon your enraptured vision, and you will wonder how simple is truth when rightly understood.

There is more than mortals ever dreamed of in these physical manifestations. It leads our mind down deep into the labyrinths of philosophy, and when gazing at the beauties thereof, our mind shrinks within itself as it contemplates its own littleness, but still there is a *silent* voice beckoning us onward, hinting at the grandeur of the fields beyond. This was not a trifling incident in the history of the world—the appearance of this angel to Hagar,—that should excite no attention. It was truly the harbinger of the continued presence of ministering spirits throughout all ages, which would finally lead to results little thought of at the present time. Spirits materialize themselves in the presence of certain mediums, making use of the emanation of their bodies to a very great extent in the process.

1st. The emanation is from the body.

2d. The body is from the elements.

3d. Query.—Such being the case, can not the higher order of spirits go direct to the elements and construct a physical organization, just adapted to the wants of some one in spirit life? The chemist here can make tissues resembling those of the human body, by uniting certain elements or gasses.

We do not now propose to discuss this question, for, to the casual observer, it looks as ridiculous as did Abisquadenta's theories in reference to the valves of the veins, or Harvey's discoveries in regard to the circulation of the blood, or Fulton's application of steam to navigation, or Morse's ideas in regard to the transmission of news.

(To be continued)

Miss Phelps, of Boston, has entered the lecturing field, to plead the cause of the poor working women.

Elopement of a Methodist Clergyman Residing in New York City.

The elopement of Horace Cook, pastor of the Seventh Street Methodist church, with Miss Martha Johnson, creates intense excitement in the church circles in this city. Mr. Cook was for eight years pastor of a church in Mamaroneck, Westchester county, and came to this city only eight months ago, where he immediately gained numerous friends by his bland manners, eloquence and learning. He has been married sixteen years to a most devoted wife, and has a son named Baldwin, fifteen years of age, a most promising lad. Mr. Johnson, the father of Martha, is one of the trustees of the church, wealthy and highly respected. Martha was only a school girl, sixteen years of age, and was about to graduate in the Twelfth street public school. She was highly accomplished, beloved by her parents and brothers, and esteemed by her teachers. A more than ordinary intimacy had been noticed between her and the pastor of the church, to which she had only recently been converted, but the girl was always so innocent that no particular suspicion was aroused. The whole of last week, the Rev. Horace Cook feigned sickness. On Thursday he sent his family to church to attend a lecture, and even sent his servants. He excused himself from attending, pleading sickness. It was then that he sent his trunk out of the parsonage. On Friday he left his house empty handed, and told his wife he would be home at the evening service. Since that time, however, he has not been seen. On this same Friday morning, Miss Johnson said to a friend—Miss Devoe—on leaving school: "Come home with me; I am afraid."

Said Miss Devoe: "Is not that your pastor standing there?"

"Oh, yes," said Martha, and saying that she joined Mr. Cook. Since then nothing has been seen of either party, but the parents of the girl are convinced that she did not willingly go with the clergyman, for all her clothes are left at home, as also all her trinkets. She went off in her school dress, without a change of clothing. The charge is now openly brought against him that he has abducted the girl against her own wish and desire.

On Saturday, Miss Martha's father received the following letter:

"I love Mattie; I will care for her lovingly, tenderly, kindly, inconsistent as it may appear with my present conduct. I ask for no mercy, but am ready to part with my life for the possession of the woman I adore." Poor Cook!

Mrs. Cook received the same afternoon a letter from the miscreant, in which he says:

"I am a lost man. You will never see my face again. I hope Baldwin will be a better man than his father."

The poor woman is so distressed that the physicians fear that brain fever my set in. Miss Martha's brothers threaten to shoot the pastor at first sight. Said the father to day:

"If a midnight assassin had come into my house, I could have defended myself; but the pastor of my church, the minister of the gospel, to steal my child, is more than I can stand."

The affair creates intense excitement in Methodist circles, which is heightened by reports that he had committed suicide in Canada. This, however, is not confirmed. On the contrary, it is more than probable that both left on the European steamer on Saturday, as the letters above mentioned were posted in this city on Saturday morning.—Ex.

The above case is an interesting one, and is well calculated to create within the mind the query, why is it that so many Methodist clergymen are deviating from that path which the world denominates as "right," to plunge into that current which the world designates as "wrong!" That the reverend gentleman alluded to above, was true to his own inherent feelings, and acted accordingly, we have no reason to doubt. If reports be true, this is his first mistep, this elopement; and yet the whole civilized world are ready to denounce him, and an intelligent jury would consign him to the prison-house for life. Both were true to their own feelings and acted accordingly. So the man who murders another, who steals, or violates the law in any respect, is true to the promptings within. Still there is something else to be taken into consideration. Man is not an isolated creature, and consequently can not carry out his own wishes or feelings in all respects. Our feelings and wishes must be modified, and to a certain extent controlled by surrounding circumstances. It is not the act itself, in all cases, that constitutes the crime, but the result thereof, to the rights, property or feelings of others. In this elopement case, the parents of the young lady and the family of the minister were the parties wronged, and of course a wrong-doer is implied, and which is the most to blame, the young lady or the minister, no one knows.

The numerous divorce cases that originate in the ranks of the orthodox, and the licentiousness that characterizes many of its members, induce us to enquire if there is not something rotten in the system that has such an outgrowth. It would take a paper five times larger than the JOURNAL to contain all these elopement, seduction and divorce cases that occur daily among the members of the various orthodox churches.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

The unparalleled success of this paper during the last six months, in the greatly increased number of its subscribers, is evidence conclusive that it has won its way to the good opinion of the Spiritualists of the world by its bold and fearless advocacy of truth.

Man is naturally a religious being. *True* religion is based upon immutable, ever-existing principles. It is the philosophy of life. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is, and ever will be an exponent of that system of religion which can be demonstrated, and will bear the test of reason and common sense.

While we claim that man is naturally a religious being, we deny that there is any system or phase of religion known among the inhabitants of earth, that will bear the test of scientific and philosophical research, unless it be founded upon the great *life principle* which permeates, and comprehends everything in existence, and that all things are but parts of one universal whole and that each and every part is equally dear to, and performing its legitimate function as members of the *one whole*, whose body Nature is, and God the soul; all acting in accordance with that wisdom which belongs to the *Infinite* whole. With a charity as broad as the principles we claim to comprehend, we find all things in their proper place, at the proper time.

Thus we are compelled to action by the highest light we have for our guidance. That our course is meeting the most cordial approval of *ninety-nine* out of every hundred of the readers of our columns, we have evidence from every part of the country. We have emphatically stemmed the current of selfish opposition. We have demonstrated to the public that we have combined, the financial ability and the talents to conduct a journal devoted to Spiritualism, that has *not* its superior.

But while we pen these thoughts, we do it with all humility, knowing full well that there is an invisible power—

> "There is a Divinity which shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them as we may."

To that Power,—to the agencies of that power, our soul responds with *reverential* gratitude

The Illustrated Bee Journal.

From the days of Virgil down to those of Milton and Shakspeare, men have loved and felt an interest in bees. Amid all the various manifestations of the boundless power of God, there is not probably, one individual subject of greater interest alike to the practical, the popular, the scientific, or the poetical mind, than the natural history of the honey bee. The great question to men of business is the question of profit, especially to those engaged in rural pursuits; to those who look merely on the surface of things for amusement, there is presented a spectacle of an insect community, constituted under a regular government, exhibiting various social phenomena, which are not less attractive, though they are but partially understood. Scientific men see involved in the life of bees some of the most charming and attractive problems that can possibly engage their attention. There is an additional interest, derived in part from the habits of the bees, to the poetical or ideally inclined, from the attention paid them by the great human masters of the art divine, given us from history. The immortal bard, Shakspeare, has given to the world the following picture of a bee-kingdom:

> "So work the busy bees
> Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
> The art of order to a peopled kingdom,
> They have a king, and officers of sorts,
> When some, like magistrates correct at home.
> Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad.
> Make food upon the summer's velvet buds.
> Which pillage they with merry march bring home
> To the tent royal of their emperor;
> Who, busied in his majesties, surveys
> The singing masons building roofs of gold,
> The civil citizen, kneading up the honey.
> The mechanic porters, crowding in
> Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
> The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum
> Delivering o'er to executors pale
> The lazy, yawning drones."

This Journal is published by N. C. Mitchel, Indianopolis, Ind, at 2 00 per anumn; single numbers 15 cents. It should be in the hands of every bee-keeper.

"Kidder's Secrets of Bee-Keeping" for sale at this office. Price 50 cents, paper cover; 75 cents bound. Address 189 South Clark St., Chicago.

WATER-PROOF BLACKING.

The firm of C. C. Davis & Co., manufacturers of water-proof blacking for boots and shoes, neats foot oil blacking for harness, carriage-tops, etc, glycerine oil polish for boots, that will not injure the leather, and the unrivalled Cleansing Cream, for removing grease from clothing, is a firm worthy of patronage.—We know it from experimental knowledge of the articles they manufacture.

Br. Davis, in the generosity of his heart, sent us, as a Christmas present, a big box containing enough of each variety of the above named compounds to last us a whole year. We delayed making note of the fact until we had tried it and found it superior to anything of the kind we ever before used.

Our boots, our harnesses, our carriage tops, have now as fine a polish, and are as pliable as if they were bran new.

We advise all wholesale and retail dealers to correspond with them upon the subject before purchasing elsewhere.

THE UNIVERSE.

We are in receipt of the resuscitated *Universe* bearing date, New York, Jan. 6th.

The only noticeable change is in the omission of the name of the Rev. J. M. Peebles as editor-in-chief, and its inferior mechanical execution. The latter is apologized for by the publisher on the ground of extra labor, etc., incident to moving from Chicago to New York, to be remedied in future.

We hail the second advent of the *Universe* with pleasure, and hope that the object which made "the removal of its head-quarters from Chicago to New York a matter of pressing necessity that it might have more convenient access to the facilities for communicating with the reading world"—will be fully realized.

NOT FOR SALE.

We have had several applications of late, by parties who were desirous of purchasing the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Not to be wondered at—a good thing is always salable, and sought for by the appreciative. But to put this matter at rest in the minds of would-be purchasers, as well as subscribers, and the latter especially, we will say once for all, that S. S. Jones likes a good paper—has got it, and is selfish enough to keep it. The good and wise in *spirit-life*, prompted him to institute it, with the assurance positive, that it should be a great success. Under that assurance he has put at least $25,000 of his hard earnings into it. The promises have been fully verified, and his mission with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, will not close, at the very shortest, until he passes to the *higher life*.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, who has been holding forth in various parts of Ohio,—Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Kirtland and other towns—will soon renew her labors in Mo. She is an earnest and able advocate of the Harmonial Philosophy, and is well received wherever she goes.

The society of Spiritualists of Topeka, have purchased a house worth $3,000 for their speaker to reside in.

Mrs. L. Perkins, trance speaker, is doing a good work in Kansas. Wherever she goes she is listened to by anxious crowds.

Dr. D. S. Tossey has changed his place of residence from Milwaukee to Lake Mills, Wis.

Frank Dwight, inspirational speaker, Council Bluffs, Iowa, has entered the lecturing field.

Warren Smith, of Alexandria, Ind., is now ready to commence the work of reform.

Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson is lecturing with great success in Texas.

Thomas Gales Forster commences a course of lectures in Boston, Jan. 23rd.

Jan. 16th, Daniel W. Hull lectured in Boston.

Philadelphia Department.

BY............................H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

History of Spiritualism, and the Progress of Spiritual Ideas.

A circle of friends in the interior, informs us that they are preparing a historical narrative under the above title, and that they desire it to be presented to the world through our JOURNAL. They also request us to say to our numerous readers everywhere, that it is the design of a large circle of spirits, to do all that they can for the paper, not only for the purpose of feeding and strengthening your minds, but of aiding you in enlightening other minds, who are sitting beneath the shadow of a dark theological pall, which denies the living inspirations of the hour.

CHAPTER FIRST—SECTION FIRST.

Our history extends over three distinct eras.

FIRST:—The Pre-traditional which runs through a period longer than both the others.

SECOND:—The Traditional, which marks a period far more extended than the

THIRD; Or Historical Period with which it blends.

In the evolution of matter through the varied processes of divine law, millions upon millions of cycles of years have rolled away into the deep and dark abyss of the past, in which changes of the most important character were going on in our globe, preparatory to the introduction of the era of life upon its surface. Changes which are becoming better understood, and appreciated with each revolving age, as the mind of man is being unfolded in its powers, so as to comprehend more of the nature of those laws which are ever operating in the domain of matter, and especially as these minds become susceptible to the inspirations which flow down from minds in the spheres, who are engaged in the study and investigation of these subjects.

But it is not within the scope of this essay to speak either of the azoic period, that era when the earth had not become sufficiently matured to become the mother of life in any form, nor of that period when her first born children, the plants, either as simple cells, or the vast anomalous growths that marked the early history of life, or of the animals that roamed abroad upon her rude and scarred surface, or sported amid the waters, sole heirs and monarchs of the earth.

We know there were spiritual agencies throughout all these cycles. The record of the ancients, from the traditions of still earlier times, and the communications of spirits who knew well what they said when they declared that "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," are true.

But it must be understood that the unfoldment of law from the lowest up to the highest, is through intermediate agencies, and there are spirits whose mission it is to be creators, in one sense, while in another and absolute sense, there is no creation, if we refer to the formation of new elements and forces, for all these are eternal, and never were created. The operation of the spirits in the evolutions that are called creation, will form an interesting topic for future remarks. Man begins his career on earth with exceedingly limited powers, but as he advances in life, marching in the footsteps of the Creator, following the models that are everywhere presented to him, he, too, becomes a creator, directs the forces; chains the elements; tasks them, and bids them do his work.

Man is the great artificer in the material world, but it is his spirit, made in the image of God, that makes him thus God's vicegerent to carry on the great work, and when we consider how that spirit is unfolded in the few moments of an earth life, and then reflect that the spirit, after it has left the material form, ascends in the scale of knowledge, which ever remains to be power, with increasing velocity; can we doubt that man, as spirit, will be enabled in accordance with the laws of the Infinite, to act in the direction of the forces; far more efficiently than any thing of which we have had any conception.

We do not hesitate, therefore, to say that spirits do perform an important part in the evolution of worlds which have not yet advanced to the production of human beings, and that God is as immanent in these, as He is in the highest arch angel, expressing Himself there as really, though not on as high a plane, as He does elsewhere. The rumblings of the earth-quake, the thunder, and the flashing lightning are as much the voice of God, as the silent whispers of the "still small voice" in the depths of the human spirit, and the one is just as essential and appropriate in its place as the other, and man shall yet realize this. The great lesson of this age is to learn that all voices are divine, though they may not all be spoken to or for us. In every department of life, it becomes us to listen, and perhaps to use the language given to Samuel of old, when we do not clearly comprehend the voice, "Speak Lord for thy servant heareth."

The beautiful unfoldings of the present, have an added glory, from the fact they link it still more closely with the past, and in giving to the world revealments of this, they give new lustre to the present, and grander conceptions of the future. The ascended plane on which humanity now stands and overlooks the battlements of the future, enables him also to look back, and glean wisdom from that which seemed to have been buried forever.

Charity.

This is one of the noblest attributes of the human soul; but it is as little understood as any other. It is not the mere giving of alms, or bestowing of the good things of this world. It is a soul-attribute, and unless it be acted out from the very centre of our being itself, it is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbol. It is not the millionaire, who bestows his wealth by thousands upon the poor, that always realizes this feeling. Jesus saw this when he spoke of the widow's mite. We know it; the poorest and most ignorant know it. All can feel it and realize it, in the bestowal of a kind and sympathetic feeling. We have seen many gifts bestowed, vast sums of money distributed in which there was no soul of charity—they were given, but with them came an expression of unkindness, a holding back of part of the price, a feeling that has destroyed all the virtue and made a mere mockery of this beautiful and divine attribute.

Jesus said let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth. There is no ostentation in true charity, it rejoices in giving in order to bless those who receive. It finds its sweet reward in the consciousness of doing good. It places the giver, for the time at least, in close sympathetic relation with the recipient. It alone comprehends how "it is more blessed to give than to receive," because in giving it causes a spiritual growth and unfoldment. This true, divine charity is altogether in the feeling—it matters not whether the gift bestowed be small or great,—true, loving charity seeks to do the greatest amount of good with whatsoever may have fallen to our lot, whether it be worldly goods, or kindly sympathy and love, and the labor which these prompts us to do.

When we realize the true nature of this charity, which is essential to our interior growth, we shall be prepared to go about doing good to all whom we can influence. It is much easier, however, to give worldly goods, than it is to attain to that higher position in which as stewards of the divine gifts which have been bestowed upon us as vicegerents of our Father, we are prepared to extend these to our fellow men in a manner calculated to leave the rich savor of a true life wherever we may go. We must ever remember that there can be no holding back, no reservation, or it will taint the gift and prevent us from receiving the full and free blessing that would be ours if we occupied the highest stand-point which is attainable.

We perceive that in the higher walks of the inner-life, these feelings are so far cultivated, that the purest and most beautiful emotions of divine charity flourish, and the dwellers are constantly seeking for those powers which will enable them to bless others. Even in this life, we may be so desirous of doing for others, that we shall not take the proper care of ourselves,—this is not wise and just charity. But as we have said, in the higher spheres, they tell us spirits have learned the grand secret of accumulating only that which shall bless themselves and others. This is an important lesson they would teach to mortals, to avoid those selfish feelings and desires that would seek to accumulate wealth and hoard it up even with the idea that we would do great good with it. Wise almoners and good and faithful dispensers of charity are very rare. We have many selfish distributors in the world, imitators of each other measuring their charity by that of others.

We know many Spiritualists who are exceedingly anxious to acquire wealth, as they suppose, for the purpose of doing good. Some have complained that the spirits do not help them in these schemes. We have known many wild and visionary searches after hidden treasures in which the spirits have been said to have given directions for obtaining these treasures; and we are not sorry to know that these have failed.

True charity is the sister of justice and mercy, and honest industry and labor, are the only safe basis on which they can be maintained. We should endeavor to scrutinize our feelings and know of a certainty, what are the motives that prompt us to action in this direction—if they be any other than the real good of our fellow men, we should first seek to cast all these feelings out, and then we shall know how to lay up treasure in heaven, by doing the works which shall make a heaven here, and now, and one of the brightest and most beautiful lights that will shine serenely in that heaven, is true charity.

GOVERNOR CHARLES DURKEE.

Bro. Durkee, late Governor of Utah, passed to the higher life on the 14th inst. He had got as far as Omaha when taken down with pneumonia, which resulted in his death. His remains were taken to Kenosha, Wisconsin, his home, for burial.

Bro. Durkee was a believer in our philosophy, and a good man. His many years of public life have been marked with strict integrity.

L. H. WILSON,—IOWA.

Much obliged for the new subscribers. What is your own Post Office address?

Literary Notices.

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE OR POLYGAMY AND MONOGAMY COMPARED. BY A CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST. PRICE $1,25, postage paid.

This book contains much food for thought, and is well calculated to interest those who desire to investigate the nature of our domestic relations, as embraced under the head of Polygamy and Monogamy. While we do not endorse many of its sentiments, we are frank to say that it contains a fund of information without which the shelves of a library would not be complete. The author takes into consideration the Primary Laws of Love; Primary laws of Marriage; Origin of Polygamy; Origin of Monogamy; Monogamy after the introduction of Christianity; Monogamy as it is; Relation of Monogamy to crime; Objections to Polygamy; Notices and reviews:

THE JOURNAL of SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY Edited by Wm. T. Harris, St. Louis Mo.

This number contains many valuable thoughts in regard to those abstruse questions of Speculative Philosophy that have racked the brains of the intelligent in all ages. The deep thinkers of the present day should suscribe for it.

PETTERSONS MAGAZINE for Feb is out, and is a choice number. Illustrations are superb; reading matter excellent.

GOOD HEALTH is really an excellent Journal. If you will allow it to visit your family each month, you will save much sickness, and large Doctor bills. It is published by Alexander Moore, No 21, Franklin St., Boston. Specimen number, 20 cents.

Orthodox Hymn.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar,
For our Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.—In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,—
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

☞ Miss Elizabeth Peebles (called by the semi-barbarous press of the fronteer a "carpet-baggers of the school-teaching persuasion,") has been elected Clerk of the House in Washington Territory.

PRICE OF BOOKS.

Those wanting books, will find the cost of the books in the "Book List" published every week. Those ordering books to be sent by mail must be careful and remit the extra amount required for postage.

We supply any book in the market, having arrangements with publishers and book sellers throughout the country. Those who desire other books than those found in our "Book List" will send in addition to the regular price the books desired, one sixth more to cover age

The Rostrum.

[Reported Expressly for the JOURNAL by H. T. Child, M. D. and Copyright secured.]

LECTURE NO. X.

By Mrs. Emma Hardinge, at Harmonial Hall, Philadelphia.

Delivered before the First Association of Spiritualists, Sunday Evening, Oct. 24th, 1869.

HYPATIA AND THE PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY.

INVOCATION.

Our Father which art in heaven, we do not approach Thee this morning in a tone of supplication, for Thou hast done better for us than we can ask; but whilst our hearts are full of prayer—prayer for the good things Thou dost dispense with such bountiful hands; whilst our spirits are uplified in praise as we see the wonder and majesty and beauty of this earth that Thou hast given us, we feel a nameless aspiration a, restless craving after something better, something higher, something nearer to Thee and dearer to us than all that our mortal eyes have ever looked upon—than all which we have dreamed, for which we have prayed, and which speaks to our hearts in the still, small voice of the spirit of heaven, of rest, of peace, of hope and the appreciation of heaven. We long—even the best and strongest of us yearn—sometimes for the unknown heaven. Sorrowing, waiting, panting for it. The restless energies of mighty minds, when they behold the fruits that they have gathered withering in their grasp, turn wistfully to the unknown heaven. We know our feet are pressing onward thither. We know our trials, our trespasses and our failures are so many teachers leading us on to heaven. Help our faltering feet; strengthen our hands as we strive to lead each other up from thence; and in this our little temple of spirit life, on this our altar where we have laid the best efforts of our hearts, our highest, holiest and purest aspirations, oh, feed us; send down Thy fire divine—Thy spirit of strength. Enlighten our councils, that ere we pass hence we may feel that we have advanced one step nearer to heaven—placed one stone more toward the building within our hearts, the temple not made with hands, where we ask that Thou shalt dwell between the cherubim and help us to build therein the kingdom of heaven.

Lecture.

It is more than a thousand years since a fair, pure woman, inspired with glimpses of heaven, perceiving a path unknown to man—but dreamed of, prayed for and striven after—by which, through true philosophy and heart-religion, we might reach heaven. Such an one, I say, percieving glimpses of the path, called around her in obedience to the mandates of that power which ever commands us to give as we recieve, the wisest and the best of her time and nation to drink in the words of wisdom from her lips.

Hypatia became a martyr to this philosophy. No matter how or for why the anger of man was kindled against her, and they left the bloody tokens of their wrath, malice and envy, as she was thus prompted to point the way to heaven, even from her bleeding, lifeless form. Her words were not lost, her purpose was not broken, her mission was no failure. She not only echoed the unspoken thoughts of the wise men before her time, but she left footprints in which the wise men who followed her have walked.

The great questions which she suggested to the human heart, yet scarcely ever attempted to answer, rather leaving that heart to think out for itself the realities to which she attempted to point, were four. These questions she presented in many forms, but they ever tended in these four directions:

WHAT AM I? WHO AM I? WHENCE AM I? WHITHER AM I BOUND?

Every attempt to answer these questions by philosophy had been only successful in part. Philosophy is wisdom—that wisdom which we find imprinted on all things around us, written by the hand of the Creator.

But there is another method of answering them, and that is by the inspiration of the spirit, which culminates in its highest form in the Spiritual religion. Philosophy and religion have never yet combined to answer these questions. How could they? Religion, on the one hand, has ignored philosophy and, deeming it carnal and external, has never taken it into council.

Philosophy, on the other hand, percieving the lack of demonstration in religion, and the absence of its own demonstrable light (for philosophy is demonstrable)—percieving the vague idolatries in which religion indulged, has withdrawn from its temples, and in this unkind divorce, these mighty questions, these most momentous suggestions which the human mind has ever attempted to solve, have never presented themselves in such form as Hypatia would demand.

Hypatia could now, should she ever find a human vehicle through which she could again renew her questions, give us a demonstration of her philosophy.

We shall attempt to treat of that philosophy after this fashion. First, by questioning again at the altar of nature and philosophy, and close up our *resume* of her teachings, such as they were, by the demonstrations of religion.

We shall present you with four discourses—one upon each question.

It is to the last two we shall point the finger of demonstration. This morning and this evening we shall simply repeat the questions of philosophy, and show you how the fair Platonist looked through the universe and searched throughout the realms of nature, following the majestic demonstrations of him, the prince and and king and author and mitre of philosophy—Plato. We shall search through these pages ere we attempt to show you how Spiritual religion demonstrates the truths of these answers which Nature with her ten thousand tongues gives to the question, WHAT AM I?

I go forth, then, into Nature's labratory with this question upon my lips and in my heart. I will know what is this little fragment of mystery and power—of weakness and strength—of marvel and knowledge—which I call MYSELF—the I AM. I go forth first in the vast fields of Nature, among the strong and the mighty. I ask the uplifted mountain this question. Oh, how majestic, how large, how grand! How long it has endured! How powerful it seems, as it uplifts its stately crest and pierces the sky. Sometimes I percieve upon its apex the light of the hidden fires which blaze up from within, and then I think that mountain is a living thing and has a mighty burning heart communicating with those wondrous secrets of nature, wherein the foundations of the earth are laid. But the mountain answers me not. I pause before those gigantic powers of nature and they have no voice for me; they do not respond. There they are; they do not move. They stand in their solemn grandeur and stillness forever. No, not forever; for I—little pigmy as I am—I can scatter the fragments of the mountain to the four winds of heaven, and it is no more; I am stronger than the mountain. I ask of the tossing sea, the great heaving, wild ocean: I listen to the anthem of its rolling waves, but it gives no response to my capacious question. It never tells of its origin—it never tells me the mystery of its throbbing life. It does not answer me in the booming tempest—in the sobbing of the storm, as it spends its last energy.

But these speak to me only in the low murmur and eternal surging of the spray that sports with the pebbles at my feet. It has no voice o intelligence for me; I have no experience of teh mystery of my being in the tossing waves of the ocean. I have seen on the cheek of beauty the hue as lovely as this blossom I hold in my hand. I have seen on the fair brow of youth something even fairer than the rose and the lily and the rose. I have seen in the lifted eye of the child gazing in wonder at the vast expanse above it, a reflection of the blue-eyed violet. I have seen all that is lovely and all that is fair reflected upon the forms of men, but only in fragments upon the flower, the sky, the gems of earth that glitter like the eye of beauty. All the fair coloring of the autumn tints are reflected upon the mind of man; upon myself—upon all humanity. But they have no tongue; they do not speak to me—I speak to them, and each one murmurs a syllable, while the whole, at last, spells out—MAN.

I must go to myself; I must enter into the chambers of mystery locked up within me. I must stand before the awful portal of the veiled Isis—the dark, silent and mysterious cloud that has enshrouded my own mortal form. There will I ask,—WHAT AM I? Answer, oh, living instrument, or (if it must be so) dead. I will tear from the very charnel-house the mystery of the decaying body, and laying there look to see where the foundations are laid. I gaze upon it. I see a wonderful frame-work—a skeleton; they say it is loathsome. It is wonderful! Between two and three hundred pieces are there—they call them bones; made up of rocky structure and animal tissue; more wonderful than the rocks, for they form cellular tissue, pierced in every direction with curious tubes for supplying these bones with nourishment—with air, with blood, with the functions of life, an arterial and venous flow. It is wonderful how perfect they are, these mysterious cells, every one of which is a germ of fresh life. But the great, marvelous mystery of this frame-work is the adaptation of means to ends. Here, in one piece of bone, I find developed strength and thickness to protect some special part; in another, the element of lightness; such is the beautiful economy of means; no waste—just where it is necessary, and there only. This is all very wonderful. There has been some marvelous contrivance here; but there is something more. Every one of these pieces is fitted one upon the other, one into another, in one form of machine and another. I find here the secret and model of all machinery that has ever been put in motion by man. Here are levers, cranks, joints or hinges Here are all the contrivances in machinery by which the ingenuity of man has produced such grand results. We find them all beautifully arranged in these two hundred pieces of rock, in balls and sockets and levers, and all contrivances for motion. If I take one part in my hand, for instance, here are about thirty pieces. I find this great and wonderful earth subject to my hand.

I can break open the rocky heart of the mountain; I can level it in dust; I can tunnel it through; I can bridge it over. I can build my ships, and they shall go down to the sea, and put a girdle of commercial power around the world. I can erect monuments and temples, and cover the earth with cities, and demolish these at pleasure by the wonderful means of my hand. Oh, so admirably is this machinery, constructed that I do not realize an act of mine; there is no grating of any single part; there is no attrition of one piece upon another. So beautifully and marvelously adapted are the means to ends, that this single hand shall perform every known motion which is modeled after in our various forms of machinery. It shall never pause, nor ever grow weary, nor ever be conscious of an act of mine, nor feel pain in the performance of any act, if I do no violence to the laws of my being. Oh, what a wonderful thing is this skeleton, whether I regard it in the pedal power of the feet that shall traverse the world around, or the hand that shall create it anew, or whether I behold the whole structure, capable of carrying within it the mystery of my life. I behold the rocky ribs that enclose a still greater mystery than the whole of this mighty model of machinery which strikes us with such astonishment, both in its arrangement for supporting and building up these rocks, and afterwards in the means by which it is all set in motion.

But I am compelled to look beyond the external frame—look to the Contriver and Designer, and here I worship and adore.

I look further, and observe that these skeleton forms are symmetrical; that each side bears such a relation to the other, that it is obviously formed for it. I find the viscera and the collection of organs within, all made for special use, and not for sight; here use alone is intended. The lungs are not exactly alike and symmetrical, because Nature designs to appeal to the sense of beauty—one lung is longer than the other to make room for the heart. Passing before us this tissue of the lungs, we find an arrangement which suggests every discovery in pneumatics. Here is that grand aeriform system by which the entire body is supplied with oxygen; here various fluids are interchanged; here is represented a wonderful contrivance, elaborately, and yet simply adapted for inspiration, and expiration. One set of functions performed in these air chambers, is to give off the impure air, that carries with it some of the impurities from every structure, and then to bring in the fresh air which shall supply all these. I can not pause here. But when I behold the arrangements of human pneumatics, I see where a great model is to be found for all things in this direction.

I behold an other organ, the heart throbbing within me. I perceive here the meaning of the great oceans, lakes and seas, fountains and springs, in the arterial and venous systems. These are the arteries and veins of the earth, and I perceive that there is a great throbbing heart in the earth, and one in myself corresponding to that. In this system of mine is modeled his arrangements for constructing every machine. Man has learned to govern and control this system of earth's circulation, by which a great part of his science and knowledge has been obtained; but oh! how far he falls short of the power of the Great Architect, we may perceive when we attempt to measure the millions of miles of tubing that are distributed through the human system, and that are supplied by this wonderful organ, the heart. Before this throbbing heart of mine, I again stand and bow down in reverence for the Almighty Machinist that contrived such a system of hydrostatics within me. I find here, too, a great laboratory for waste and repair. I find in this digestive apparatus, the mystery of transmutation, by which a single grain of wheat is new secreted into that peculiar form which covers my head in beauty; that which gives lustre to my eye; strength to my bones and muscles; there is a portion of that grain of wheat everywhere in me; it is being elaborated and dispensed throughout my system.

I find that every part of these viscera is packed away so closely, and guarded around so carefully by this frame of rocky ribs, this skeleton, this wonderful structure that I have so admired. I find that all of these are disposed for the utmost possible use within this skeleton. I could pause upon every portion of these viscera, and find everywhere such a gospel of use. Whilst I turn with indignation from those who do not see anything in this, I am asked to prove the wonderful intelligences,—I am astonished to find in me mountains, rocks, flowers, earths and minerals;—why! This great earth of mine is only an epitome of me. They tell me that the majestic sun is a great world; they tell me that round his throbbing heart are rolling worlds we have never counted; that there is a planetary system moving around some gigantic centre in which are legions and legions of these majestic planets, God's army of worlds, and if they are like my earth, not one, not all of them are so wonderful as I am, for I am the microcosm that includes the powers and forces of them all,—all their mechanical motions are mine; in me are means far more wonderfully adapted to ends, than all these worlds. For these speak not, they think not, they reason not, they comprehend not themselves, they can not say as I may say,—WHAT AM I? I observe that this skeleton is repulsive to look upon; but there is a grand system by which the whole is padded and rounded out and made very even and fair, a system of muscular tissue. I will examine this for a moment. I find it is composed of elastic cells, strung out in tissue,—take a single fibre of this alone, and there is no apparent strength in it, but it is lashed together till it forms a tissue so strong, that it is able to carry the whole frame; this rounds it out until the form becomes symmetrical and beautiful. In order that the fairest conception of beauty may be given to him, the whole is covered with a tissue exactly fashioned and finely folded in the form of many layers over the body. This skin is porous, so that air shall enter therein, and the sensible and insensible exudations shall pass from within.

Thus is every portion covered and protected, and these so beautifully shaded and colored; the cheek of beauty, the lustrous eye and the ruby lips, and every part adapted for use and beauty. How sweet it is to gaze upon the floral beauties; but when we gaze upon the loveliness of the little child, the flowers pale before it. The stars of night shine not so brightly as does its sweet eyes; the music that we make, falls far short of the sweet tones of its little voice! WHAT AM I, as I gaze upon this beautiful and wonderful instrument? I behold the child in its mother's arms, and then I look upon the pitiful form of the victim fleeing by me on the city streets, and I see in both of them a marvel of power, of mechanical art and scientific processes that are within these forms? And the answer as it comes to my lips is, that as a child of God, both are fashioned in the image of the Creator. But as I behold this form I have just gazed upon in all its anatomical details; if I look at the lifeless form and behold all these powers, and then turn to the living structure, I find another world of mystery and majestic power that challenges my admiration. These are the powers of man. This frame is set in motion, and by these motions, the material body is not only kept alive, but is permitted to exercise all the uses and functions that belong to its organism.

I have not spoken of another apparatus called the nervous system; I do not know what the focus is. It is like the question,—what is matter? We can not answer it. We know there are various forms of both matter and force; and one of these is found in the nervous system.

In the cranium of man, we find a mass of nervous matter, and from this, extending down the centre of the spinal column and to all parts of the system like the branches of a tree, until every part is supplied with two sets of nerves—one of which minister to sensation, and another to motion. What that nerve power is, I do not know. I know that by its action, I live;—that the icy form of death is lighted up into living being by this! I know that by this I traverse the earth; that with these poor feet, so weak and powerless in comparison to the vast and elaborate creation around me, I can measure, step by step, this earth as I set my foot firmly down upon it! I know that by this nerve power alone, it is that my hand performs its marvels! I know that by this power, I read the character of my friend! I know that so long as motion is kept up in that heart, and life in the body, it is by this same power!

Sometimes I see this power of motion in the darkness around me, and these are mysterious flashing lights, which the philosopher calls odic. It is the life quivering around me! It is the life-principle separating me from the mountain, the sea, and the flower, and things that are inanimate. We know that there is some wonderful mystery in this power of mine, which I call LIFE; which goes out in the act called DEATH! Perhaps I shall trace it hereafter, and end by showing what this power is. At present, I know that it is the life-principle; that it is God-Spirit! I know it is not matter, but it is one of the great and mysterious substances that I shall investigate hereafter! But now that I have seen that there is another element in this system of mine. I think! and it is because I think, that this structure is able to perform such wonders! It is because I think, that I build cities, and ships to traverse the ocean, and compass the length and breadth of the earth! It is because I think, that I have constructed majestic temples! It is because I think, that I look upon them and they answer me forever with the gospel of mind, pointing me back to the Rock—to Nature! I gaze upon the ocean once again, and now I make it my servant. I can build me great ships. I can gather the waters together and convert them into steam, and as I kill the water, with its dying breath, it shall become a motive power. I can kill the mineral coal, and with its dying breath it, too, shall aid me.

Show me, if you can, a path that my spirit can not tread. Show me a path in the ocean, whose profound depths are hidden away from me—no, so long as my spirit vitalizes this mysterious structure, I can build me a house with which I can sink under these waves of the ocean, protected against those mysterious powers that beat around me in vain. The ocean is defied by the little creature,—man—he sinks into its depths, and there reads all the mysteries hidden away for ages,—countless ages, till we have now learned of the wild and wonderful therein. All this becomes my subject when I think. Oh! what is this power of thought? Here I am baffled; I can not see it; I can not clasp it; I can not gather it up into mortars, nor reduce it in my crucibles. I can not take it into my hand, nor look upon its wonderful face. Sometimes it seems to pass before me, and they tell me it is SPIRIT; but I know not what spirit is! The ultimate analysis of this spiritual power, I know not; but in its exhibition when I thus behold it—it is the real power of man; and I stand before it and admire it. Then, when I perceive this structure perish as the life goes out of it,—when I behold the dead form, I perceive that this goes to waste and decay, all because the spirit has gone. I know that whatever I am in external exhibition, the only undying,—quenchless spark within me; the only reality, eternal, infinite, boundless and all-powerful, is my spirit.

Then I will no more question, WHAT AM I? I am a spirit. It matters not whether my stay upon this earth be but a turn in the sand-glass of time. Whether like these falling sands, I am seen but for a moment, I know every mysterious power that I exhibit, is spirit. I know that I shall leave a foot-print here.

I pause, now, but I shall pursue my spirit—the mystery of this existence, into the unknown. I will follow in its track, for the gates are open—the spirits are beckoning me onward,—spirits that have gone before—spirits that have broken through this mold of clay. It is a mystery to me, but I have not yet fulfilled the uses of my existence. If I fail in these, I must return yet upon my footprints, to learn something more of what I am. Now I behold that I am a trinity of elements, body, life and spirit. This body was evidently given me with its various functions and organs, for use, not alone for this life. There are, there must be, designs beyond the mere expression of the form, for I find that the eye requires not alone objects to contemplate, but it suggests uses that I shall make of these objects. I find that my ear drinks in sound; it suggests to me occupations which these sounds suggest,—the voices of my fellow man—sounds of music,—that all the organs of the body suggest uses. These are the means by which I must maintain this body in its integrity. I find by observation, that both waste and repair suggest a fresh set of occupations to me. I find that every organ has its legitimate use, and this suggests that I should inquire into the best methods of putting them to use. I observe that whenever any of these are repressed in action, there is an injury done to the frame. That when any of these are unnaturally exercised, there is an injury done to the frame. There is a law that demands the use of every organ and function—the exercise of every part and portion—excess is crime, too much restraint is crime. Abstinence in any direction, or excess in any direction, are alike wrong.

I have found the law of life. God has written a law over which I have no control. The law of growth is, that repair shall prevail over waste. The law of decay is, that waste shall prevail over repair, and this is the great law of nature. It will govern us. I have only to obey and observe it by my reason, and build up this form to put every function to use. I must work, and woe betide me if in this I fail to discover uses.

I perceive why this busy world of mine is striving in so many directions, building bridges, cities—cutting canals, levelling forests, making gardens. I now perceive why ships go down to sea and bring home foreign merchandise, all are to appeal to the eye, the ear, the various senses of the body. When they bring me fresh flowers, and as I gaze upon them, the possibilities of larger growths, more delicious perfume, is suggested. I said these blossoms did not speak in human speech, but they appeal to this human spirit within me. All that belongs to this organism of mine, is for use. They bring me fresh fabrics,—it is for this purpose that these restless functions of my form are continually craving for more light, more growth, more exercise. Larger demands imply larger supplies. This, then, is the great intellectual progress of the race. Then it is that I answer, what am I? I am the monarch of the earth! I am the creative power planted upon the apex of all things, to govern them, to re create them, to put all things not only under my feet, but to put them to their highest uses. How thankful am I for life. How grateful for the perception of the uses of all these functions. Do you know what large usury is demanded of you? Do you question, what am I? Do you ask, shall I put these energies to the best use? Do you perceive that you can each do something to make the earth better? to raise creation up higher? The demand is made upon you and I, as we gaze upon this beautiful world, to create still more beautiful forms. As these joys find an echo in your hearts, they suggest that you do something more than minister to the present hour. The taste by which you are enabled to determine that which is healthful and that which is pernicious to you, is thus perpetually suggesting to you fresh demands of the body. Even in this direction you find that you can extract fresh uses from the organ of taste, as your nature comes into contact with fresh substances, which are constantly received into your systems. Every organ and every function, I repeat, has its demands, its capacities. The question, what am I? should be put to every living creature. Make your children put the question to themselves, and apply to every organ and function for an answer. Teach the question to your citizens. Ask of them what they are? What uses they are putting the machine to, which has been lent them? If this question was well studied, it would not only exert a good influence upon themselves, but on the world around them.

When I contemplate the magnificent answer that my frame-work suggests,—how it would demand that I put every moment of my life to use, I pause, for even as I answer this question to myself, what am I? I perceive a multitude of uses and powers and forces, and too few of them are put to use. I find multitudes of other creatures as grand and wonderful as I am. I must put a fresh question to myself—what is my relation to my fellow men? Who am I? Here I stand in the midst of this multitude, every one as large as I am, and as wonderful. Every one with the same endowments that I have; every one with the same destiny. This question is pressing home upon me; to-night I shall strive to answer it, for I find that as I turn my eyes inward and perceive multitudes of uses for myself, I find the same uses in every human creature that passes before me. I perceive other uses, uses which we owe one to another; duties which grow out of our relations to one another. As I pause here and close up my review of this question, other questions are pressing upon me. Who am I? Whence am I; and whither am I bound? Oh, I am fearfully and wonderfully made. When I review, even in this fragmentary gospel, which I have read this morning, in glancing at the forces that some mysterious nature has gathered up within me—when I see how I have been built up,—how the corridors and columns of this structure rear themselves up, one after another, until at last the towering brain points to heaven; when I behold within myself the model of all that my hands can find to do,—when I perceive that the genius and energy of ages has never yet transcended the wonders of my own being, and when, after all, I must look beyond myself to find who has fashioned and built me up, who sustains me, whose I am, I cannot find thee, oh! Great Creator. Thou dwellest alone. Thou art to me unknown. But as I behold the rocky ribs of my earth, as I hear the pulses of its great heart beating, beating; as I hear the upheaving of its mighty lungs in the sighing of the winds; as I behold its beauty in the star-eyed summer grasses; as I see this in the beautiful garments of the young spring; as I behold the masterful hand that tinted the autumn woods with ten thousand hues, I am ever astonished as I behold the beauty and use of all these. I take up the gems of the mine and put them to use,—even the sunbeams do my painting for me, and God's lightnings I make to carry my words and speed my thoughts. As I perceive all these, my mind traverses the infinite with no boundary, no let, no hindrance, but some unknown hand is beckoning me onward, onward forever, into the pathless realms where new-born worlds in embryo are yet inviting my investigation. In all this I perceive the evidence of the presence of the grand Man,—surely I realize in all this the footsteps of the majestic Man of the Universe, before whom, then, I close my book of judgment in His presence, thankful to Him for permission to have traced, thus far, His wonderful ways in myself. I close the page, bow my head, and adore.

But whether I look into the midst of those starry worlds, whose calm sweet eyes speak to me of His infinitude, or whether I gaze on the miscroscopic wonders of the dew-drop, whose revealments prove to me his omniscience, or whether I listen to the beatings of my own wondrous heart, throbbing, ever throbbing, dealing out the sands of time, measuring with each throb duties to be performed; wherever I gaze and seek for an explanation of what I am, I hear the voice of the Spirit answering, "Be still and know that I am God."

BENEDICTION.

May the blessings of our Father which is in heaven, be upon us. May the ministration of his dear angels be around us, speaking to us with such force and strength and guidance, that we may follow their shining footprints onward to the bright and better land, through all earth's pilgrimages and trials, until we realize with them the sublime truth that the kingdom of heaven is within us.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

LETTER FROM CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Spirit Photography in Crawfordsville—Among the Mills—Personal.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Chronicle.

CRAWFORDSVILLE IND, Nov. 29

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wonders and sensations of the first class are no longer confined to Boston, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Nor do they in taking leave of the great metropolitan centers, manifest any preference for such second grade cities as Dayton, Cleveland, Columbus or Indianapolis. Even here in Crawfordsville we find an astounding display of that great mystery which so long puzzled the "wise men of the East," and which to this day has nowhere obtained a thoroughly satisfactory solution to every body. I refer to what is styled spirit photography. According to the best accounts I can procure of this matter in Crawfordsville, the facts are about as follows.

Some weeks since, a photographer named Willis was surprised at the occasional, unsolicited appearance of ghostly images on his negatives; sometimes in front, sometimes in the rear of his subjects. The artist being what is popularly called a soul-sleeper, and having no faith in human immortality, was at first horrified with these unaccountable manifestations, and used his utmost efforts to rid his gallery of them. When pictures would come out of the dark room attended by shadows extraordinary, he would rub them out or throw them on the floor in disgust. When persons came to him requesting "spirit pictures," he would refuse to sit such persons, or so treat them that they would leave his rooms. When Fisher Doherty and other leading Spiritualists essayed to console him with the idea that he had been selected as an artistic medium between man and his departed kindred, he scouted the thought, and refused to have anything more to do with his comforters.

Continuing to be haunted in spite of all his counter efforts, by the mysterious visages, he sought the counsel of his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hatch, whose unsatisfactory explanation was that the gallery was "under the control of demons!" Finally it transpired that the shadows accompanying the pictures of Ruben Taylor, proprietor of the Barmble House, at LaFayette, and other prominent men in other localities who, being stout believers, had come here to test the matter, were recognized by numerous friends. At this juncture, Mr. Willis became somewhat reconciled to the theory of the Spiritualists, and opened his gallery to investigation. Many were the notions among skeptics as to the cause of the appearance of the shadows. Wiley Kenyon, a thoroughly educated artist, thought that these shadows were either obscured in the plate prior to development, or that they were thrown on in the dark room by means of a transparent. But the most thorough tests on his part failed to confirm his suspicions, and he now gives the thing up as inexplicable. Frank Pickerill, a Chicago artist of about twenty years' experience, and a man of good repute in this community, being here some days since, and thinking that the mystery was attributable either to some peculiar device in the picture-taking apparatus, or to extraordinary manipulations in the developmental process, he took plates and chemicals out of his own sack, examined every thing minutely about the gallery, and then having followed Willis from camera into dark room through several operations with the plates and chemicals mentioned, left town declaring he knew as little of the matter as before he came. Certain leading citizens of Delphi, Indiana, having heard of the great Crawfordsville spirit wonder, invited Mr. Willis to come and operate in one of the galleries of that city. He did so, and not only obtained the same direct results there as here, but, by sitting near the camera, procured them through the local artist.

Such is the present status of spirit photography in Crawfordsville. What it may be hereafter, remains to be seen.

MINNESOTA.

Letter from Mrs. Harriet E. Pope.

DEAR SIR:—I have just been reading the last JOURNAL, this evening, and the consequence is, I feel like "biling over;" but being told that you are proverbial for patience, I know of no other way than to inflict myself upon your time for a few minutes.

The first thing I wish to notice, is the letter from J. M. Winslow, Barre, Mass., in reference to the case of Austin Kent. His letter just suits me. What he can do, he says he is willing to do, and how many others might do the same and more too? I like his style—no grumbling about what he has done, or what he has got to do, what things he must buy, or what imaginary call may be made on his purse, but says, "So much will I give yearly, if health and strength permits."

I verily believe that the Angel World will see that his health will permit, and that the money will be forthcoming. To prove that I am in earnest, I enclose two dollars for the same Austin Kent, earned by me on my sewing machine, and would double it, but had the misfortune to break one of the iron arms of said machine this week, and will have to send to Boston for another, But I am going to try and see if I can not raise some for him from others.

Then there is the speech of Theodore Tilton, Nov. 9th, in New York, in reply to a toast "The Ladies." From my soul I thank him for what he said. That there are noble men in the world, who dare stand by and talk in favor of woman and her rights, should be the cause of universal thanksgiving in every bosom. There are so many who are afraid to approach the subject because it is not popular, that our hearts instinctively admire one who, though surrounded by those who are the first to cry "humbug!" at any such reform, dares to open his mouth in defense of truth. I find the more a man believes in the purity and love of woman, the more apt is he to become her champion, and doubtless were the truth known, the most blatant against Woman's Rights are the greatest tyrants at home. He says he "is in hopes not to recover his intoxication till the day of judgment."

With all due respect to him, I would like to say that the chains I wear are so sweet that I never wish to recover. But this is growing too long, and if I don't stop, I am afraid you will consign it to your waste basket uncared and unsought for. You say you are going to change your Speaker's Register the ensuing year, and would like notices of meetings, etc. We hold meetings here every two weeks, Mr. Isaac Pope and myself dividing the time in lecturing. We are steadily gaining ground, and the great trouble with orthodoxy and its old fogy preachers is, "We can't do anything in Moristown, there are so many Spiritualists there."

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Morristown, Dec. 11th, 1869.

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" " " "	*12:10 p. m.	*1:40 p. m.
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Frontier Department.

BY..................................... E. V. WILSON.

Notice to Correspondents and Others.

All letters, papers and matter for us or the Frontier Department, must be addressed to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Dupage county, Illinois.

Lord Byron writing from Hades in his own Defence.

From the Glasgow Weekly Mail.

Among the thousand-and-one articles and pamphlets on the Byron scandal, in prose and verse, we have seen nothing approaching, for wit and pungency, a clever jeu d'esprit just issued from the London press. It is entitled "Lord Byron's Defence," and, professing to be written by his Lordship himself, is appropriately dated "Hades, MDCCCLXIX." The title page contains portraits of Lord Byron and Mrs. Stowe—his Lordship, beautiful as Apollo, being represented as almost eclipsing a coarse, scandal-mongering face, intended for that of his detractor, Mrs. Stowe. The following extracts, selected at random, will give our readers a sample of the flavor of this Byronesque production:

Who is this Mrs. Stowe? her name, thank God,
Was never one familiar to my ear
Her country was a land I never trod,
Although I travelled often far and near.
They say that she's a woman that is odd—
To women, as a rule, my verse is dear.
Per chance she's some forlorn neglected beauty,
Or else—her husband doesn't do his duty.

I can't console her in the flesh, I can't
Revisit "glimpses of the moon" to make
Poor Mr. Stowe unhappy; and I shan't
Leave good men in these Shades for woman's sake,
So Stowe may rest in peace. I only want
To know why all this trouble she should take,
I might have needed once a moral teacher;
N'importe—but damn this sanctimonious Beecher!

I never was a moral man, I know—
I did some things were far beyond defending;
For Virtue always was so cursed slow,
I flew to Venice, just as my soul was mending,
And I am rightly punished; Mrs. Stowe,
Sensation and obscenity so blending,
Has scatter'd lies with dirty prodigality,
And made me blacker even than reality.

"Fatalis incestusque judex" she
As Horace says (I ought to change her gender),
"Et mulier peregrina" that to me
A comfort is. My fame needs no defender.
E'en in America, I think they'll see
The falsehoods uttered by this base pretender,
Who's heaped upon me such a huge indignity,
With fatuous, foolish, feminine malignity.

Sweet to the blushing bride a husband's kiss,
Sweet to the old man dreams of youthful vigor,
Sweet to the virgin thoughts of love's new bliss,
Sweet is the hope of freedom to the nigger.
But sweeter far in spite of public hiss
To H. B. S., the cheque—a handsome figure
Her publisher will pay—game worth the candle,
For sheets befoul'd with literary scandal.

My sister! thy sweet soul has passed away
Where all this foul aspersion hurts thee not;
Pure in the pure realms of eternal day,
Thy heart is free from every earthly spot.
Of no avail the words that sland'rers say,
The fair escutcheon of thy fame to blot.
Curs'd be the greedy publishers who gave
This literary jackal to thy grave.

I care not for myself, my fame is far
Beyond this dull reviler's power to dim;
My sister shone before her as a star
Shines purely o'er the young moon's crescent rim;
She wished our reputation both to tar
With the same foul brush; 'twas a worthy whim
Of her who white-washed hosts of fetid niggers,
To take such pains to blacken both our figures.

'Tis said I awoke one memorable morn
And found that I was famous; speedily
I knew myself the target for all scorn.
Men called me infamous: (the Lord knows why).
What laurels this rude woman may have worn
I know not but the deed of infamy,
This lewd, loquacious, literary antic,
Should blast them on both sides of the Atlantic.

One would live on forever, but a bore
One's life becomes ere many years roll on;
And yet a man must feel a little sore
To think how he will suffer when he's gone.
"Nil nisi bonum," said the men of yore,
"De mortuis but now one's tomb upon
Folks write foul words; in fact, there's no denying
There's something very dangerous in dying.

Enough., I leave to all men's scorn the lie
This insult to the living and the dead;
'Twas a proud task for woman's hand to try.
To heap defilement on a woman's head.
The Stowe had scarcely dared to prate, had I
Been living, but where'er her words are read
Deep execrations must her name environ
Who dares to meddle with me.

CAENA
BYRON.

In connection with the above, the great Divine, Henry Ward Beecher and the Rev. Frothingham, who are in hot water among the free-lovers, through the Richardson-McFarland difficulty, are becoming notorious. Brother Beecher pleads ignorance of the law. If this be true it is only another evidence of the unfitness of the ministers of the gospel for any judicial purpose. The reviewers of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, affirm that Mrs. McFarland and her family, were a nest of free-lovers, and that Richardson abetted and aided Mrs. McFarland and her family in their practice of this element.

We would like to know what the world would think, and the press say, if the Richardsons, McFarlands, Beechers, Frothinghams, were Spiritualists. Would there not be a pretty kittle of fish, for the world to prate about? Never mind, gentlemen and ladies, it is all right. Your chickens have come home to roost. It is a big egg, Brother Henry, and it will take some weeks to hatch it.

Disorderly Christians—No. 2.

"Spiritualism made my neighbor crazy," said Mr. B.

"Yes, and there was that woman and her 'affinity,' at Battle Creek, who poisoned her three children, not long ago," said the very pious Mr. Say-so.

"Besides, Mr. W. came on to the platform at a public meeting, very much intoxicated at Joskun," said old Father Chastity.

"They are all free lovers and their pretended phenomena is of the devil," said the Rev. Mr. Lovegood.

"You'r right, my friend, give us your hand on that. It is the works of the devil. 'Cause why? 'Cause they don't belivee in the Bible, in a God, in hell, in whipping children, in a man's right to control his wife, therefore, I am opposed to 'em, and know they are all of the devil," said old Mr. Believe-the-Bible.

"Did these things actually take place?" we asked.

"Yes, they did; and the half of their evil deeds are not told," said Mr. Chastity.

"What else have these naughty Spiritualists done?" we enquired.

"They break up families, tear the Bible into tatters; they don't believe in a God—ah, they have no hell, and believe in women's rights; elevate them to public places of trust, and are opposed to hanging," chimed in the Rev. Called-of-God.

"Well, well; my friend, you have cause of complaint if these things be true," we replied.

"They are all true!" chimed the group of complainants.

"Admit it, does it follow that Spiritualism is the cause producing these results?"

"Yes," said the group.

"Well, let me see. First, was there insanity, murder, breaking up families and infidelity in the world before modern Spiritualism became a fact? Murder has been in the world since the days of Adam, and David's hands were stained with blood. Insanity or madness was a fact in the days of Jesus, and the brethren said "The damsel was mad," when she heard Peter knocking at the door. As to breaking up families, Jesus himself says in Luke, 18th chapter:

"There is no man who hath left wife or children for the kingdom of heaven's sake who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting."

Again, in Matthew 19: 27, Peter confesses that the twelve had "Left all for Christ's sake," and Jesus replies, 29th verse:

"And every one that hath forsaken home or brethren or sister or father or mother or wife or children for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

Paul was opposed to marriage, and evidently held peculiar views in reference to the family relations.

In regard to the woman of Battle Creek and her affinity poisoning her children under spirit influence, we neither deny or affirm—are willing to take the decision of law and let the woman pay the penalty. But how is it with your Rev. Mr. Lindsay, of Meriden, or Medina, N. Y., who in cold blood, at the suggestion of his affinity, whipped his little son to death, and justified himself through the teachings of the Bible and the law of God. Lindsay is acquitted, is free to day. The woman of Michigan is in the Penitentiary. Why condemn the woman and clear the man? Both are murderers.

In regard to capital punishment and its abolition—we are in favor of abolishing the Christian institution of the scaffold and halter from civilized America. Cain, the first murderer, was not hung, —not even imprisoned. We see no reason why the last murderer should be hung. Why not send him into the land of Nod and give him a wife, and let him build a city and his children become musicians and artizans, as did Jubal and Tubal Cain.

In regard to woman's rights, and her elevation to places of trust, we plead guilty, and say, give woman every right that man enjoys. Let her vote, hold office, keep store, sail ships, head armies and lead them into battle, if she desires to do so. This feature is peculiar to Spiritualism, and we accept the position with pride.

In regard to strong minded women, they are not peculiar to Spiritualism. If we remember correctly, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Stowe and Miss Anthony are not Spiritualists, and are in favor of woman's rights. They are plus in brain thought, and we believe not members of orthodox churches, which may account for their strong minds. Besides, there were not a few strong minded women in the Bible, among whom we may mention Eve, Sarah, Leah, Delila, Tamor, Abigail, Ruth, Esther, and Mary—women that did very much as they desired to. Then there is Lot's wife, who is one of the salts of the earth. In modern times, we have Joan of Arc, Catherine of Russia, Josephine of France, Madame Roland, Elizabeth of England, none of whom are Spiritualists.

The free love element you referred to is in bad taste, and like chickens, will come home to roost. Without shocking the modesty of the ladies present with the recital of the disgusting detail of the doings of Bible women, we will call your attention to the character of Sarah, the wife of Abraham, who lay with a king at the lie of her husband, the case of Hagar, the story of Tamar, the conduct of the daughters of Lot, David and Uriah's wife, the conduct of Absalom with his sister, the polygamy and concubinage of Solomon—all free lovers in the fullest sense of the word. Besides, we would refer you to the conduct of Mary, Mary Magdalene and the woman who traveled with Jesus and the apostles, who, if living to day in our midst, would by you be called free lovers. Of our own time and in the churches, we call your attention to the cases of Onderdonk, Pomeroy, Merrill, Thompson, Stewart, of Chicago notoriety, among the ministers, and then there is the Borch, Guinby and Ticknor cases—all churchmen, and yet not a word about free love.

Now in regard to intemperance. You say Mr. W. came on to the platform under the influence of whiskey—not drunk—and Spiritualism the cause. Noah got drunk and cursed Ham. Lot was drunk and lay with his daughters and all the way from Genesis to Revelations, drunkenness existed among the faithful, and from the days of Paul to the present, drunkenness has been the bane of the churches. Ministry and members, male and female have gone down to the gutter, under the influence of strong drink, and yet you taunt Spiritualism with being the cause of intemperance. Shame on you for denying your own offspring. All of these offenses are entailed upon us from the usages of the past, the legitimate off-pring and outgrowth of bigotry, superstition and theology.

Isaac B. Smith, minister, upsets the wagon in sixteen inches of water, drowns his wife, gets $3,000 and continues to preach the gospel of Christ, and Methodism is not to blame.

Gray, of Minnesota, kills his whole family, is religiously insane, and yet religion is not to blame.

The Rev. Mr. Potter held a revival meeting in Morrison, Whiteside Co., Ill., and here is the result:

Mr. and Mrs. Griffin made insane, both in the lunatic asylum; Mrs. Hughes frightened into temporary insanity; Mrs Colomba made insane and killed herself. There are two others in the country whose intellects were shattered by this man's fiery eloquence, and yet not one word of complaint against revival meetings.

In Ganges, Mich, a man and wife had three children, one of them mentally infirm, the other two little ones hardly large enough to care for themselves. The infirm child is tied into bed, the little ones put to bed, father and mother go to a revival meeting. Their house takes fire and the three children are burned to death, and the leader of the revival said in his funeral sermon "that God had called them—had taken them unto Himself," thus exhonerating the revival meeting and parents from blame by throwing the onus of responsibility on the shoulders of their God. From a late paper we read the following. It speaks for itself What think you of it?

SHAMEFUL INCONSISTENCY OF A MINISTER.

Rev. S. Howe, who for six years was settled over the Baptist church and society in Abingdon, has recently been detected in familiarities of the most gross and shocking character with many of the children of both sexes belonging to his congregation. He was charged with criminal practices at a meeting of the church on Saturday evening. He made no denial, being threatened with a ride on a rail by the young men of the place. Howe was a member of the Legislature. He sent in his resignation to-day, which was accepted after a debate in secret session.

Here is another, from a Connecticut paper of late date. A holy man becomes very naughty indeed. Read it:

"A Methodist preacher, named Joseph McReading, was sent to the county jail at Providence for six months, on Tuesday, for indecently exposing his person for an hour before a public school in that city."

And now read the story of the Rev. Mr. Merrill, another Methodist saint, who is both eloquent and godly:

"The quiet village of North Adams, Mass., was thrown into the wildest excitement on Sunday last, by the discovery that the Rev. S. A. Merrill, the late pastor of the Methodist church at that place, had eloped with a beautiful and interesting young lady named Houghton, leaving a wife and nine children. The young lady is but sixteen years of age, and in addition to being one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies of North Adams, is most respectably connected. Mr. Merrill is well known throughout the Troy Conference as a preacher of remarkable eloquence and power, and has occupied some of the most important stations within its limits. The brothers of the young lady are after the reverend villain, and will give him a warm greeting when he is found. The couple have been traced to Troy, and thence West, over the New York Central Railroad."

What would the world say if these men were Spiritualists?

Here are a few facts from the great West, well authenticated:

1st. The Rev. W. Ruton, Campbellite, Morristown, Minn., silenced for the exercise of free love.

2nd. Rev. Mr. Wetzel, Methodist, silenced for the same cause.

3rd. Rev. A. D. Williams, Free Will Baptist, President, N. W. College, Minn., silenced for the same cause.

4th. Rev. Albert Smith, formerly a Methodist, now an Episcopalian, ran away with another man's wife from Fairbault. Another minister, in 1868, stole a horse and buggy, and was sent to Stillwater to learn to be an honest man.

5th. Rev. Dexter B. Anderson, Baptist, silenced for free love.

6th. The Rev. George Weston, Methodist, at the Indian agency, silenced for same sin.

7th. Rev. Mr. Connell, Methodist, paid $25 for stealing wheat.

8th. Mrs. Moesday, a Campbellite sister, left her husband, and lived with another man and a Christian.

9th. Mrs. Huntly, Baptist, took her little step-daughter, nine years old, and held her little hands upon the stove until they were burned to a crisp, as a punishment. This the Church has hushed up.

10. Mr. Mason, school teacher, dismissed for bawdy practices with little girls, ten and twelve years old.

What say you, my friends, to these facts? Is Spiritualism the cause of all this dark catalogue of crime? Turn your attention to the divorce records of Chicago. Wherever a Spiritualist is divorced, it is at once ascribed to Spiritualism. When members of any other denomination get divorced, there is nothing said about "isms," and yet the cry is, "See what Spiritualism has done." Fie on you,—shame! Henceforth, do not misrepresent.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. — CHICAGO, JANUARY 29, 1870. — VOL. VII.—NO. 19.

Literary Department.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

What We Say of E. V. Wilson.

BY E. INGALLS.

He camé, he went, we saw,—we heard
The mighty champion of truth and power,
And time with busy fingers ne'er
Can blot from memory's page the hour.

From voice that woke the thunder's tone
To measures soft as evening winds,
The conquering hero passed his way
To dreamy hearts, and towering minds.

Mirth witchingly would take her stand,
And gaze from eyes of merry cast,
Then yield her sway to daring truth—
And eloquence that bound one fast.

Upon his broad and massive brow,
Reason, her vestal star has placed;
And genius, with her magic pen,
Her brightest, richest lines have traced.

God bless him, is the fervent prayer,
That follows him where'er he goes.
May angels build his pathway up,
Until he stands above life's woes.

And O we pray, that earth may hold
Him long upon her throbbing breast;
And when the sweet voice calls him home,
We would not have his great heart rest.

But back across the rolling wave,
That sings no terror-song to him—
We'd bid him come with new-born light,
To bleach the garments of old sin.

We thank him for the noble side
Of life he held before our view;
For truths that flashed and gleamed like gems
Made bright by inspiration's dew.

And when in time 'tis ours to bid
The dauntless hero back once more,
Joy, with her beaming face will pause,
And weave a garland o'er each door.

Lyons, Mich., Oct., 1869.

ENGLAND.

Wonderful Demonstration through Mr. Home.

From Human Nature.

DEAR SIR,—Before reporting a most interesting seance, allow me to express a few thoughts upon some of Mr. Holyoake's sentences as uttered before the Dialectical Society. I have known him for thirty years, and have always thought him a neat and expert thinker. Never deep nor in any sense original, he often misleads by his apparent incisiveness and wit; and it is only when you string his thoughts together, and apply them to the subject in hand, that you discover their impertinence and complete want of point. A sentence in itself may be a truism, but you may so apply it that an error may be the inference. For instance, it is true "there never were nine millions of people in the world at any one time capable of believing intelligently in anything." The inference Mr. Holyoake wants the public to draw from that statement, is that spiritualists are incapable of intelligent belief, and that their belief in Spiritualism is the result of semi imbecility, and not worthy of notice by fully developed minds.

I will say nothing of others; but if the "capacity to see what I do see" depends upon the usual verifying powers, and the mode of using them, I am at a loss to know why I cannot see just as clearly as Mr. Holyoake; and that my passion for proof" may not be quite as strong as his, although I allow myself to be led by the evidence of those truth-testing powers which I, along with other rational beings, have only to guide me in this world of appearances. I must tell Mr. Holyoake that "I have both the courage and clearness of brain to use the common" (and the uncommon) "human tests to determine the quality of the appearances," and after every test conceivable by me has been applied, I have found them true.

In fact, says Mr. Holyoake, spiritualists are simpletons, and it only requires one glance from his clear, penetrating brain to let light in upon the delusion of humanity! "And," says he, "this is the new religion that is to regenerate the world." Spiritualism is precisely the age of humanity; therefore is not new, and cannot be a new religion. There can be but one religion, call it by whatever name we please; yet I think the name it has already got "is above every name." Spiritualism may throw light upon it, and may lead us into its deeper philosophy, or Spiritualism may in some cases be the instrument of opening the heart to the influent Spirit of God. But of itself it has no purifying influence. I am not aware of one man or woman that has been made less selfish, less cunning less sensual by the mere conviction of Spiritualism. "Marvel not that ye must be born again." Men of the Fliotson type have been made happier men by it, because they were good men; and it came to them as the revelation of a higher life, giving them purpose and rank in the scale of being. I grant it is pleasant to have one's bad and ruffianly nature attributed to non-development, etc., instead of to our own perverse selfishness. When we have ruined some of our brethren and produced much misery by some vile act, it is very nice to excuse ourselves by saying such things will not be when we get far enough removed from the nursery. If Christians could see it to be their duty to guide Spiritualism, instead of banishing it to the devil, it would help them out of the gulf into which they are now staggering—from the intense fire of scepticism on the one hand, and the weakness of dissolving creeds on the other. But to my report.

On the 12th of November, Mr. Home, Mr. Jones, the Rev. B., one lady and myself, sat down and began chatting beside the table. After many remarkable and well-defined manifestations, such as the intelligent movement of bodies, music was made, which must be noticed particularly. An old accordion, defective of several notes, was placed on the table; shortly that broken instrument was held by the neutral end, and there were ten pairs of eyes and ears saw and heard that instrument being played on by others than the material visible beings in the room; and not only that, but great musical skill was displayed, in trying one key after another, until they found one adjusted to the defective instrument. After three pieces of music had been performed, the instrument was pulled from Mr. Home's hand and placed upon the floor. The lady asked if it would play Old Hundred, when, without any visible hand touching it, after trying three different keys, it played the whole of the first line of that tune. We saw it moved, the keys being touched, after which it was lifted by unseen hands, which I felt distinctly, and placed upon my knee. I was at the opposite side of a large table to Mr. Home.

I want Mr. Holyoake to observe that three senses were at work—the eye, the ear, and the touch. After the above, we all heard, as it were about a yard from Mr. Home, a number of individuals trying to speak, but they did not articulate words. The sounds were no imagination; they were strong human voices, but no words were uttered. This lasted for about half a minute, afterwards Mr. Home became entranced, and, leaning forwards, shook hands with me and the lady; and speaking in the manner peculiar to the old Friends, he seemed to put on Spectacles, saying to me—"I thought thou would'st have been pleased to see an old friend John."

I said I was so, and asked his name. He said —"John' I would like thee to recognize me without my name; dost thou not know me?" Here he made peculiar facial expressions, and seemed to take sweets from his pocket and give to the lady, saying, "Dost thou not remember how I called to see thy pictures and talk about animals?' when the lady exclaimed, "It is dear old James Webb, a good old man who passed away about four years ago, whose life was spent in kindness to men and animals." He said, "Thou wast talking to friends of mine lately." I replied, "To your son?" "No; my sisters." About a month before, I met them in a carriage and had a conversation with them. "I was by and heard all that thou saidst to them." Here he mentioned incidents which took place on the occasion. He then turned to the Rev. B., and said, "Thou art a teacher, young man, and if thou wilt, take advice from one much older than thyself." Advice was given him upon the best way of teaching and reading the Scriptures.

Mr Home then rose and went towards the fire, knelt down and stirred the fire well up. After it was burning very freely, he pulled his shirt-collar well down from his neck; then putting his right hand quietly into the fire, as it were to fill it with heat, he poured it down in front of his throat, (he omplained of a sore throat before the seance,) the hand each time going well into the fire, and being in form as if lifting water. He afterwards deliberately took in his hand a piece of burning coal about the size of a hen's egg. He took the Rev. B. by the hand, but he could not bear it near his hand. He said, "You have no faith." Next he put it nearly into my hand, but it burned my palm. He then said to the lady, "You have faith," and the coal was placed in her hand. Her words were, "I hardly feel it warm." I asked that it might be again tried on my hand. He remarked, "Thou hast prayed well." I could then just bear it. Mr Home then walked about, talking to the invisible beings—sometimes speaking of himself as a third person; then smiling, he said, "Yes, yes, I will." He again knelt before the fire, which was then blazing freely. He leant forward, and, with a peculiar action of the head, as it were when a person would lean over a tub of water, to dip the hair into it and not wet the face. I cannot describe the action better. There was not the slightest smell of a hair being singed in any way. He then, as if weary, sat down, and after a time began to recover from what seemed, by the long time required for recovery, a most profound trance.

November 20.—Seance at Dr. Thompson's. Present—Dr. Thompson, Mrs. S. J. Beattie, Dr. M'C., Captain Campbell, and Dr. T.'s two sons, 14 and 16.

After being seated at the table for ten minutes, raps on the window were heard, then in different parts of the room, on the table at which we were seated, and also on the flower-stand at the side of the room; the room began to shake and the table to move. Some of us were touched by unseen beings; Mrs. T.'s dress was pulled, herself seeing and feeling it. The accordion was played in Mr. Home's hand, and was swung across, striking Dr. T.'s knee, when he took hold of it, and it was played in his hand as before, Mr. Home's having been withdrawn and placed on the table. Mr. Home had previously held up the accordion in the full light of the gas, when all heard the instrument play, and saw the keys and body of it moved by some invisible agency. A heavy iron sewing machine came along the floor, and struck the chair on which one of T.'s sons were sitting, moving it completely round, with him sitting on it. In the course of the evening, the table was tilted up and down, and the window curtains were moved, as if some one was behind them. At Mr. Home's request, several of us in turn went underneath the table, but could see nothing to account for the extraordinary phenomena. During the playing of the accordion, Dr. T. passed his hand round it without detecting anything.

On the 21st we had a long seance, with no result whatever. On the 22d, while we were sitting down to dinner, three loud raps were heard on the door. Mr. Home said, "Some friends." All the time of dinner, the invisibles talked with us, moving the things on the table, lifting the table-cloth with their hands. When they left us, they told us, "We will call at tea-time," and we had scarcely sat down to tea, when they intimated, by three loud raps, that they were with us, and, as at dinner-time, they conversed all the time of tea.

Now, sir, I have taken too much space already; there is none left for comment. I will, therefore, leave the statements to tell their own story. I expect Mr Home with me for a few days more after the 14th, when He will leave, to fulfil his mission elsewhere. May he be continually under the influence of God's Holy Spirit.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

BIBLE AND NATURE.

The Bible of Nature, vs. the Bible of Men.

BY JOHN SYPHERS,

Those two great books, the one made by God, the other written compiled and published by men, have each collected around them a party of friends and admirers. Those two parties are from the very nature of the case, antagonistic to each other. A perpetual war has been waged for centuries by those two parties. The party of the man-made book, have always been the aggressive party. They open the battle by always making the first attack. The party admiring and ever studying the Book of Nature, are all noted for possessing good mental powers, with a cultivated reason, and a scientific turn of mind. Without these qualifications, none can belong to that party,—they being indispensible. They are liberal in their views on all religious subjects, and generally very quiet, peaceable and inoffensive men. They wish no quarrel with the Bible party, but push along their investigations of Nature quietly, and boldly follow wherever those investigations and the laws of Nature lead them,—no matter if it be directly across the path of many of the teachings of that other book. They are a very independent class of investigators, and in them the world, society, and civilization have much hope and a great deal at stake. In following out established laws to their legitimate results, they never stop to inquire whether it will bring them in collision with that other party, and with that other Bible or not; neither do they care. They strike down into the bowels of old Mother Earth, and behold they find the foot-prints of the Almighty and the trail of the true history of creation, in the geological stratas regularly laid down and full of the fossilized remains of former races of men and animals which have passed away sometime during the countless ages of long ago. They persevere; they follow up this cold track, as it were, until they discover an abundance of material among the periods of fossiliferous remains to establish and build up a fixed science, —a history of the creation, or rather of the formation of the world. Their discoveries disclose the fact that the world has been incalculable periods of time, going through its various formations of strata after strata, and in laying down the various remains of the animal and vegetable kingdoms found therein, and constituting the true medals of creation.

These men are the world's true benefactors. They bore and drill their way deep down into the bowels of the earth, regardless of what the other party may say or think. The Bible party have served many injunctions upon them to stop operations, declaring that they themselves were the only true party, and theirs the only true Bible, and its history of creation the only true history that would be vouchsafed to man. Their Bible declares that God made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh, and that there was no use of fretting and worrying and turning the world upside down to hunt up evidence to prove anything to the contrary. He made the world in six days, and made it out of nothing, too. But the party of the first part declare unto the party of the second part, that there 's no use of talking, *the thing won't do.* God can not be the author of both books;—the discrepancies between them are too great. Besides, if your God rested, He must have been tired, otherwise how could He rest?

Now, if your God tires and rests, He is altogether too manish to suit scientific minds, and He can not be the author of our Bible, and you will please take Him and your book out of court, as we can not admit their testimony. We will hear the testimony of the rocks, and many other witnesses which geology has now introduced into court, and from whose testimony there is no appeal. They depose, declare and affirm, that the time which has elapsed since creation began, or since this world beat her first notes to sound the march of time, can not be computed by numbers.

"Six days," say they. How laughable!

You gentlemen of the Bible party must all be babies! your book, a little primmer designed for little children.

"Six days!" only one hundred and forty-four hours! *Get out!*

I believe your book also represents your God as having had children?

The child Jesus is said to be one of his sons? This view of your God is too manish, too low and Heathenish for us. There must be some mistake, gentlemen, about those two books. Ours must certainly be the only true book; and our God, the only true God of Nature.

Gentlemen,—lay aside your book; the money and the learning which you are wasting upon it, and the brains which you are wearing out upon it, should be devoted to the study of our Bible, which is the only true Bible, and has no original to be lost, as you say the original copy of yours is. Ours needs no councils to sit upon it,—to pass upon it and vote parts of it in and out of the sacred canon, according to the caprice of their own will. It needs no new translations, or revisions to correct its thousands of interpretations, mistranslations and errors. Ours is easily understood, as its language is not theological, but pure and natural. All civilization and progress has come from a knowledge of our book, and from it alone.

Your book teaches that the earth has foundations; and also that it has ends. Ours teaches us that it is round, and has no foundations nor ends. Yours teaches you that a Mr Joshua once stopped the sun and the moon in their course, for a certain purpose; while ours teach us that those orbs of light always were still; while we with our world are continually in motion.

Then, there is Astronomy, another beautiful and astonishing natural science, which was discovered alone by the study of our Bible, which is the parent and mother of all the sciences. Our book is full of the most startling revelations. One of its revelations which outstrips all imagination is, that those little twinkling, shining stars are mighty orbs, and ponderous worlds,—many hundred times greater in their magnitude, latitude, and longitude than the one on which we dwell.

Your book, I believe, regards them as but so many shiny little points in the firmament, which God created in a very few minutes, on the fourth day of creation, as the author informs us, that, on that day He made the stars also.

Our Bible tells us that God is not half done making them yet, as new ones are appearing in the heavens continually. Look at the case of poor Gallileo, who was a faithful student of our book, and made many astonishing discoveries in the upper stories of the universe, and in the mechanism of our solar system. As his discoveries were altogether different from the teachings of your book, your party went for the poor old philosopher like so many fiends, and caused him to spend fourteen years of his useful life in the dreary solitudes of a loathsome prison. Yes, gentlemen, it was your party who went forth against him, with your Bible in your hand, and committed this foul and disgraceful deed. You have fought science with your Bible in your hand, in every step that it has taken, and persecuted the friends of science and reason, even unto death. Science and the arts, discovery and invention, has brought civilization to the world;—but they had to do it in spite of you and your book. You always have been, and are to-day, the strongest enemies that exist, to progress and civilization. Your party brought down that poor old man to his knees, and made him eat his own words, and stultify his own soul. If he had not done so, you would have caused his head to roll from the block and the royal blood which flowed through his pure and noble heart to have spurted out upon the ground. All this, and a thousand times more, you have done with your Bible in your hand, and in the name of your church, your religion, and your God.

Gentlemen, the history of your party is a disgrace to the world. I wonder that you could ever look a man who knows your history, full in the face; yet you have the impudence and the hardihood after our party and the influence of our Bible have raised up the world to its present high plane of light, knowledge and civilization, to turn around and claim that it was all brought about by you through the influence of your Bible. This caps the climax of all exhibitions of impudence, which the history of the world affords. Gentlemen, we claim to be the party—*we*, the men of science who brought light, learning and civilization to the world, and we did it in spite of you, too, for you fought us at almost every step we took. When we proclaimed to the world that the great Car of Progress was bout to receive an onward impulse, your party became greatly alarmed and rushed forward with your arms full of Bibles, and cast them under its wheels,—being fools enough to think that thereby you could either stop its progress, or throw it from the track. But behold your great mistake; the Car moves right along, pushing your Bibles to one side, and leaving you so far behind, that they found it necessary to put their cow catcher on the hind end of the Car, because it has now become certain, that if you ever do attack the car again, it must of necessity be at the rear!

No, gentlemen, if I belonged to your party—knowing the record it has made in the history of the past, I should call for the rocks to fall upon me and hide me from the just indignation of a frowning world. Your doom is fixed; your fate is sealed. Our party and principles are a success. Science knows nothing about either you or your book, and they care a great deal less.

God or No God.

LETTER FROM J. B. FERGUSON.

MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to say to your readers I have no response to your correspondent, F. B. Dowd. I desire simply to correct a misrepresentation of his. He seems determined to continue it. I have no time to reply to his misconceptions; a volume would not correct them in a mind that judges of another from his stand-point. But, Sir, among several communications to me, which my article in your columns has called forth, I send you the following, which if you see proper, you may insert, from a mind that has kenned the difficulties of the question. I hope to be able, at some future time to add some reflections on the whole subject, such as Mr. Austin Kent's article will suggest. Please let him be heard; for alike in the mystery of suffering, whose crown I feel he deserves, as in distinct and discriminate thought, he merits a hearing from all earnest and sincere men.

REMARKS: The article referred to by Brother F. has been returned to Mr. Kent, at his request. We hope to have it soon for publication.—ED. JOURNAL.

LETTER FROM DAVID PEIRCE.

I would like to give you our views of Miss Laura V. Ellis and her father, but as you and the BANNER OF LIGHT seem to think she is genuine, it will not be worth while for me to say much. We had her here, and likewise Charles H. Read, and could I be with you one half hour, I could convince you that the public are badly deceived by them both. I am sorry it is so, but facts are stern things. Should Laura V. Ellis ever come to your place, you go on to the stand with a rule, and measure the distance between her wrists and then the distance from the wrist to the ring, and then from the wrist to the end of the fingers, and if she is tied the same as she always was when here, and no other way would her father tie her, you will have some twenty inches to work, as the ring gives two inches. I am a man weighing some two hundred and have been tied often as she was tied, and did all she did and much more, without calling on the spirit of Leon Blake or any one else.

Now, in regard to Read. I have no doubt but he may have some medium powers, but he has a disposition to make himself. We became disgusted with his cheating while he was here. He stopped with my friend, Dr. Calvin Moor, and all attention was paid him. The doctor and myself became convinced at once that he was cheating us, as the way he was tied he could slip his hands, as either of us could do the same. We wanted to tie him ourselves, at the doctor's house, and the way we wanted to do it was with woolen yarn, to lay his hands flat together, then twist woolen yarn and tie his two little fingers together and then the next two, and so likewise his thumbs, and the moment he should haul them out, the yarn would twist up and he could not get them in again. He saw the trap, and would not consent. Was sick at once. It confirmed us that we did not judge him wrong. He said he would come back here last Spring, and let us tie him as we pleased. As yet, he has not made his appearance. Such impostors hurt us here. We had read such wonders about Read that we were induced to send for him, but we were badly deceived.

Read had but just left us when Laura V. Ellis came. We then thought we could silence the cry of "humbug?" but alas, she was all humbuggery.

Belfast, Me.

REMARKS:—With pleasure we give place to the foregoing, as it is written in the spirit of kindness In our opinion, much of the trouble that mediums have to encounter, arises from the mismanagement of friends. Their obstinacy awakes the scepticism of investigators, and the mediums are denounced as impostors.

That there is a necessity of so confining a medium as to bar all presumptions of fraud, is clear; that such confinement should be so done as to leave the medium at perfect ease, is also necessary. Mediums have feelings, are even more sensitive than ordinary people, and unless they are in a comfortable position and pleasant frame of mind, the negative condition which enables spirits to approach them, can not be expected. To this end managers should try and please the people by confining the medium in a manner to place the question of fraud beyond controversy. A ball of tape, needle and thread, a few tacks and a stick of sealing wax, will be all sufficient. Commence with the middle of the tape, tieing the hands first, and then sew the knots and seal them with sealing wax and then carry the tape down along the clothing, and sew each garment to it, leaving no slack in the tape, sealing the same at each part and wherever the tape is tied to the chair or seat on which the medium sits. Seal the knots, and carry the ends off on either side out of the reach of the medium, and nail the ends to the floor, and seal the heads of the nails to the floor. If all this is done with care, under the observation of an intelligent committee, there will be no deception practiced, and the honest investigator will have no fears o deception. Those who desire to complain of tricks will be disarmed.

While we are ever ready to defend mediums, we are equally ready to ferret out and expose impostors. No Spiritualist should for one moment encourage imposition, even in one who is known to possess mediumistic powers. That there are some mediums for physical manifestations who have been caught cheating, we are well satisfied. No encouragement to cheat should be countenanced in any case, by any one, and above all other things, let mediums be honest, and we will defend them to the last.

C. OTIS.

Does not give his post office address. Those doing business with this office, should always give their post office address, town, and state plainly written.

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☞ For particulars, see terms at the head of the editorial department on fourth page.

Pacific Department.

By......................BENJAMIN TODD.

ACCROSTIC.

Round all the world both near and far,
Ever may thy glad tidings fly,
Led on by truth thy guiding star,
In joy be hailed by every eye.
Go, thou herald of liberty,
In haste thy mission to fulfill;
On earth teach true Divinity;

Preach our Heavenly Father's will.
High over all the sect-bound creeds,
Immersed in darkness and in crime,
Let shine thy light of noble deeds
On all the sons of earth and time.
Some may seek thy life to destroy—
On thy head pour their curses down.
Peerless and tall, without alloy.
How shalt thou fear their angry frown?
In vain they hellish arts devise,
Conceived in sin and burning shame.
All their jealousy and lies
Leave no dark shade on thy fair fame.

Justice ever, as thy true name
On thy standard thou hast written
Unto all, high or low the same.
Repeat from week to week, the truth.
Now daily flowing from above,
All glowing with immortal youth,
Love, love, no other word but love.

Portland, Oregon.

There are some real live Spiritualists in Portland whose ardor no adverse circumstances can dampen, and no obstacles seem too great for them to overcome. Hitherto when lecturing there, the speaker has had the expense of the hall to account for, the price varying from twelve to twenty dollars per night, after paying which, but a small pittance remained. But N. Williams, D. H. Hendee, Mr. Golden and some eight others, formed themselves into an association, leased a new neat hall for a term of months, and are known by the name of Harmony Hall Association. This hall they have fitted up by putting in new seats of the capacity of three hundred or more, erected a neat rostrum and carpeted it; also carpeted the aisles, curtained the windows in an approved manner, placed mottoes on the walls bordered with evergreens, which adds largely to its beauty. The mottoes are as follows:

"Eternal Progress the Destiny of the Human Race."

"Spiritualism Demonstrates Man's Immortality."

"There is no Death."

"We Change but do not Die"

"Spiritualism gives back our Loved and Gone Before."

When it was finished, they invited us to come and dedicate it, which we did, taking great pleasure therein. We did not give it to any God as our religious friends do their places of worship. We did not dedicate it to any sect or party, but to free thought and free investigation. Our subject for that occasion was, "The claims of Spiritualism upon Mankind." We claimed that Spiritualism was superior to every other religion that the world had received, in that

1st. It was a religion of reason, while all other religions required in their reception the stultification of our reason.

2nd. It was a religion of science—all other religions were opposed to science.

3rd. It was philosophical, whereas all other religions were opposed to philosophy.

4th. It was a religion of liberty, whereas all others made their votaries naught but the veriest cringing fawning slaves.

5th. It was a religion of sound morality, theoretically teaching that all mankind were responsible for their own acts, and there was no escape from the consequences. Practically, that our spirit friends were around us, and conscious of all that we did, which took away the cloak of secrecy under which people were wont to commit crime.

6th. It satisfied our intellect, and gave it room to grow.

7th. It satisfies our affections and purifies our hearts.

Finally, it establishes the heaven-born fact that religion is *natural*, hence adapted to the wants of all mankind in languages, tongues and nations of the earth.

It needs no priest to compile it, to translate it or to interpret it.

It is heaven-born and angel-crowned, and flows like a never-failing fountain, bearing on its bosom the healing of the nations. Hence the claims of Spiritualism are just and well founded, based upon its intrinsic merits. And what is more, it is bound to prevail to the utter destruction of bigotry and error, in whatever form they may appear. So may it be.

Los Angles, California.

We learn by private correspondence that Spiritualism in Los Angles is in a flourishing condition. They have a hall of their own, and hold their meetings twice every Sunday. Mediums are being developed, and skeptical minds are being convinced of the grand fact that the loved and gone before are not dead, as they have hitherto been taught.

But on the contrary, the physical and spiritual worlds are bound together by an indissoluble tie, over which death has no power.

We visited Los Angles for the first time, and also as the first spiritual speaker ever in the place, two years ago this Winter, and gave them eight lectures.

The following Spring we paid them a second visit, and gave them seven lectures. It is peculiarly gratifying to us, to know that our labors there have not been in vain, and that to-day, they are reaping the result thereof. When working in the field of reform, our hands ofttimes grow heavy, and our feet become weary, and our shoulders groan with the burden they carry; but, although we frequently sow in toil and water the ground with our tears,—the angels gather in the harvest, and on the other side of the river it awaits our coming.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Startling Developments.

LETTER FROM D. EDDY.

DEAR BROTHER:—Harriet Thackerberry has just gone to New York on an engagement of $1000 for a month, and all expenses paid. She is no doubt the greatest medium in America. In her presence, spirits show faces rapidly or in rapid succession, with a full head of light turned direct upon them. I have seen over fifty different faces in the course of three seances, a large proportion of which were recognized by parties in the audience. 'Tis useless to conjecture where these manifestations will end. From what has transpired 'tis fair to anticipate important developments in the future.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MIND.

The Different Faculties and their Functions.

BY WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

As Human beings possess a material body, a soul or spiritual body and a spirit, we may defines mind to be an attribute of spirit, that is governed in all its operations by organs, circumstances and spirit impressions, consequently it will partake of the predominating influence exercised, the character of its faculties or the circumstances which may surround it. But as it is possible for man to assume two widely different conditions, in which the powers of the mind are as different as the state themselves, it will be necessary to remark that in the normal or natural condition, the powers of seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling and smelling are confined to the natural senses, while in the second or somnambulic condition, the organs, faculties and senses become clear minded, and see, hear, taste, smell and feel, independent of the natural senses, and as it is impossible for spirits to control or impress persons when they are in a natural condition, all that is obtained from a spiritual source must come to us through persons who are either in a partial or perfect state of somnambulism; and as the faculties are then clear minded, their powers are much greater, and the spirit or mind of the individual, while in that condition, can use them at a distance, as well as if the object to be seen, heard, tasted or felt, etc., were within their reach; consequently they frequently get information long before it could reach them by railroad or telegraph. Darkness, matter and space seem to offer no obstruction to their powers, and as they can read or know the mind of other persons, it is impossible to set a limit to their powers. Experiments upon the brain of persons while in this condition, have revealed the fact that it is not only composed of organs, but that each faculty is a compound of peculiar functions, which can act independently of each other, or together, as the case may be. Each sense has also its peculiar and independent functions, consequently all are capable of perceiving peculiar impressions—simply as such, but convey no idea beyond that which the impressions yield. One or more of the senses may perceive an impression, but until the qualities outside of the impression are recognized by other internal faculties, no idea beyond the peculiar impression can be noted. As an example: The senses of touch and sight may each receive an impression, and if the impression received by both proceeds from, or relates to, a peculiar form, then the organ of configuration will have to recognize the peculiar impression before an idea of the form presented can be recognized, and if the impression received by both relate to form, then the organ of configuration (being adapted to both senses) can recognize the same form in both cases. Again, one sense may rectify mistakes (caused by certain laws of matter), which may occur to the other senses. Thus—if a straight rod be plunged half its length into water, by the laws of the refraction of light, we see it 'crooked', although the touch will prove it to be straight. In like manner the sense of sight may rectify the sense of touch—viz: If without our knowledge a piece of thin paper be placed between one of our fingers and thumbs,—we do not feel, but can see it; so also the senses of smell and taste may rectify the sense of sight. Fluids may look like water, yet may be entirely different, which the senses of smell and taste may recognize. Phrenologists have divided the organs of the brain into the animal, the perceptive and the reflective. The first, or animal, into propensities or sentiments. The propensities consist of the desire to live—alimentativeness, destructiveness, amativeness, philoprogenitiveness, adhesiveness, inhabitiveness, constructiveness, secretiveness, combativeness and acquisitiveness. The sentiments consist of cautiousness, approbativeness, self esteem, benevolence, reverence, firmness, conscientiousness, hope, marvelousness, ideality, mirthfulness and imitation. The perceptives consist of the external senses, viz Feeling, taste, smell, hearing and sight, and the intellectual powers consist of individuality, configuration, size, weight and resistance, color, locality, time, tune and language. The reflective faculties are comparison and causality.

A classification of some kind is necessary, but I can not subscribe to the idea upon which the above is founded, viz: That of the inferiority of the so-called affective faculties. These, Dr. Spurzheim says, are, "Blind, or do not recollect or judge of their actions, and that they require to be enlightened by the understanding or intellectual faculties." But I shall revert to this again.

I have instituted many experiments to test the qualities which go to prove that the faculties possess certain independent functions—viz: Consciousness, attention, perception, memory, likes, dislikes, judgment, imagination, association and the will, and that all these combined constitute the organ itself. Further, that the functions in each faculty are peculiar, and only capable of attending to perceiving, remembering, liking, judging, and associating those things or ideas which relate, or are adapted to their capacities. I therefore hold that it is impossible for any faculty to perceive, judge or remember anything which belongs to the province of another.

It must be admited that the organ of benevolence can not perceive size or form, and they can not perceive time or tune. It is therefore plain that each must have its own peculiar attention, memory, judgment, imagination, as well as consciousness and peculiar perception. Were it otherwise, these qualities of mind would have not only all the work, but they would have to act peculiarly in every case to adapt themselves to the organ acting—viz: Attention would have to attend to all judgment, judge for all, and memory remember all—at the same time that they would have to adapt themselves to contrary impressions to enable them to perform the functions of the various organs acting at one or nearly the same time. This can not be so, because all persons familiar with the operations of mind know that the attention, memory, judgment, etc., are performed perfectly in one faculty, and not so in another. One function may perceive and not remember, at the same time that another does, and so with all the other functions respectively.

An emotion is simply the effect of the activity of an organ, and degrees of activity are only degrees of the same emotion. There are, therefore, as many peculiar emotions as there are objects or ideas, etc. Reflection is the result of the activity of all the organs directed to the thing or idea, etc. under consideration. If we reflect upon a color, a rose, an event, a battle or a beautiful scene—the respective organs of color, individuality, eventuality, combativeness, destructiveness and ideality, must have acted in combination with comparison and causality, if a comparison or a cause be connected with them, and it is impossible to arrive at true reasoning if any of them be inactive. All must act together, and the result will be correct or not, as the activity of the respective functions in the organs are perfect or not. If the judgment in the various organs so engaged be sound, we may look for a just account; if not, the reverse will be the case.

I have remarked that I disagree with Dr. Spurzheim in regard to the inferiority of the affective faculties, and do not believe that they are more "blind" or act with less understanding than any of the others. It seems to me that what are denominated the superior faculties—viz: The perceptive and reflective—when acting singly or alone, act with as little understanding as the affective faculties. Let us suppose the organ of color to be acting alone. What, according to Dr. Spurzheim, is the effect? He says that "Each perceptive faculty feels impressions and relations of one kind only, consequently, that of color can only feel impressions and relations of colors." Why, then, may not alimentativeness feel (either through the senses of smell and sight), impressions and relations of food; through the right impressions of waste, decay or desolation; amativeness, of physical love; combativeness, of resistance; benevolence, of goodness, kindness or generosity; firmness, of stability; hope, of expected good; mirthfulness, the ridiculous, and imitation, the resemblance? If the above organs can not feel impressions and relations of a peculiar kind, also, what other organs can do so for them? Color can not feel impression of decay, of physical love, justice, mirthfulness or the beautiful, any more than comparison and causality can feel impressions of combativeness, love of approbation or benevolence. If the affective faculties are blind and act without understanding, how are they to become enlightened, or what organs are to judge for them? I have already shown that the perceptive faculties can not, and that the reflective are equally at fault. Therefore, the affective faculties must also be able to judge between those things which relate to their capacities, and if we trace the operations of mind from the commencement of thought, through all the different stages, from sensation to ideas, and from ideas to the highest grades of logical reasoning, we shall find that all the faculties when active, experience emotions peculiar to themselves, and although inferior powers may be ascribed to some organs, I contend that all have power to perceive, remember and reflect upon the peculiar objects or ideas presented through the senses, and although independent of each other, are capable of associating, and then have a mutual influence upon each other, and by their combined actions produce all the modifications of mind.

All have peculiar powers—all are equally important to our welfare, and it is only the abuse or misdirection of either that renders them otherwise.

Benevolence, with all its soul-inspiring and elevating tendencies, may if improperly directed, be the cause of rapine, murder, villainy and death, at the same time that combativeness and destructiveness, although death dealing in their natures, may turn aside impending thraldom, and in our utmost need, be the blessed instruments of yielding us life, liberty and the glorious boon of exercising unfettered the flight of our own conscience.

WISCONSIN,

Proceedings of the First Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Spiritualist Convention.

The above named meeting was held in Jone's Hall, in the village of Burlington, Racine Co., on the first and second days of January, 1870.

The friends gathered at 11 o'clock, a goodly number, among whom were the President, Mrs. Paulina J. Roberts, of Racine, the Secretary, J. M. Trowbridge, of Racine, Bro. E. Winchester Stevens, of Janesville, and sister Nancy Miles of the same place, Sister A. E. Hays, of Waterloo, Jefferson Co., Bro. O. B. Hazeltine, of Mazamanie, and Geo. Jones, of Burlington.

The objects of the meeting were stated by the president to be, that through these quarterly gatherings to disseminate the Harmonial Philosophy to a large number who would not otherwise learn of it, and that through its sublime teachings the soul will expand into harmony with God and all His works; and that it called the friends together from a distance, thus causing a union of effort towards the development of all humanity into the knowledge of the truth as it comes to us from the Summer Land; and the enjoyment of a soul union with those united in a noble cause.

The secretary read the report of the Executive Committee, which was accepted and adopted.

The usual committees were appointed, and the session adjourned to two o'clock P. M.

On reassembling, Bro. J. M. Trowbridge read a poem given through Bro. E. S. Wheeler—"The Significance of the Spiritual Movement." This was followed by an address by Bro. E. W. Stevens, of Janesville, on the Evidences of Immortality. Among the many good things said, was the following:

"Death is but a bursting bud; the form coming up through the channels of nature, it expands into the spheres beyond, with a beauty of true outgrowth, developed from a going forth of maturity." Bro. Stevens concluded after half an hour of very interesting argument.

Conference opened by Bro. Trowbridge in some well timed remarks:

"Deducing from the outgrowth of ideas, all the way along the great high way of progress, humanity has walked step by step, until the soul has expanded into the broad fields of a higher education, reaching into the bright spheres beyond, and culling beautiful immortal truths which give a broad republic to the people and liberty to the soul."

Sister Nancy Miles followed in an interesting speech. Bro. C. W. Hazeltine, of Mazamanie, spoke of the magnetic conditions surrounding humanity through which they are enabled to control each other in the form, through the action of soul upon soul. As the soul's powers are increased by unfoldment into the immortal spheres, their power to control the human organism through these magnetic conditions, is enhanced in direct ratio.

Mr. D. M. Montgomery, one of the Joseph Smith Jr. Class of Mormons, spoke of the Bible and its Teachings. He said that there were two forms of Spirit Life, to wit: God and demon, or devil—good and evil spirits. He allowed that the demonstrations of Spiritualism were by spirits, but was of opinion they were of the class of evil.

Sister Hays followed by demonstrating that evil (so called) was as necessary as good. Did each one do good, evil spirits would not trouble them.

Bro. Stevens followed, saying that if he knew the character of an individual, he could tell what kind of a God he worshiped; or give him a description of the God men worship, and he would define the character of those men.

Adjourned to 6: 30 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

On opening the evening session the President made some appropriate remarks on the fraternal feeling manifest, and said that it was an earnest of a glorious meeting.

Bro. Bundy and O. B. Hazeltine related their experiences and outgrowth into the knowledge of soul freedom and spiritual strength and life.

Bro. Stevens followed by comparing the popular religions of the day and the Spiritual movement—demonstrating that, while old forms of theology were built on faith and belief, the Harmonial Philosophy rested on a positive knowledge of immortal life.

The Conference hour having expired, Sister A. E. Hays addressed the multitude for an hour on the principles of Life, demonstrating that all forms of existence have life, and that all life is eternal; for it is a principle whose foundation is the eternal God.

The hall was crowded, and all showed their appreciation of the exercises, in lingering to catch more of the inspiration of the hour.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Sunday morning came with keen frosty air, yet at 10 o'clock a good audience assembled. The Committee on Resolutions reported the following:

RESOLVED: That we, as Spiritualists and reformers, will neither eat, drink or wear anything that, in our judgement, will have a tendency to injuriously affect the physical or mental powers.

RESOLVED: That, as light-bearers, we hope to harmonize and prepare the way for the rising generation.

RESOLVED: That we work unceasingly until error and crime shall cease; and continue to be steadfast and immovable in the work of Spiritual progress.

RESOLVED: That we recognize exact equality in the sexes, in regard to all human attributes and faculties; and that we will labor to attain an exact equality in the right to use and develop those attributes and faculties.

RESOLVED: That, as Spiritualists, we recognize the right of all persons, without regard to creed or condition, to entertain and express their views, without interruption or rebuke, and hold ourselves open to evidence, conviction and change of views.

The 1st, 2d, and 3d were adopted without debate. The 4th elicited a very warm discussion. The subject was placed before the audience with energy and power by Sister Paulina Roberts, J. M. Trowbridge and C. W. Hazeltine, all taking the broad ground that human rights belong to all alike, and that the one who takes more to himself than he is willing to accord to all the members of his house-hold, is a usurper and a tyrant. Laid over till next session.

Conference hour having expired, Bro. Stevens read a poem: "The People's Advent," when Bro. J. M. Trobridge, being entranced, had the subject given him, "What and Where is the Spirit Land?" The audience listened with undivided interest for an hour and a half to his eloquent portraying of the spheres—saying that the first or lowest sphere is in space near the earth's surface. The second sphere is on many of the planets which have been developed up to the spirit plane. The third sphere is still further away, and is also on the planets, which gild the azure dome above us as with diamonds. The spirit's occupation is getting food and clothing, the same as on earth. Their food is the influx of good ideas, causing the outgrowth of thought, and in accordance with the fine quality of those thoughts, so is the spirit's power, and clothing is woven from the bright threads of those thoughts.

Adjourned to half-past one o'clock, P. M.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

The weather being cold, quite a number stayed at the Hall. About one o'clock a public circle was formed, which extended its session over the time of the Conference. Many tests of remarkable power were given through Sister Hays, Sister Miles, Bro. Stevens, Bro. Trowbridge, and many others. Many looked on with astonishment at the power displayed.

The circle being broken up, Bro. Stevens read a poem from Wm. Denton, entitled, "Thoughts," which was followed by a song from Mrs. Hays.

Bro. C. W. Hazeltine then addressed the people on the magnetic powers of the human soul, proving that the soul had mighty powers, and that those powers would never die.

After the address, the 5th resolution was again taken up and advocated with signal ability by Bros. Stevens, Hazeltine, Trowbridge, and Sisters Roberts, Hays, and Miles. The riveted attention of the hearers, and the energy and ability of the speakers, showed conclusively that this is *the* question of the day. The resolution was adopted without a dissenting vote.

Adjourned to 6: 30 P. M.

SUNDAY EVENING.

The evening session was opened promptly on time, and the following resolution was adopted:

RESOLVED: That we sincerely thank the First Spiritualist Society of Janesville for their expressed fraternal sentiments, in sending delegates to this First Quarterly Meeting of this Association; and that we recognize in them brethren, united with us in a common cause, for the outgrowth of a true humanity; and that we extend to them the right hand of fellowship of this Association.

Sister Hays sang a song, "Boatman Over the River;" then, becoming entranced, she spoke eloquently upon a question given her by one of the audience: "How far is the present civilization indebted to the principles of Christianity?"—taking the position that Christianity, like all other questions, has been a stepping-stone in the great high-way of progress. But as forms of social intercourse must, like forms of life itself, be continually developed into higher forms, so Christianity must give way before the advancing light, and make way for the higher intelligence of the age, in accordance with the great law of human progress.

Bro. Trowbridge read a poem from Gerald Massey, entitled, "This World is Full of Beauty," followed by Bro. Stevens in a few earnest words. The Convention was closed in a few well-chosen and affecting words from the President.

Still the people lingered, drawn together with true soul-power—the time of parting came too soon. Yet the best of meetings on earth must end; and after an exchange of congratulations, the friends parted, feeling that the meeting had been propitious to all.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts.

BY WARREN CHASE.

No. 8.

"Hast Thou not made a hedge about him and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land." (Job 1: x.)

This and several other passages in this Word of God, was delivered to man by the mouth of one called a liar and the father of lies, but we are required nevertheless to receive it here as the Word of God, which tells us what the Lord had previously done for Job, His best and most faithful servant on earth, and also tells us what He did for him and his sons after this conversation, and why He did it. The story shows plainly that Mr. Satan was a very important personage at that time, and his opinion of great value, and especially his good opinion of Job, in comparison with which the life of Job's sons and servants and stock, his intense suffering, were of little value. But who can doubt the truth of the story, however strange, since it is the Word of God, and sacred.

It is of no consequence that Job is not a Jewish but a Persian name, and the Land of Uz, where he lived, in Persia and not Judea, and that he lived (if at all) where the fire-worshipers had a Devil or God of Fire, personifying darkness and cold, or physical evils. There are so many good sayings in the Book of Job that we must take it all in to save the good passages, for we have no right to use our judgement and sort the Word of God. This story, like many others, is "past finding out," although Mr. Satan is said to be a very busy body among mortals, especially at times of revival of religion, when he goes about "like a roaring lion," trying (and often successfully) to break up the meeting, instead of sitting down quietly, as in this case, and chatting with God about His servants. Mr. Satan seems to understand that Job had good reasons for fearing God, as he had had his houses and lands "hedged in" by Him, and been greatly prospered in sheep and camels, as well as lands and children, all of which, we are led to suppose, God gave him, beside planting out the hedges, etc. He had evidently done more for him than He had previously done for Adam, and although Job had not disobeyed, but had been a faithful servant, yet he was more *sorely* afflicted than Adam, or even Daniel, or Saul, who tried God's patience so much. We are generally told that the hand of the Lord in worldly affliction falls on those who sin and disobey, and that children are taken away by the Lord in death, for the good of their parents, etc., and always because they need the chastisement; but in this case, Job could not be counted a sinner, and the only object was to gratify Satan.

☞ The Washington *Chronicle* says: A female captain of a canal boat was among the merchants of Georgetown yesterday soliciting freight, and she talked, as much "business" as some other skippers who wear bifurated garments."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Dr. Noah Gilbert the Colored Man.

Spiritualists Enumerated—the Ship—Low order of Spirits—Efforts in their behalf.

LETTER FROM A. B. BRISTOL.

Having formerly been a resident of this place, I am requested by a few of the faithful to appeal to you, or through your paper, to the mediums and lecturers, for some of the *bounties* they are dispensing so liberaly through the land.

Mrs. F. P. Kingsbury, and Mrs. S. M. Thompson, are the only ones who have dared brave the *storm* of Orthodox denunciation and Slander here for many years, and they commenced a noble work. Who dare come next.

Circles are held here, and many come "just to see what will happen," who are particular to say "I'm no Spiritualist," but still they have great curiosity to investigate.

We number about 6,000 inhabitants here, and many are liberal in their views.

One of the best men, and the best Doctor of the place, is Dr. Noah Elliot, (colored) who is clairvoyant and a medium. He does many really wonderful cures.

On the 28th of Nov., at a circle, the spirits said through him, that they were enumerating the Spiritualists of America. One week later, they reported 10,510,000.

The Doctor sees a ship come from the East at each circle, with an old Methodist preacher named Mahan, formerly from here, who, he says, preaches to a myriad of dark spirits, and at the breaking of the circle, returns freighted with converts who never return. Thus constantly, endeavoring to clean away the darkness from the other shore, as well as this.

The world may cry "absurd," but what more material than that the occupants of the Indians spirit hunting ground, should still linger by this glorious old Ohio River.

Gallipolis, Ohio.

Correspondence in Brief.

Richmond, Ind.—D. R. Heaton writes:—I must say your paper is interesting, and it speaks of strange things. Is there not a little humbuggery about it? I am inclined to investigate farther before I give up my mind fully to this belief.

REMARKS:—You are right, my brother. Try all things, and hold fast to the truth. If the philosophy of Spiritualism will not stand the touchstone of truth, it is a fallacy, and should be exposed by that touchstone—truth.

We continue the paper to subscribers with the full expectation that every person who continues to read it will appreciate the fact that justice requires it to be paid for at regular rates—three dollars per year. At fifty cents for three months, I lose absolutely all over the expense of the blank paper and the money we pay for having the same folded in wrappers and directed to the subscriber, hence we can not continue the paper for longer than the three months for trial, at less than regular rates.

Alexandria, Ind.—Warren Smith writes:—Having recovered from a long continued illness, I am again proposing to take the field against the powers of superstitious darkness, and in favor of the glorious truths of Spiritualism. We are in favor of no compromise with the man degrading dogmas of the Christian church. It seems to us that the first work of the reformer is to disabuse the mind of those loathsome errors that the evil genii of the church has fastened upon it. Truth finds no congenial home in a soul rendered dark and gloomy by the hideous monstrosities of a man-degrading superstition. Creeds and confessions of faith are only dark screens that prevent the glorious light of truth from entering the windows of the soul. I send you fond greetings, and will soon advocate the claims of our glorious cause and its true representative, the JOURNAL. Long may it flourish, a terror to superstition and a fearless exponent of truth.

Ashley,—Mrs. A. M. Wicks writes:—I have been a reader of your paper for the last eight months. I feel that I can not do without it. I have tried to circulate it here, but have not found any one that was willing to read it. I am alone in reading it, even in my own family. You will excuse me, an old lady of sixty, for not being more punctual.

REMARKS:—Thank you, dear sister. Your remittance is timely. We are glad to know that our beloved JOURNAL is so highly appreciated by you Never mind—have no anxiety about other people's lack of relish for spiritual food. If they are happy in the faith of hell torments for a large portion of God's children, let them enjoy it until the fallacy of such a faith is more apparent to them.

Linden, Ind.—Wm. C. Thomas writes:—I am the only believer in Spiritualism (so-called) and the propagation of the truth under the new dispensation, and I am very anxious to have a circle formed here, and a missionary from the Spirit World to commune with us and help us in forwarding the truth in these parts. We have lately had an interesting debate here on Spiritualism, which has awakened an interest in Spiritual matters hitherto unknown here. All we want now is some manifestations and good tests, to forward the glorious work. Do for us what you can.

New Jefferson, Iowa.—Guy Matteson writes:—What shall I say to you? I am ashamed to say anything; but it becomes me to say something. The time for which I paid for the JOURNAL expired September the 2nd last past, and for your kindness and confidence in extending it past the time paid for, I thank you. Enclosed please find $1,50 for six months.

REMARKS:—All right, brother. The money comes very opportune. Oh, that others would follow your example!

Sacramento, Cal.—Mrs. M. L. Sherman writes:—Mr. Winslow, of Barre, Mass., in the JOURNAL of Dec. 11th, says he will be one of fifty, to send Austin Kent six dollars yearly. I will add my name for the same amount, to be placed in your hands or otherwise, as you may direct. His case is a hard one, and should meet with a warmer and more substantial response than his letter in the JOURNAL testifies. I shall write him again this week.

Our lectures have closed for the present; Mr. Finney not being able to lecture, as he expected; so now we wait for another, who may speak to us upon our cheering and strengthening philosophy. In the meantime, the JOURNAL is a benison, especially the editorials, with their thought-gems, so pure and sparkling. Mr. Jones, were you never to write another article, yours on "Individuality" is a gem that will shine forever—so true, so grand, and so desirable to be attained.

West La Fayette, Ohio.—Jas. S. Burr writes:—You would accommodate me by a line in your paper, saying that my latch-string always hangs out to all reformers, especially spiritual mediums who can give tests. I live at a station on P. C. & St. Louis R. R, and presume many such pass here, but know nothing of me.

Baltimore, Md.—F. H. Smith writes:—We have had four lectures from E. V. Wilson, all a decided success and I have no doubt will be productive of good. I have conferred with him about the prophecy—he confirms my view of it. I hope my letter will appear in the next.

Washington, D. C.—S. S. Strachan writes:—I take great pleasure in informing you that the lectures of E. V. Wilson were a success.

Brazil, Ind.—Oscar Lambert writes:—You are taking a strange and bold course in "Bible Spiritualism," well calculated to do good.

MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:

Story of Fact Phenomena and Mystery

BY GEORGE SOMMERVILLE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REMARKABLE REVELATION—RINGGOLD'S STORY.

"Again all were seated at Media's home, and Jack Ringgold commenced his story."

"Some years since, I lived in the district of Kensington, Philadelphia, and near the line of Port Richmond. I was in the habit of visiting a small tavern, kept by a Jew named Seigle."

"You knew him, then——"

"Yes, Media, long before the loved star of your destiny crossed and lighted up my path. One evening as usual, I was sitting in the saloon, when a respectable looking man, enveloped in a large cloak, entered suddenly, and approaching Seigle hastily, whispered something to him, when he was immediately conducted to a private room. Soon after, feeling strangely suspicious, I left the saloon and hurried up a side alley, and reached the window of a small back room. I then saw the gentleman remove from beneath his cloak, a bundle, and unfolding it, was astonished to see before them a pretty babe, apparently scarce two years of age. Where I stood, I, of course, could not hear distinctly all that was spoken between them. But I understood that after the bar was closed, he would call again that same evening. Leaving the spot, I entered the saloon again, and when Seigle and the stranger returned, I sat in my seat as before."

At midnight, I saw Seigle close the establishment, and while he was thus busily engaged, I hastily entered the room, and finding the door leading into the basement open, I glided quitely down, and secreted myself among some barrels and casks there.

Soon after, I heard a singular rap at the door, consisting, indeed, of three distinct "raps," some two or three seconds intervening between each. I listened attentively, and Seigle immediately opened the door. Soon after the person he admitted, and himself entered the appartment just over my head, I stole carefully up the stairs, and stationed myself near the door, and learned that the stranger had brought another child—that he had been recommended to Seigle for accommodations—that he was then pursued by the officers of the government for an imputed crime against the laws.

For whatever trouble Seigle took in his protection, he promised to remunerate him handsomely, when he should be able to leave. After this conversation, he requested to be shown to rest. Seigle conducted him to his sleeping appartment, and soon after returned alone. I heard him mutter, 'Ah, I scarcely expected he had his wealth with him. I must have it.'

Half an hour more, and he left the room. I listened, and thought I heared a suppressed groan. I shuddered, for I feared he had indeed murdered the stranger. Soon after I heard Seigle in conversation with his wife. A few minutes more, and I heard them coming down stairs, and their slow heavy foot-steps indicated they were carrying something heavy. Reaching the first floor, I heard Seigle say, 'open the door.' Supposing he alluded the one leading to my hiding place, I immediately retreated to my former place of concealment, behind the casks. Soon again, they began to descend dragging with them the mutilated body of the stranger. He bore a wound in the left breast, from which the blood was oozing slowly. Horror froze me rigid—I could not stir nor speak, my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth. Never, never, can I forgive myself for acting so cowardly a part."

"Tis past now, noble Ringgold, and the future is bright."

"Aye, father, you remind me of the noble Melnott, not to the past, but to the future looks true nobility, and finds its blazon in posterity."

"A happy sentiment, Media—and of the brightness of the auspicious future, I feel fully assured," spoke Ringgold cordially, and continued:

"They laid him on the ground, and Seigle digging a narrow grave, probably three feet deep, rolled the body over into it. Covering it with the loose earth, only partially, he then left the cellar.

Soon as the sound of the retreating foot-steps died away, and all was silent again, I stole from my hiding place; and hastily removed the earth from the body, raised it from the rude grave, when my next impulse was to inform the authorities of the foul murder at once, but as I turned to do so, I thought I heard a slight groan, and not a little startled, I listened, and found it proceeded from the corpse. Bending down, I placed my hand upon his breast near the heart, felt a weak pulsation. My soul now thrilling with hope, though not entirely devoid of fear, I glanced, and felt hastily round the cellar, yet scarcely knew what for. Oft since have I thought that surely on that occasion I was not myself, else I would have obeyed my first impulse, and left the place. But instinctively, as it were, I drew from a cask near me some whisky in my hand, and applied it to the sufferers wounds, which now I was rejoiced had ceased to bleed. Then I moistened his fever parched lips with it, and bathed his temples and face. Hope, at times fainting, quickened with fresh impulse, and I soon realized the glad satisfaction of feeling him move.

The basement was very dark, so that I could not distinguish features at all. I searched, and as the directing ones would have it, found on the side of the staircase, several candles and some matches. Immediately I struck a light, and soon comprehended the state of the case. True, the wounded man wore a buckskin under garment; yet there must have been an unseen power that preserved his life so strangely beneath the murderous plunge of the assassin knife,—a peculiar spirit-charm, that for the moment "mailed" his soul, even his mortal life impervious to the point of the deadly dagger. The knife had entered just below the heart, and in the flesh but a couple of inches. With my handkerchief, I bandaged the wound, and in ten minutes he opened his eyes, gazed vaguely around, but soon closed them again, and shuddered as he caught an ill defind glimpse of me. Approaching I raised him in a sitting posture, and inquired of him how he felt. He only answered, by mutely laying his hand on the wound in his breast. I requested him then to remain as he was, until I returned. He nodded assent. Opening the door, I passed through the yard into the street, hastened home, and arousing a brother just returned from sea, hastily informed him of the transaction, and then procuring a chair, soon reached the house again, where we found the wounded man, still sitting where I had left him; his eyes now quite unclosed and clear. As we approached, he gasped, 'Where will you take me.

Assuring him he was now with friends, we hastily and quietly carried him out unseen, and placing him gently in the vehicle, conveyed him to our home. Within two weeks he had quite recovered, and in confidence requested us not to prosecute Seigle, as he was pursued by the officers of the offended government, and it might probably lead to his capture. He informed us also, that an immense sum of his treasure must now be in Seigle's possession, besides two of his loved children. Said we might watch the Jew, and that for so doing, we should be amply rewarded. Then filling up a check, requested me as a favor to draw the money for him. Returning from the bank, I placed the money in his hand. He remarked, 'All I have there,' and placing in my hand a roll of bills, continued: 'A small amount for saving my life. Seigle has a fortune for us all; watch him well, but let him not suspect you, and believe he will yet be happy, and glad to return my wealth with interest.'

The stranger took his leave of us next day, but on the card he presented me with, I read the name of 'Dudly Clarenden.'"

"My dear, dear father," cried Media, grate fully twining her arms lovingly round his neck.

"Seigle," continued Ringgold, "soon after burying his wife, changed his business, and assumed the name of Abel Grimps. Of his strange and unexpected repentance, you, sir, are aware."

"Yes, and it appears as remarkable, for in his will which I have, he has restored to me all my property, with a large accumulation. On his sincere confession and repentance, and the full restoration which he has made, I must heartily forgive him, and thank the good angels, that it has proven no worse."

"Such charity, Dudly Clarenden, is truely ennobling" chimed Ringgold defferentially. "Hark!" he continued, starting to his feet, "the old State House bell rings a general alarm of fire! aye, and see what a light it gives. Beg pardon Mr. Clarenden, 'duty' you know. When duty calls 'tis ours to obey, but I'll see you again. Media, Clarence, excuse me please—goon night. And shaking hands with them, hastily he fled from the house impulsively, and down the street, jostling and forcing his way through the fast increasing crowd, flying to the firy scene.

The faithful old sentinel, the State House bell was indeed sending forth in stirring tones of alarm, in quick and rapid peals, followed by a hundred other bells throughout the several city wards. The fire in the southern portion of the city was the result of the following plot.

"Well, boys, what say you to relieving old Grimps again of some of his plunder, eh? We once possessed a good share of it, but he paid us grudgingly for it—is it any more than right that we possesses it again?"

"No! It is ours, and we'll have it again," a dozen voices echoed in compliance of the proposed exploit, "unanimorse" said the leader of a gang of cut-throats, known once upon a time, as the 'Moyamensing Killers.'"

"In union there is strength," he continued, and to-night the miser's gold is ours. But listen; I have a plan to suggest. My motto is, "dead men tell no tales."

"Bravo! bravo!" echoed again, through their dingy, secret retreat.

"My plan, is to secure on the outside, all the windows and doors about the premises, save one in the rear. Then two or three enter quietly, and the rest of you remain on the outside within sight. As to the dog, if he makes a noise, stick him; but get the miser's gold without despatching the old man, if you can. When we've done, we'll fire the place."

"Bravo! a good plan," saluted him from the unanimous league. The night appointed for the execution of their nefarious designs on the poor Jew arrived, but they strangely knew not of the old man's demise. They commenced opperations at once; but of course failed intirely in their object of plunder, for all they found would not reach in value, probably fifty dollars, and consisted chiefly of some unredeemed pledges, cheap jewellery, etc, which they found in the front window. Seigle they failed to find; but cursing their ill luck, they roughly ransacked the premises; and firing then in several places, scattered and retired to witness the conflagration; hence the alarm, for the house being all of wood, created a great light over all the city.

We prefer not to tarnish our pages with the details of the shameful particulars of the fierce and bloody fight which here now occurred betwixt the rival fireman, or rather the scandalous clubs known as "Schuylkill Rangers," and "Moyamensing Killers." Stones, clubs, and various other missiles, flew in every direction, hurled by sturdy hands, and aimed by lawless minds. Pistols and revolvers were fired every minute, and the flashing blade of the murderous bowie-knife, and blood dripping dirk brandished by brawny arms, glistened in the firey glare, men and youths were murdered, and fleeing maidens trampled on. This in the orderly law-abiding peaceable city of Penn., a sickening scene to see.

The police, *guardians* of the public peace, were there, of course, but their star-badges only, in the reflection of the fire, distinguished them. And the battle raged on, hotter and hotter, until the water was thrown on the burning building by a few, flowed back and down the street-gutters purpled with human blood. Still the "Killers" and "Rangers" waged their disgraceful and alternately doubtful war, yelling and hooting like so many Indians on a war scout. Reinforced until the entire force of each club became engaged, they ceased only from sheer exhaustion. Among the reckless rioters, was our early trio, Donolon Rafferty, Patrick Maginnis, and Dinnis Mc Flyn, were active throughout.

The fire burned on, smouldered away, and next morning the bright clear sun shone on the ruin of some dozen or more old tenements; in the midst, and still smoking, lay the ruined premises of Caleb Seigle, alias Abel Grimps. To many his sudden disappearance seemed fearfully mysterious, and many more believe that he was cruelly burned to death in his own home the night it was reduced to ashes.

Late that same night, while returning homeward with the increased number of his company, the eccentric Ringgold suddenly rushed, to the surprise of all, into the social circle he had so suddenly left, of Clarence, Media, and Clarenden laughing. "Well Media, Mr. Clarenden—ha! ha! back again, though judging from my appearance you may reasonably conclude I have made quite a narrow escape."

"Yes, indeed, my dear fellow, what in the world has happened? There has been no fighting I hope, Mr. Ringgold." Clarenden answered anxiously:

"Fighting! indeed, there has been a regular pitched battle, and though I was not exactly in it, yet several times some how or other, they managed to get me in, as we sometimes say a very 'tight place,' so that I was compelled to tear myself away. Look at my coat, fresh from the tailors, now all ribbons and threads. And springing round on his heel, the eccentric Jack exhibited the remnants of a fine black coat; a tremendous rent up the back, from the skirt to the collar, and minus a skirt and sleeve; his hat awfully caved, and one of the legs of his pantleloons torn off near the knee; altogether, he looked, even though he may not have been really in the fight, as if he certainly had received some very hard knocks. But why should he, in such a plight, rush into the presence of the girl he loved?

Well, the impulsive noble-hearted Jack Ringgold was a fireman, an active volunteer fireman, and seemed never happier than when serving in the capacity of the Philadelphia fireman; he was not ashamed of the scars and ragged marks he might chance to receive at the hands of his foes while in the discharge of his duty. And sometimes coarse, rough in speech, yet he possessed beneath an ungainly exterior, a heart affectionate, tender and true. Giving his listeners a hurried explanation of the locality and character of the disastrous conflagration, he, with a degree of mischief, at which she could not be provoked, gave Media a hasty kiss, and rushed from the house leaving them still in surprise, quite as great as when he entered, though of a different nature. It was of the destruction of the late Seigle estate.

To be continued.

SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCE.

Inexplicable Performance—The Spirit of a Deceased Col. Speaks.

A Spiritualistic seance was held last night at No. 61 Bleecker street. The management of the manifestations was undertaken by a lady, Mrs. Stoddart, by name, and the medium through whom they were made was the lady's son, Dewitt Hough, a youth of about eighteen years of age. The seance took place in a parlor in the house above named, and was carried through without any apparatus or mechanical appliances. The youth was seated at one end of the room with the table at his left, upon which was placed a guitar, two or three bells and some iron rings. The spectators were ranged around him at a distance of two or three feet, and the manifestations were, as usual, conducted entirely in the dark, and the medium was supposed to be acting under the influence of a deceased colonel of the Union army, who was adressed by Mrs. Stoddart as "Andrew," when called upon to do something at the request of the spectators, or according to her own wishes. At the commencement of the seance the youth was tied across the wrist, as alleged, by the spirit, and the spectators were called upon to inspect the rope and the knots that bound his hands together. The gas was turned down, and when light was given, it was found that young Hough's coat and vest had been removed without the knots having so far as could be seen in the least altered. The next manifestation, was placing upon the youth's arms two iron rings, which was succeeded by the replacing of the coat and vest, the wrists still remaining securely bound. These manifestations over, Mrs. Stoddart asked the spirit of the deceased colonel if he would untie the ropes, when "Andrew" answered through a tin speaking trumpet that he would comply with the request. The ropes being untied, gentlemen from among the spectators were called to tie the youth up in his chair by both hands and feet, and this having been done the banjo commenced playing a tune, the sound appearing to come from all parts of the room as if the instrument was floating above the heads of the persons present. A chair was placed in the hands of one of the skeptics, and was wrenched from his grasp in a manner quite inexplicable to the holder. This was followed by bell ringing, rope-tying and untying of ropes, and the manifestations wound up by the placing upon the youth's arm a ring, too small to pass over his hand, after both hands had been sewn together with a piece of linen. The entire manifestations were of a very remarkable and most, if not all of them were too wonderful for explanation even by the many skeptics present at the seance.—*New York Herald.*

A Wonderful Medium—New Developments.

Hand with Three Fingers—Water Turned into Wine or Vinegar—Phosphorus Made.

BY THOMAS COOK.

It was our good fortune to meet with Miss Flora Poindexter, a young lady of sixteen summers, at Kokomo, Indiana, who has been developing in her mediumship only since last July. She has formerly been a resident of Terre Haute, Indiana, with her widowed mother, who accompanied her to Kokomo, where we met with them at a private seance, at the house of Brother Newcomb, on Friday evening, the 7th inst.

We were informed that the manifestations given in her presence have usually been given in a cabinet; but as there was none on this occasion on hand, they were given without; Mr. Boggs, who is acting as her agent, being engaged in having one constructed.

We witnessed the tying and untying manifestations with a piece of clothes line, furnished by Mr. Newcomb on the occasion, by which we were well convinced of the genuineness of her mediumship. From her mother we learned that in the cabinet many most wonderful manifestations occur in the presence of this young lady medium. Musical instruments are played, bells rung, hands and feet shown at the orifice in the cabinet—among them a hand with only three fingers, water turned into wine or vinegar, phosphorus made, besides many other very wonderful and remarkable manifestations, all of which occur while the medium is securely tied in the cabinet, and which were attested to by others who had witnessed them, and of which we had no doubt. We are expecting such and even greater manifestations than these, and cannot say that we are surprised. We believe it is their intention to travel when their new cabinet is completed, but in what direction we were not advised.

Mrs. J. M. Wilcoxson in Texas.

Last evening the hall over Garrett & Pressier's store, was filled with an intelligent audience to listen to the inspirational speaker Mrs. Wilcoxson. The lady is possessed of good address and certainly did not display in her normal condition, the illiterateness sometimes attributed to her, though while in the condition called trance, she did speak with a fluency and eloquence superior to her preliminary remarks: The prayer, delivered before proceeding with the subjects selected by the audience, was something truly grand. At its conclusion, she proceeded with the subjects selected, "What is the soul and its connection with the body?" and the thief on the cross. "This night thou shalt be with me in paradise." At the conclusion of her remarks upon these subjects several citizens present propounded questions, the answers to all of which seemed perfectly satisfactory to the interrogators. The gorgeous eloquence of the sentences made use of by the lady, would of itself repay a visit. As to the truth of her inspiration, the community are fully competent to judge.

She will speak again at the court-house on Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.—*Banner.*

☞ Gail Hamilton has made arrangements with the Harpers to contribute to their various periodicals, and starts in the *Bazar* with a "Blotting Paper," in which she gives her opinion of Prof. Blot's art, and of co-operative housekeeping, and so forth.

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SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE

ABRAHAM, HAGAR AND THE LORD.

In our previous article, we alluded to the character of Abraham, the jealousy of Sarah, the tribulations of Hagar, and the suffering she endured in consequence of the duplicity and meanness of her master, and finally, to add to the pangs of her already wounded nature the angel said to her in his communication from the Spirit World, "Thou art with child, and shalt bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael, because the Lord hath heard thy affliction."

We have no disposition to criticise the action of the Lord in reference to this unfortunate woman, who, because he had heard her affliction, said that the child should be called Ishmael. The consolation derived from that simple fact could not have been very inviting, for the angel said in conclusion, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." At the present time, an objection is often raised against Spiritualism, on account of the trivial nature of the communications received. The message of the angel to Hagar in regard to the birth of Ishmael, and the peculiar traits of character which would distinguish him when he should arrive at maturity, might be regarded by the fastidious as illy becoming one of God's messengers. We see nothing connected therewith, however, that should shock the modesty of any one; a simple truth is told; no truth is trivial in nature. Whenever a communication is received from the Spirit World in reference to anything on this mundane sphere, of whatever nature it may be, if truthful, it should be cordially embraced by all.

In regard to the communicating spirit, we have a word to say. We do not believe that God the Infinite ever communicated with Abraham, and we draw our conclusions from the Bible alone. When Abraham was ninety years old, he had a vision, and "The Lord appeared unto him and said unto him, 'I am the Almighty God; walk before me and be thou perfect.'" There is a question, however, as to whether it was really a vision or not, yet the facts of the case seem to warrant us in coming to that conclusion, for he "fell on his face, and God talked with him." After predicting the birth of Isaac, it seems that He changed His mind in regard to Ishmael, for He said in reference to him, "I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly; twelve princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation." His predictions here in regard to Ishmael did not sound as harshly as when the angel said, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him."

After his communication with Abraham, it is said in the 17th chap., 22d verse of Genesis, "And he left off talking with him; and God went up from Abraham." Now, we would like to ask how an Infinite God,—omnipresent,—can leave Himself. If He is omnipresent, He can leave no one. "If He departs from a certain locality," He "leaves Himself there," for He is omnipresent. If He leaves Himself, how can He go up from anybody? The idea is too ridiculous to require a moment's notice. God never talked with Abraham and never will. The moment He becomes local in character, He ceases to be Infinite; besides, the very language subsequently used, gives us good reasons to believe that Abraham never communed with God—never had any communication from Him.

"And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre, and he sat in the tent door, in the heat of the day."

"And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo! three men stood by him, and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and turned himself toward the ground."

Here is an admission on the part of Abraham that the Lord who appeared, consisted of three men, and he held conversation with them, calling them Lord. In all other cases, we have as good reason to believe that he simply meant ministering spirits who had assumed a material form and came to earth for the purpose of holding communication with him. In all this conversation, the Lord talks like one who possesses the ordinary capacity of mortals; never for a moment hinting that He is all-powerful. He says in Genesis, xvii: 21, "I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which is come unto me, and if not, I will know.

The idea of God talking in the manner indicated above, is absurd. It would sound well for mortals to talk of going down or going up, but for a God, who is omnipresent, to talk in such a manner, it looks exceedingly ridiculous. If any one ever communicated with Abraham from the Spirit World, it certainly was a spirit, endowed with capacities, perhaps, far superior to mortals.

Notwithstanding the bad character of Abraham, there was a vein of sympathy running through his nature, that induced him to plead for Sodom and Gomorrah, and strive to avert the destruction which seemed impending over them. The following conversation occurred between him and the controlling spirit:

LORD.—Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous, I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which has come unto me; and if not, I will know.

ABRAHAM.—Wilt Thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? Peradventure there be fifty righteous in the city, wilt Thou also destroy and not spare the city for the fifty righteous that are therein?

LORD.—If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then will I spare all the place for their sakes.

ABRAHAM.—I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes. Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous, wilt Thou destroy all the city for lack of five?

LORD.—If I find there forty-five, I will not destroy it.

ABRAHAM.—Peradventure there shall be forty found there?

LORD.—I will not do it for forty's sake.

ABRAHAM.—Oh, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak. Peradventure there shall be thirty found there?

LORD.—I will not do it if I find thirty there.

ABRAHAM.—Peradventure there shall be twenty found there?

LORD.—I will not destroy it for twenty's sake.

ABRAHAM.—Peradventure ten shall be found there?

LORD.—I will not destroy it for ten's sake.

In this talk that occurs between Abraham and the communicating spirit, we have a curious illustration of the character of the former. Like John Howard the philanthropist, who, while he desired to better the condition of the world generally, was a tyrant in his own family—Abraham could plead for Sodom and Gomorrah, and at the same time abuse in the most shameful manner his servant Hagar.

While tracing the Spiritualism of the Bible, we propose to unearth some grand truths connected therewith, showing the means adopted by the Spirit World to advance the human family in the scale of existence: and do not be disappointed if we finally convince you that God never spoke to Adam, Abraham, or any one else. The inhabitants of this mundane sphere little appreciate their close connection with the Spirit World—little understand the working of those unseen forces that not only control the destiny of nations, but so mould the embryo mind that it is fitted for some particular work. Remember, dear reader, that each step we take in the fields before us, only increases our vision, quickens our perceptions, enlarges our understanding, and prepares us to unfold to you still grander truths.

There is a beautiful current of supernal intelligence within the lids of the Bible, bearing upon it the ripe fruitage dropped thereon by angel hands, and as we are brought en rapport with those who lived in the past, we feel their emotions, our mind tingles with their ideas, and there moves within it their sympathies, their likes and dislikes,—and we feel truly that we are in their hands. "But think not," it is whispered to us, "that you, as you stand on the cleft of the Mountain of Progress, and survey the world,—behold its gems of knowledge, its glittering truths, its moral maxims, its emotions expressed in verse, bubbling up in the soul of the poet, who carols on a bed of roses, and who opens his mind to the sweet chimes of the Infinite Mind,—think not that there are not higher fields before you than are within the radius of thy vision." Well, may the "whisper" prove true. And as time moves along, may we be instrumental in sowing seeds that will produce an hundred fold in love, benevolence, virtue, morality; and may they all be crowned with "Love for all, with malice towards none."

By and by when we have exhausted the subjects within the radius of our vision as we stand on the cleft of the Mountain of Progress, we will change our position, and by so doing will continue to shower down upon the readers of the JOURNAL the choicest gems of the Spirit World. But while moving along from the cradle to the grave, we hope to ever feel mindful of the fact that we are only one drop in the Ocean of Humanity, and that good deeds should ever characterize us in all we say and do.

Milwaukee.

Dr. H. S. Brown furnishes us the following names of officers, recently elected, of the First Society of Spiritualists, of Milwaukee: H. S. Brown, M. D., President; M. N. Graham, Vice President; Enos Gay, Secretary; N. M. Graham, Treasurer; H. S. Brown, M. D., Collin M. Campbell, T. J. Freeman, J. B. Smith, Wm. Siryer, Trustees. Society Meetings are held every Sunday, at Bowman's Hall, at 2 P. M.

Brother White, of Olney, Ill, writes that a good "Test Lecturer," would do well in his parts.

ANOTHER MINISTERIAL SCANDAL.

Olean, N. Y., (Jan. 15) Correspondence of the New York World.

No small excitement has been caused in this town and in Allegheny, Pa., by developments regarding the conduct of a clergyman, which have broken up a wedding that has been publicly announced to come off in the latter town, on the evening of the 12th, at the Methodist Episcopal church, and seems to implicate the preacher in making more vows than the church rules require, and more promises than any lover can faithfully fulfil.

The facts are as follows: The Rev. George Washburn, of the Methodist Episcopal church, has been performing the duties of preacher on the Limestone and Bradford circuit for two years past, and lately has been assigned to Port Alleghany and Eldred circuit. His acquirements were rather limited and his ability was not great, but his apparent devotion and desire to improve had led to his ordination and continuance as a preacher of the gospel. For about two years he has been paying attention to a worthy young lady of Alleghany, who, not aware of his false-heartedness, had reposed such confidence in his assurances as to assent to marriage with him, and, after various postponements the ceremony was to have been consummated on the evening named. But on his arrival in town that afternoon, scarcely had he time to give directions for taking care of his horse at Ward's hotel, before he was taken in charge by Officer Smith, of Olean, and taken on the train to Limestone, to answer a complaint made before Justices Vibbard and Fullar, relating to an unexpected responsibility and other promises supposed to have been made to another lady, to whom, it is alleged, he had been paying particular attention. Of course there was no wedding, and some disappointment and more indignation. And of course the young lady is fortunate in escaping an alliance with such a man. But what shall be said of him who has thus to all appearances disgraced the sacred calling and position with which he had been entrusted, and disappointed the hopes of at least two young ladies and their friends?

The testimony of the young woman is clear and explicit, that more than a year ago this wolf in sheep's clothing seduced her under solemn promise of marriage, and medical evidence was given on the examination corroborating her statements as to her expected maternity. Mr. Washburn, being sworn in his own behalf, declared that he had never been unduly familiar with the young woman; but the court seemed to think the evidence against him, and held him in bail of $4,000 to support his looked for, though unwelcome, offspring and its much injured mother, and the reverend gentleman is now looking up some friends to go on his bail bonds—who are not so easily found, since the fellow's present means of earning a livelihood, even for himself, will hardly avail him in the future, and he will be driven to some other trade in which his success as yet is problematical.

We regret to be called upon to chronicle another act of licentiousness on the part of the Methodist Church. Ministers of the Gospel are human, and many of them "fall from grace," not being able to resist their passions, knowing that their doctrine teaches, that however heinous the crime, all they are required to do is to kneel down at an angle of ninety degrees, close their eyes, make their countenance look as solemn as a thunder-cloud, and cause their voice to sound as tremulous as the wheels of a carriage over a pavement, clasp their hands tightly together, let a tear glisten on the eye winkers, and confess all, concluding with: "We ask this through the merits of a Crucified Redeemer." It don't make make any difference how many of your parishioners you have seduced, how much you may have defrauded your neighbor, "The Blood of the Lamb," will cause you to sparkle with the innocence of a new-born babe, and you are prepared to enter the "straight and narrow pathway" that leads to life eternal. We do not wonder that the Divines of the Methodist Church "fall from grace" occasionally, for the "Blood of the Lamb" is a febrifuge cathartic, emetic, elixer absorbent, expectorant; in fact, however much the body is tinctured with sin, two or three doses of the "Blood of the Lamb" will touch the seat of the disease much quicker than Roeback's pills, or Jayne's Alterative, finally placing you where you can speak direct with God Almighty, and shout your hymns of praise forever and forever.

The late crimes on the part of many Methodist Divines, induce us to believe that the "Crazy Woman's" vision was expressive of a grand truth. She died, as she thought, and went to heaven. She proceded direct to the throne of God, took a seat by His side, adjusted a telescope lying near, and commenced viewing His kingdom. Near the throne she saw Methodists, and such shouting and psalm singing, such a thrumming of golden harps, banjos, guitars and the like, she never heard before. A little further off, were Hard-shell Baptists; beyond them were the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, etc., while, away in the distance, she could just detect a quiet, orderly crowd of people, tending to their own business, and not being able to discern their character, God informed her they were Spiritualists, the only class of people He could trust out of His sight! As to the Methodists, He had to keep them near His throne, to prevent them from committing adultery or some other mean act, as they had actually exhausted nine tenths of the "Blood of the Lamb" already, and they looked tolerably black yet. He pointed to one Methodist Minister who had had eight wives, remarking, "That one required eight barrels of the 'Blood of the Lamb' to wash away his sins, and yet He feared he never would become perfectly cleansed." She asked Him how much was required to wipe out the effects of a lie, and in answer He said, "Usually two drops. A *white* lie only requires about the sixteenth of a drop. Gossiping among the women around the tea-table, or at evening parties, in reference to those absent, only requires each one to scent the same from an ounce vial,—if well inhaled, only one inspiration is required. Seduction is quite a girevous crime. However, the 'Blood of the Lamb,' accompanied with fasting and prayer, can wipe that out. Obstinate cases require cold water to be poured on the head, and hot bricks applied to the feet. But he who sins against My Holy Ghost, an old venerable creature who was one of the party who worked with the shovel and the hoe, in getting the dust together when I said, 'Let us make man,'—he who sins against him," he said earnestly, "can never be forgiven. Blood and prayer will have no more effect upon him than Jayne's Sanitive pills would upon a case of consumption." The old lady was very much surprised on seeing the Holy Ghost. He was pale and haggard in appearance, but God thought a good deal of him, as he rendered Him signal service, in not only collecting the "dust of the earth" together to make man, but he was the one that caused a "deep sleep to fall upon Adam." If it had not been for him, there would have been no women on earth to-day, for he was the one that possessed the knowledge requisite to dissect Adam sufficiently to procure a rib to make a woman.

The old lady came away from the throne of God, after taking fourteen drops of the "Blood of the Lamb,"—just enough to wash away her sin in stealing a neighbor's underclothing, one garment of which she had on when talking with God. He said that seven drops would only be required if she returned it, but if she kept it, fourteen drops would be necessary. She took the fourteen drops.

He said it was all a mistake about there being infants in hell—looking toward the Methodists, as if they had taught that absurd doctrine. They were so troublesome that the devil wouldn't have them. He didn't like the devil, for He said that he was "still ahead." He stated that he and the Holy Ghost fought in the garden of Eden, but the devil tangled Holy's foot with his tail, and he fell to the earth, and had looked pale ever since. Holy was standing near the throne, and she heard him remark, "I have had the rheumatism ever since that fall." Before that fall, he was called the Holy Black, but immediately after the fracas with the devil, on account of his exceeding paleness, his name was changed to Holy Ghost.

Within these few remarks, dear readers, a beautiful lesson is imparted. A large portion of the world to-day commit sins, expecting to have them washed away by the blood of the pure, innocent Nazarene. To him these Methodist Divines who prostitute their high calling to base and dishonorable acts, look, expecting him to become responsible for all their sins, and assume the penalties thereof himself. Deluded people! May the angels pity you, and come to your relief. The world will never become better until the people understand that for all their acts, they alone are responsible, and that whatever they sow, that they must reap, and that there is no atoning blood to wipe away the licentiousness of the world. In the vision of the old woman is a world of meaning, more expressive, more potent in argument than a volume of philosophical disquisitions against the doctrine of atonement. The ridiculous must be treated in a ridiculous manner. Philosophy avails but little in presenting the extreme absurdity of the Vicarious atonement. The old woman took fourteen drops of the "Blood of Christ," but kept the clothing she had stolen. Therein is expressed a grand truth. Read the vision; ponder over it well; consider it in all its bearings, and profit by the lesson it imparts,—ever remembering that whatever you sow, *that you must reap.*

That Minister of the Gospel, who looks, lynx-eyed around among his parishioners to seek some frail flower upon which he can breathe his lustful breath, blasting its heaven-born tints, and turning its fragrance into poisonous vapor,—oh! for that man is a fearful retribution in the Spirit World, and from our inmost soul we pity him, and, if possible, would take him by the hand and lead him, when he is prepared, to the home of the innocent and pure.

CONCLUSION OF A LETTER FROM S. H. DARROW, OF BLOOMFIELD, WISCONSIN, AND OUR REMARKS THEREON.

"I wish to say that I have been reading the articles in back numbers of the JOURNAL, entitled "The Apostle Paul's Medium," in which he purports to say, through A. Smith, that he was the individual that was at the bottom of, and concocted the crucifixion of Christ; that his conversion, as recorded, was a farce, and his writings, although written by him, are lies palmed off on the people of that day and handed down to us as inspiration. Now if Paul was, as he says, such a liar and deceiver in that day, and he passed on, the same individual, what reason or grounds have we to believe him now, admiting that it is really him that communicates. And then, again, what of Spiritualists who take the Bible to prove Spiritualism true, when the persons who wrote it come to say that it is a fabrication.

I will say in conclusion, that if you deem these suggestions worthy of notice, please answer through the JOURNAL."

REMARKS:—The philosophy of Spiritualism accords with Nature's laws of Progression; and Paul as well as every other being in the spiritual, or material state of existence, must come under that law; and however wicked Paul might have been, our brother will concede, we think, that eighteen hundred years of suffering for a short career of sin, is quite sufficient to produce a marked change in the character of the vilest wretch that we can concieve of. According to Paul's statement, he has suffered in blank solitude for seventeen centuries, his only associate being his cruelly wronged bondsman, Judas.

It seems as if it would require no very great stretch of the imagination to suppose that a man of Paul's intelligence and sagacity, would have been deeply affected by the result of such nefarious schemes as he confesses himself to have planned and carried out; and that the constant lashing of his guilty conscience for seventeen centuries should have rendered him pre-eminently truthful and honest-hearted by this time, unless we accept the Swedenborgian's theory, and deny the possibility of a change for the better after death, which is contrary to all the teachings of nature and common sense.

By the immutable law of Progression, Paul has now become what the Christian world have deemed that he ever has been since his reputed conversion while on his way to Damascus, and is entitled to the confidence of the people to whom his message may come; not so much because he says it, as because the truth of his statement is self-evident. Every sentence he utters bears the impress of truth; and had you read the book through, instead of our meagre extracts from it, you would have found satisfactory answers to your queries. Paul has done a great wrong to humanity, and must, of necessity, come to earth to repair that wrong before he can be entirely satisfied and happy. Reparation for wrong is heaven's sweetest solace; and but for the nonsensical doctrine of the vicarious atonement, it would be much more extensively practiced upon earth, and it thus be made to blossom as the rose, and bear abundant fruits of charity, good will, and love for one another as brothers and sisters of one common family destined to review all their sins of omission and commission, and make atonement for the same. The law by which Paul is compelled to come to earth at this time, is that simple law of Nature which is implanted in every sentient being; and which must be obeyed by all, sooner or later; and the sooner mankind learn that for every sin committed an atonement must be made, and by each for him or herself, the better it will be for them. Clergymen,—the "Blind guides" of those, who, but for them, would enter the vestibule of the temple of reason and common sense, will have much to answer for, by and by, and that, too, when a plea of ignorance of the facts related in the remarkable book in question, will be of no avail. Their own mistakes will have to be corrected by themselves. They are building Babel-towers which they will have to take down with their own hands, one stone at a time, and then they will realize that "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." When the vicarious atonement doctrine ceases to be regarded as a Divine truth, we shall have a generation of people fearing not God, but rather fearing to offend, or to commit any wrong deed or thing, because that wrong act will inevitably revert back upon those who commit it, and thus the debt will be paid in full, with interest.

Our brother closed by asking, "What of Spiritualists who take the Bible to prove Spiritualism true, when the persons who wrote it come and say that it is a fabrication?"

We are not aware that Spiritualists take the Bible to prove Spiritualism true; but on the contrary, they prove the Bible true, or render certain portions of it believable, by Spiritualism.

Our beautiful "HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY" dispells the dark murky mist that envelopes, like a funeral-pall, the scriptures of ancient days.

A splendid illustration of this will be seen in the beautiful heading of our paper, where all the old scriptures which have been held sacred for thousands of centurys, are gathered together and placed in the lap, or folds of our tablets to be weighed by the light which is seen to be streaming down upon them.

Spiritualism removes the veil which has rendered obscure certain portions of them. The "Mysteries of godliness" become remarkably transparent when reflected by our mirror, and hence our sympathies are much wrought upon as we behold our brothers who are looking at God's truths as "Through a glass darkly."

Spiritual manifestations of ancient days are regarded as miracles by the so-called Christian world, and we love to quote those spiritual manifestations in the hearing of the bigoted croakers who have become so enlightened of late on the od-force, electricity and toe-joint theories, in explanation of phenomena which explains itself, not only, but explains the like phenomena of the Apostle's time.

We would urge our good brother to obtain a copy of the book in question, which will settle all his doubts as to Paul's veracity in regard to those extraordinary statements which he finds it so hard to give credence to, simply because from childhood he has been taught to believe that Paul was a pattern saint while upon earth, and has ever since reigned as such in heaven. Human nature was the same eighteen hundred years ago that it is to-day. Paul was but a man at most—subject to the same weaknesses and frailties as other men of his time and our time. He was a very ambitious man, and naturally of keen discernment—too keen to be hoodwinked by the Jewish rabbis by whom he was educated. He could not see why, or in what they were one whit superior in intellect or honesty to himself; and when he saw John the Baptist and heard his preaching, and the heralding of the Coming Man, he naturally became interested, because he saw a good opening by which to become a leader; and the very same disposition which he manifested then, the priesthood have manifested ever since; (by this remark the clergy may feel complimented until they read the book) and we predict that it will be read by them and by the people generally; and that ere many years have rolled around, it will be accepted as the only truthful testament of all matters concerning John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, the apostles and their followers, opponents and persecutors.

The liberal minded free-thinkers hail its advent with unspeakable delight; and when it shall be accepted by the masses, they will have greater cause for love and veneration of the man Jesus, than they could possibly have had from all they have heretofore been taught to believe concerning him. To those who would regard it as fiction, it is the most entertaining work in the English language; and when perused by those who are developed up to the plane of its acceptance as truth, it becomes to them the BOOK OF BOOKS—in comparison with which, all works of a Biblical tendency, sink into utter insignificance.

Personal and Local.

J. Madison Allen is lecturing in Mass.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou lectured on Sunday last, at St. Joseph, Mo.

J. L. Mansfield, Inspirational Speaker, has entered the lecturing field. His address is Clyde Ohio.

Dr. H. T. Child has been lecturing again at Bordentown, N. J. He created a good deal of interest among the people.

E. V. Wilson will hold forth at Harmonial Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday Evening, Jan. 31st.

Jos. S. Burr writes to us, speaking in high terms of Emma Hardinge's Lectures, and Fahnestock's articles. He reads them with interest.

Fisher Doherty, of Crawfordsville, Ind, held a Debate with a Cambellite Minister at Linden, a short time ago. In Feb., he has a discussion with a Soul Sleeper at Crawfordsville.

Brother E. C. Legnard sends notice that E. V. Wilson will hold forth to the Spiritualists in his vicinity, on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of Feb.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnham left Omaha, Neb., on the 2nd inst., for California, in search of their little girl, who was afterwards found in St., Louis.

John W. Mc Donald, of Houston, Texas writes that Mrs. Wilcoxsin is succeeding admirably in that state. He wants a good test medium. Thinks one would meet with a warm reception, and be well paid.

Philadelphia Department.

BY........................ H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail. at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

History of Spiritualism, and the Progress of Spiritual Ideas—Number Two.

The First Human Being.

CHAPTER FIRST:—SECTION SECOND.

We have asserted, and science admits it, that matter and force are eternal both ways—have always existed, and can never be annihilated, however they may be changed in their form or expression.

It would be absurd to suppose that any thing was eternal, that had a beginning, or that spirit is any less eternal than matter or force. We, therefore, state as a fact which we believe is entirely logical, that the elemental forces which are the basis of the human spirit, have always existed as such, and that they are in conditions capable of being focalized and attracted to such physical elements and conditions, as are capable of developing the peculiar consciousness of this life, in a human physical organization, whenever, and wherever such organization can be formed.

The fact that this consciousness is mainly limited to the narrow circle of earth-life, is only negative evidence against prior existence, and hence proves nothing. We know that these embryotic, ante-humanic forms existed, and do now exist in myriads around your earth and all planets. They were there prior to the period when the spiritual and material forces and elements could combine to form a physical organization, capable of receiving a human spirit. The evidence we offer you, is in the fact that wherever, under any conditions such a physical body is formed, the spirit is always there ready to take up its abode.

When in the far off ages of the past to our earth, such a body was evolved, and a human spirit entered therein, then the first human being stood upon this planet. It was in such a rude form, that you might not have been able to distinguish it from some of the higher forms of the animal creation, that had lived before his time, and might even suppose it to be lower. He did not spring from these, but was distinguished by a vast and impassable gulf. A new era had dawned; a day had opened upon the earth, the glimmering light was a prophecy of that which could not have been understood by any.

From the mineral to the vegetable, had been a grand series of steps, each one of which was necessary for that which followed. From the vegetable to the animal were still other steps, each resulting from conditions prepared by the former. But the introduction of man, was the highest and most important step of all.

Here nature laid the foundations of her crowning work, and man the epitome of the universe, though very crude and imperfect, was started on a career, the results of which are around us to-day, vastly different from its original, but which without that starting point, could never have been.

When conditions were prepared for producing one of these, it was not long before various others sprang up in different sections, where similar influences prevailed. They were male and female, but very imperfectly formed, living in the rudest caves and grottoes, in the most repulsive manner, for the animal instincts were not so highly developed in these, as in the lower animals.

Hence, in these rudimental conditions, they occupied a position apparently below these animals. After a time, the sexes began to be attracted to each other, a higher feeling than had before been realized, went forth from the one to the other; turning into the interior of their being, they read the idea which myriads of ages after was recorded as a revelation, that "it was not good for man to dwell alone."

Among many traditions that sprung from this feeling, was one that you have recorded, that God took a rib out of man, and made a woman of it. The truth was, that the emotional feeling which was always attributed to the region of the heart, drew man and woman together. From this union, many centuries after man had walked the earth, came offspring through a higher method than that of evolution, as it had occurred in nature, and it is a law that whenever the forces in nature find a better means for the accomplishment of any purpose, the old one is abandoned. Just as the stream of a river, which has been much obstructed and tortuous, leaves this when it can find a more direct and clear channel. Hence in all the orders of life, whenever reproduction by species can be introduced, evolution ceases. Herein is unfolded another law, which was written in every living creature, long, long before any tradition or record was made of it, but is now handed down from generation to generation in these words, "increase and multiply, and replenish the earth." This law existed, and was proclaimed in each family of creation, just as soon as the law of evolution had ceased and could be supplanted by the higher law of reproduction.

We have now traced man to his position on the earth, and in the next section shall enquire what were his spiritual conditions and relations at this period. Certainly from the standpoint of earth, there could be no conception of any of these, but we shall endeavor to trace them along, until they are capable of being realized by you.

Emma Hardinge's New Book, Modern American Spiritualism.

This work, which has been so anxiously looked for, is before the world, a large Octavo Volume, containing nearly 600 pages, printed upon tinted paper, and very handsomely got up, by the American News Company, for the Author. It is finely illustrated, with engravings of many of the prominent Spiritualists.

In this age of books, one dreads to see so large a volume, in which, with all the effort that could be made at condensation and the use of small type, we still have a ponderous tome. Yet we believe few persons will enter upon this book and find any stopping place, until they like the author, reach the happy conclusion, "he gathers up the beautiful forever."

Spiritualism,—the grandest theme of this or any age, whose history penetrates every department of life—every condition of society, has received from the hands of the fair authoress, a record well worthy of itself.

Clear, philosophical and distinct in her utterance, she has arranged in order, the beautiful gradations, by which the spirits have introduced to the world of humanity, this grand system of religion and philosophy.

Following a brief introduction, we have a concise narrative of A. J. Davis, the John the Baptist of this modern anointing. Reference is made to the manifestations among the shakers, who undoubtedly had some intelligent communications in their private meetings, prior to those at Hydseville, New York.

But the seeds of a broad and philanthrophic system, such as this, world-wide in its influence and humanitarian in its purposes, could not flourish and grow in the cold and shallow soil of any sect or party. Humanity, not sect, was the soil in which God planted, and the spirits have watered this great truth, which is to redeem the world—this lever of Archimides needed a broader and higher fulcrum, than any sect could furnish, before it could really move the world.

The manifestations of former times had come before mankind had progressed far enough to appreciate them properly, generally at the origin of religious sects, in which they soon become crystalized.

It is a pleasant thought that we have a definite point of record when the first continuous and intelligent forms of communications were received, namely the 31st day of March, 1848. From this central point, minute details of which are given by the author, we find Spiritualism radiating in all directions. In 1850, they reached New York city—a very succinct history of the manifestations in this city and state, where the most severe contests were fought, is given. In 1857, they appeared in Philadelphia. The author gives a part of the history prepared by us, and a very interesting account of our distinguished fellow-townsman, Dr. Hare, with a portrait of the "old Roman," as he was sometimes called from his resemblance to some of the ancient philosophers. A very extended and important account of Spiritualism, in New England follows. Then our friends in the West and South, come in for a fair share of notice. While Canada, Central and South America, are each referred to. It is truly wonderful to notice that in all this vast extent of territory with its variety of inhabitants of which we have local accounts from many sections, there is a charm of interest, which overcomes all repetition, and must attract every one who would know what Spiritualism is, and what it has done?

We rise from a hasty review of this great work, more fully conscious of the new era which has dawned upon the world in our times. Spiritualists hereafter must stand before the world, as a people who wield a potent influence, when we realize, that in every section of this vast country, and indeed, of the world there have sprung up within the last twenty-one years, millions of believers, who not only accept these teachings, but who have received through them that knowledge, which has changed the entire phase of the present, as well as the future life, for Spiritualism has not, as many superficial observers would teach, reference only to the future. Its history, as set forth in this book, shows clearly that it not only refers to the conditions of the future and the present, but that it is the grand key, which alone can unlock the mysteries of the past, and reveal to man the sublime secrets of life. We commend this work to every Spiritualist, as an excellent history of our cause, and one which will strengthen us for our future labors, in this great vineyard.

The Spiritualists of America owe it to our sister, who, if not a native of this land, had her spiritual birth here—this is the scene of her early struggles and faithful labors. Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of our land, she has been recognized as one of the noblest workers. We believe no one can rise from the perusal of this great book, without profound admiration and respect for the author, as well as love for the cause she has so ably presented, and which has already shed its benign influence over the world, and almost fulfilled the prophecy, that "there shall be no more death."

WATER-PROOF BLACKING.

The firm of C. C. Davis & Co., of La Salle, Ill, manufacturers of water-proof blacking for boots and shoes, neats foot oil blacking for harness, carriage-tops, etc., glycerine oil polish for boots, that will not injure the leather, and the unrivalled Cleansing Cream, for removing grease from clothing, is a firm worthy of patronage.—We know it from experimental knowledge of the articles they manufacture.

Bro. Davis, in the generosity of his heart, sent us, as a Christmas present, a big box containing enough of each variety of the above named compounds to last us a whole year. We delayed making note of the fact until we had tried it and found it superior to anything of the kind we ever before used.

Our boots, our harnesses, our carriage tops, have now as fine a polish, and are as pliable as if they were bran new.

We advise all wholesale and retail dealers to correspond with them upon the subject before purchasing elsewhere.

Obituary.

Passed to the HIGHER LIFE on the 12th inst., at Chicago, William Thirds, aged sixty-one years.

Brother Thirds came to this State many years ago, and settled at Aurora. He was then a leading Universalist. Being a man possessed of an inquiring mind, he was compelled from observation, to believe in spirit communion which was a great consolation to him in his declining years. Although he was an invalid, his decease was sudden and unexpected. He died in a fit apoplexy. He leaves a loving companion and several children to mourn his departure, however well convinced they may be that their loss is HIS GAIN.

Charles Hussey, a resident of Salem township, Auglaize County, Ohio, aged about 42 years, passed into spirit-life on the evening of Jan. 12th, 1870.

He was one of the many volunteers in the defense of freedom, and our nationality, whose health was greatly impaired by the hardships of camp-life in a Southern climate. He returned home, to linger out a few years in the contest for life with the fell Destroyer, who, like the Southern grey-hound, on the trail of an African slave, could not be diverted from the pursuit, or thwarted of his prey.

He was a believer in the Harmonial Philosophy, which greatly cheered him in his downward passage to the tomb with the inspiring faith of a never ending happy spiritual existence.

A. B.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has never taken the JOURNAL, we will send it for three months on trial, on the receipt of *fifty cents*.

EXETER HALL.

A THEOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

The above entitled book is not likely to attract so much attention from the casual observer, as it would if it had a name that was more indicative of its contents. It is really one of the finest ROMANCES ever published, founded upon existing facts. No one can read the work without being deeply interested, and its moral is excellent.

The Book draws its name from

EXETER HALL.

Which is a very large building situated near the Strand one of the principal streets of London. It has accommodation for over four thousand persons, and it is the great Protestant forum and centre of attraction for all those who anxiously desire the spread of the Gospel, the dissemination of Christianity, and the evangelization of the world. It is also the head-quarters and grand rallying point of those armies of prelates, preachers, professors, missionaries, and other devoted men who, from time to time, ASSERT a renunciation of the world, its pomps and vanities.

The mind will readily conceive that the author has before him, on visiting "Exeter Hall," abundance of material to elicit thought and arouse the necessary inspiration, to produce a work that shall awaken new and novel ideas in the minds of readers, scarcely less bewitching than the "Mysteries of Paris" and the "Wandering Jew," by Eugene Sue. While the writings of that author were intended to show the fallacy and iniquity practiced by the Jesuits, this work, with equal clearness, exposes the tricks and artifices of the Protestants. The following is a specimen scene:

"EXETER HALL!

GREAT MEETING OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, THIS DAY!"

Those who chose to follow the stream of life toward the Hall could notice the great number of loungers and idlers in front of its entrance; that is, if men who are willing to labor but can not find employment may be called such, and coarse jokes and rough comments, made by the pauper crowd, could be heard as a stately carriage drove up, or upon the appearance of some clerical celebrity, against whom these comments were more particularly directed.

"That's a rum cove, Bill; that ere fellow's a Sandwicher, I'll bet."

"No, he beant, Tom: if it's that lantern jaw with the gold swag, just going in, its Parson Rockett, with his five hundred a year. Dare say he's taken in more sandwiches in a week than we ever did in our blasted lives, and yet he's slim about the belt."

"Here's a swell, boys! my eyes, what a well-paid Christian! there's a corporation for you!"

"Who's he, Jack?"

"Dunno; I'll lay it's a bishop; 'tis too. Fine coach that! dare say he's got the tin. I'd damn sight rather have his purse than his prayers. Ay, that's Bishop of *Winchester*; he's a big 'un, and will stick to the Bible as long as it brings him from ten to twenty thousand a year, the blasted state cormorant!"

"See, Bill, here's another on 'em. Good heavens! what I'd give to be a bishop; another fine coach, lots o' flunkies and plenty of brass. That's Ripon. My Lord Bishop of Ripon, ha, ha! Damn me, but I WOULD like to be him; some thousands a year, plenty to eat, nothing to do, plenty of beer, lots o' fun. Good God, what a life!"

"Jack, this next fellow an't a bishop; the mope is afoot, and looks as if he had just lost his mother."

"That's one of them 'ere preachers, a Methody, reg'lar blue-face. Just hear him once, when he's set a'going. All hell, hell! He knows more about it than the best on 'em.

"Who's this grinning ape, Tom? This cove with the umbreller?"

"And the big teeth? don't you know, Bill!"

"No, but blast it, I think I ought! Blow me but it's Spurgeon! so it is. He's got jaw-breakers, and uses them too. He'll make 'em finger the dibs to-day, and send another batch of Bibles to the forriners."

"Say, Bill, didn't you get a Bible once from one of them hired chaps? One of them—what do you call 'ems? What did you do with the Bible, Bill?"

"Sold it for beer and bacca—same as you and Tom Brown did."

"But you never read yours, you blessed heathen!"

"Didn't, 'cause I couldn't—wouldn't if I could."

"O Bill! Then you never knew any thing about the ass that talked for a full half-hour to Jonah before the cock crew at him."

"Wouldn't bleeve it if I did; that's all gammon—bishop's gammon."

"Them chaps going in bleeves it, Bill—eh? Pays well."

"So they says, but I knows better than that—they may though, cause they're paid—'tis their trade, and they'd bleeve any sich rubbish for money."

"Stand aside, here's another one of the spouters, swellish like. There's a nice pair of grays. I don't mean the reverend old buck, nor the lady, nor of course the young uns in front, but the horses—slap ops an't they? 'Tis a'most as good as a bishop's. Lord, how this praying business does pay! See him, how he blinks and bows—that's your style, old boy.

"Jack, if that fellow has the face of a converted saint, there's hope for you and Bill."

"What the devil do you know about it? You wouldn't compare me to that chap, would you? Who is he? Just see him hand the ladies. O Lord!

"Who is he, Bill?"

"Why, that's Buster, Dr. Buster, as they calls him—one of the most certain, immortal saints in town, great among the female angels!

"Buster—Buster, I've heard of him some place afore; he is big and ugly enough to bust into hell without a passport.

"Well, if HE's a saint, there's hope for me!

Another scene in which Dr. Buster gets in a rage with his servant Bessey, because Mrs. Pinkley, on *his* return home, is out.

Dr. Buster, in a gruff, impatient voice, asked for Mrs. Pinkley.

'She be out, sir,' said Bessy, almost trembling.

'Out? the devil! How long has she been out? When will she be back?

'More than an hour or two, sir; she is a coming back soon—soon sir.

'When is soon, you jade you damned hump? Where are the children?

The Doctor catechises his children, saying:

'Were they not to be cursed by the Lord? What were the maledictions?

Again she answered, reciting several verses from the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy.

'Ha! that's it; no silly tempering of mercy here, no weak relenting, no robbery of divine justice! Now, what is to be the doom of unbelievers and wicked? And he rubbed his hands in anticipation of the answer.

'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God. Psalm 9:17. 'Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire, and brimstone, and a horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup. Psalm 11:6. 'I will be unto them as a lion: as a leopard by the way will I observe them. I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion. Hosea 13:7, 8.

'Prove that God's wrath will not be finally appeased.

'Mine eye shall not spare neither will I have pity. Ezek. 7:9. 'I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. Pro. 1:26.

'Give me a few texts from the New Testament in proof of eternal punishment.

She answered, 'The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power. 2 Thes. 2:7, 8, 9. 'The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever. Rev. 14:11.

'Will not these judgments be approved of by the righteous?

'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. Psalm 2:4. 'The righteous see it, and are glad, and the innocent laugh them to scorn. Job 22:19. 'The righteous shall see, and fear, and shall laugh at him. Psalm 52:6. 'Let Mount Zion rejoice; let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments. Psalm 48:11. 'The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked. Psalm 58:10.

'Here is sufficient evidence! Nothing about mercy or forgiveness, no yielding to pleadings for pity: and you dare to doubt these denunciations,' said he, turning savagely to the boy.

'O pa!' again interceded Alice, 'he does not understand it; he will believe all soon.

'Soon! he MUST believe NOW; curse him, does he want to follow his mother? does he ever say his prayers?'

'I pray, and Bessy prays, pa; we all pray sometimes,' And Alice now began to tremble as she stood before her angry parent.

'Does HE pray, I ask? Have you prayed to-day?' said he, scowling down upon Frank.

The boy could not utter a word; he held his sister firmly by the hand, bent his head, and remained silent.

'Pray, you infernal imp! none of your mother's doings here—quick, or I will make you pray.

This work is replete with interest, being a mirror of passing events and scenes of the theological dramas daily being performed behind the curtains, as well as upon the visible stage.

Communications from The Inner Life.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

INTERIOR UNFOLDINGS.

Given Through the Mediumship of Mrs. H. H. Smith.

O man arise and claim thine inheritance, and bask in the sunshine of divinity. Drink from that eternal fount of knowledge. Let the balmy dews of heaven fall on thy germinating soul, and expand the divinity within. Let that be thy standard, thy model. Throw off the shackles of man-worship, and let thy freed spirit revel in the boundless region of thought, and aspire to the wisdom of a God. Roam in the elysian fields of paradise, and drink in the sweet aroma of an endless Eden.

O man, what a glorious inheritance hast thou. It is illimitable and eternal. Thou and thy Father are one. Hand in hand shalt thou go with Him in sweet companionship through the endless rounds of an eternal progression, ever being the recipient of his boundless love and wisdom. O time, thou hast it not in thy power to mar immortality. Thy pigmy efforts at the destruction of the clayey tenement, but hasten on the glorious unfoldings of the inner man. Its laurel wreaths shine ever brighter as the divinity of the Maker expands. Thou shalt look through the window of God's habitation, and see passing before thee the great panorama of life, exhibited by the Great Eternal. Foremost in the drama at the gateway of life, commences the mammoth ladder of Progression, the winding and intricate mazes of which, will carry us to the end of time. Behold, O man, thyself. Look at the first development of thy mental faculties. Away down in the scale of being commences the unfolding of thy high destiny. Thy puerile mind can not as yet grasp the mighty truths, the broad principles which lie slumbering calmly on the bosom of Nature, ready to clasp the in their arms, and entwine themselves around thy very existence, shielding thee from the rude blasts of time honored prejudices, and lynx-eyed superstition. Thou drawest from physical objects only thy knowledge. Thy spiritual nature is not yet unfolded to recognize the impressions made upon it by its spiritual surroundings. Thy reasoning faculties are as yet veiled in darkness; the light of inspiration has not yet beamed on thy soul. This glorious sun with all its meridian splendor has not yet filled thy entire being with its scintillations of divine light. Thy intuitive perceptions have not yet been opened, the fountain of intuitive knowledge has not yet been unsealed. Its refreshing draughts have not yet regaled thy aspiring soul with that pure light and heavenly wisdom it contains; but let us pass on to another scene in the drama.

Behold, O man, thyself. On thy brow sits reason, enthroned and taking cognizance of passing events. Reason, that mighty power which in the last scene was veiled in darkness, begins to shine forth as a bright light. As yet thou reasonest only of physical objects. Thy spiritual has not yet attained to a degree of development, to recognize with the spiritual sight. As yet thou hast no conception of spirituality. The sympathetic cord which binds all Nature with a common tie and holds it in perfect harmony with itself, has not yet been presented before thy vision. As yet, thine ear catches not the sweet music that thrills through Nature; thine eye perceives not the enrapturing scenery displayed in all the grandeur and sublimity of Nature; thy soul responds not to the heavenly whispers of love that greet us on every hand. And dost thou query why? I answer: Because that bright spiritual nature has not yet been unfolded to perceive those high and glorious beauties. Thou hast not yet felt the sympathetic union of soul with soul, and the sweet magic of its power blending them together, nor the union of soul with Nature. Thou hast not yet seen on earth a mother with unbounded love for her offspring, nor in Nature a father, whose wisdom is infinite, and whose laws are eternal, and that above all and through all and in all, is God.

But let us pause. Draw aside the curtain, and man behold again thyself at another stage of thy development; at another round of the ladder. Trace with thine own eyes the light of inspiration reflected from God. Behold the child reveling amid the beauties of nature, all unconscious of the treasures contained therein. Behold thyself in all the innocence of childhood's fairy hours; the bright sunshine of happiness beaming on thy glowing countenance and animating thy childish form with the rare tint of health. The Divine shines forth with an undimmed lustre and sheds a halo around thy pathway; thy infantile mind is not yet bound by the narrow creeds of sectarianism; the bonds of superstition and prejudice have not yet stained thy spirit, nor the dark pall of bigotry hung o'er thy head; thine outgushing heart hath not yet become seared by the rude blasts of the world. But thou roamest an artless child of Nature, guileless and unsuspecting, a human blossom in the great Sahara of Conventionalism, subject to the withering Simoon of relentless slander. As yet thy soul has not expanded to receive the sublime teachings of Nature, or commune with it in thy spirit, but in that thou canst comprehend thou enjoyest full satisfaction unmarred by the intervening monster, public opinion, and even thy childish soul is ever aspiring to something higher, something nobler. But let us ascend another round of the ladder. Behold thy reason, grasping with mighty principles; witness the struggle of light with darkness, as reason and intuition seemingly conflict. But, behold at last the mighty conquest of intuitive wisdom. See reason bending before her sway, and she bears the palm of victory triumphantly. Her genial atmosphere softens the stern features of reason, and she is ab-olute. Look around thyself, and trace the connecting link that binds thee to thy earthly progenitors. Behold the harmonial law that rules the universe and unites all nature in one common family. Ah! behold thy yearning soul grasping eagerly after the mines of knowledge contained in the handiworks of God. Thou seest in all nature the Omnipotent, the Omnipresent and Omniscient—the "Father of Spirits," the fountain of wisdom, the source of light,—the infinite. Thou seest in thyself a part of nature, possessing the same elements of thy mother earth; possessing the knowledge of thy Father. Thou seest thyself an individuality, differing throughout from any other individuality, and yet allied to them by the nearest ties of consanguinity. Trace the progress of thy spirit, as round after round thou ascendest. Thou seest in thyself a universe in miniature, possessing all the divinity below thee, and acknowledging the relationship therewith, and thou art equal with the Father. Behold what a rich inheritance he has bequeathed to thee. Thou art heir to his illimitable dominions. Contemplate the broad field of unexplored thought, spreading far out through the winding mazes of eternity; the vast mines of unexplored knowledge wherein to enrich thy greedy soul; the mighty treasures of unsurpassed wisdom which unseal mysteries and reveal to the human soul the great laboratory of nature,—the great fountain of inspiration that regales the soul with sublimity and reverence, and fills it with inexplicable love, and by the vibration of that sympathetic cord which extends throughout all nature, brings it in communion with angels. Contemplate the refreshing draughts of spiritual communion; the soul enrapturing ecstacy of holy converse; with God the Father. Oh man! words are inadequate to portray the vivid beauties of sublime imagery pictured to my vision. If every man could feel his own importance; could see in himself the type of Deity; could make that his standard, could look to the present for his reward, the dark veil of uncertainty and doubt would be forever lifted from his brow. Child of earth, arise and look about thee! Shake off the rust of the dark ages from thy garments! Draw the misty veil of darkness from thine eyes and expose the hidden core of ages! Dive deep into the mysteries of antiquity, and by the light of inspiration, look through the penumbra of the present, and behold thy glorious progress, as new principles are evolved, and become incorporated with thy very existence; disperse the dark cloud of ignorance and superstition that is lowering upon thy head like a black pall, to enshroud thee in gloom with the light of thy spiritual sun, the centre of thy being; break the cords that would bind thy spirit, and mar its progress in its upward flight; burst asunder the bands of conservatism, and be free! Respond to the higher promptings of thy nature, and bask in the smiles of reciprocal love; recognize the sweet union of thy spirit with other existences around thee. No more dost thou see thyself an isolated being, repulsed by a cold unfriendly world—the purest emotions of thy soul crushed in the bud and doomed to wither but not to die; but thou hast the soul cheering evidence that thou art a social being, endowed with all the faculties of thy Father, and capable of enjoying all the happiness which they can give. Thou feelest the union with other sympathetic souls around thee, and thou drinkest the sweets of congenial companionship. Thou canst commune with all nature. Thou seest in the creations below thee the same elements of thy nature, and on a plane with thee are all thy brothers. Thou seest in the whole human family a pledge of love and wisdom, between earth and nature. Thy spiritual nature has become lit up by the fires of intuition, and thou seest the mighty principles of spiritual sympathy that unite all nature and holds it spell bound with its magic charm, and being brought en rapport with that principle, thy spirit communes with all; yea, even with God the great I AM. Thou sittest on the same throne with thy Father, and he has bequeathed to thee His Omnipotence. Oh, man, arise and claim the inheritance! take it from the hand of thy Father and revel in its sublimities!

Farmersville, N. Y.

EXPLANATORY.

Interesting Communication from F. H. Smith, of Baltimore.

Something will be expected from me by your readers in reply to the doubts expressed by Mr. Benton.

These communications coming from those who lived centuries ago, mark my development as something peculiar—I have heard of nothing like it, and to no one is it a greater wonder than myself. But the manner in which they come is like that of any other impressional medium; my development having so far progressed that the dial is now but little used. Two or three words only are given in advance of the pen; with the third finger of my left hand kept all the while in tremulous motion, which stops instantly if a wrong word is written, but goes on again when corrected. This it is that assures me my mind has nothing to do with it. I hold the pen—nothing more. Here where I have been known for forty years, my honesty needs no endorsement.

And now let me explain what seems an enigma to many—the horrors encountered by some of those spirits. But let it be understood, these pertain only to those who lived corrupt lives while on earth. The pure and good are welcomed by their bright friends, conducted to a bower prepared for their reception, and happiness alone is theirs. Few, very few, however, enter at once into bliss. Nearly all have some sins to repent of, some errors to bemoan. These remain in the "garden"—as it is termed—while faithful memory brings up every act of theirs, long since forgotten; every wrong done to another; every good that might have been accomplished but neglected; all, all come up in fearful remembrance, and so continues until the fire of conscience, kindled by remorse, has consumed each sin. Then all suffering ends; progression has begun, and lies onward and upward before their astonished gaze forever and forever. Such are the teachings I receive from my angel friends.

Some time ago, being completely overwhelmed by a picture of horrors, such as you have recently published, I turned to my grandfather for explanation, and asked him to describe sinner's condition on entering the Spirit World. He replied:

"When a dark spirit comes here, he is thrown into a deep sleep, in which he sees all the most horrid sights that can harrow the soul. He sees beasts of the most disgusting kind, lizards, snakes, huge serpents, and creeping things; and all because he corrupted his mind with vices that correspond with such animals. All these visions are realities to him. He continues in this sleep for some time, according in length to the degree of his corruption.

After he awakes, he finds himself on an extended plane, filled with dark beings—all as dark as himself. They soon discover him to be a new comer, and rush upon him, dragging him by the hair, yelling, shrieking, howling—discord reigning everywhere—until he finds himself agonized with fright. Before he can be received into the society of even these devils in human shape, he must become as great a devil as any of them, after which he is ready to torment all who come from earth as dark as himself, and he becomes the damned soul that seldom finds a moment's peace.

At length he comes to his senses, and begins to feel some pangs of remorse; becomes penitent, and cries to God for mercy. Directly an angel causes his garments to become less dark, and hope finds a lodgment in his breast. After he has been for some time earnestly seeking God, more light is given him, and gradually he progresses into happiness.

Every resting place is a sphere; in every sphere, many conditions—many different states of development and degrees of progression. Every spirit is developing to a higher grade, and every position places him beyond his former state. He is ever developing higher, and never ceases to advance."

Some time after this, a poor wretch, after describing a series of horrors, enough to curdle the blood while hearing it, seems to have been instructed in this matter, for he added:

"What I have just given, you are to suppose a reality to me, and imagine yourself witnessing what I have described. It caused me to suffer all the same as if those events actually occurred, and such is the condition of every bad man and bad woman that comes here, and all tell of it as things that really took place. It is precisely what one suffers in *delirium tremens*. The suffering is intense, but you know the imagined horrors have no reality. All that I have described was seen during a sleep that I was subjected to, and on waking, all those terrible scenes were gone.

I then found myself attended by an immense throng of people, very dark in their garments, and repulsive in their appearance. You can have but a faint idea of what those spirits were. Imagine the vilest creatures the world ever produced, practiced in all the corruptions of which man is capable, and in open rebellion against all that is good; here they were, all concentrated in one vast assembly, striving to become more wicked, more debased. You can have no idea what we suffer from remorse. I have been in the deepest hell, and have witnessed agonies, the thought of which would cause you to shrink in horror. God help me—I cannot even now think of it without a shudder. The extremest mental agony is our constant condition. Gladly would we take in exchange all of physical torture that can be conceived.

You are sincere in what you teach about progression, but however confident you may be of its truth, I cannot apply it to myself; that I cannot, may be a part of my present punishment, and we all know how fearful is despair. But such is my condition. I admit this is not the case with all. I have seen many who were as dark as myself pass on to higher realms, and then come back to teach us how to progress.

You may say this is conclusive against my position: that God has no peculiar people, and if mercy be extended to one, it is offered to all. I admit the force of the argument, but what can I do? I have listened to you with the deepest attention, have drank in every word, and would gladly believe in and profit by what you teach, but I cannot—I cannot. Bright spirits, too, have exhausted all their arguments and teachings upon me in vain. God help me!—I almost fear He has forgotten me."

Having received a long and deeply interesting communication from one who after the lapse of sixty years was still suffering intensely from remorse, I expressed my astonishment at this, for judging by others who had given me their histories, I should have supposed he had reached a happy state. My grandfather replied:

"You do not know how difficult it is for one to change his corrupt nature. This man will probably remain as he is for very many years. He listened to all you had to say, and endeavored to profit by it, and intellectually, perhaps, he believed every word, and yet it made but little impression, for his corruption is so great, and his depravity beyond conception. As to the length of time, let me tell you there are those here who have been dark spirits for centuries, and may be for centuries to come."

I here remarked that the sufferings of these dark spirits seem to be much alike—differing only in their order. All encounter this mass of dark beings and are surrounded by them; they are the serpent, the vermin, etc., as though ordered by some intelligence. Can you give any explanation of this?"

"You have asked a question which none here can answer. We know that each one opens his eyes upon a wasted plane; finds himself surrounded by a crowd of infuriated beings; is crushed in the coils of a huge serpent; is torn in pieces by wild beasts; stifled in a filthy pool, choked by masses of vermin, or stung by insects; strangled in a morass, and many other things, differing in detail, but alike in horror—realities to him, but not so in fact. How and by what power or intelligence all this is governed, we know not. Then commences his real life, with all such horrors of remorse as many have described."

For the Religo-Philosophical Journal.

From Mrs. J. L. Philbrick to Her Husband—Miss Stevens of Montpelier, Vt., Medium.

Thank God for his great goodness to me and to all his children, in making that blessed and immutable law by which spirits,—dwellers of another sphere, can return and commune with their friends and loved ones who yet linger in the sphere of mortals. Dear husband, no words that I can pen or speak can express the joy and gratitude I feel, to think that one so unworthy as I, can have that blessed privilege of returning to earth once more, and uttering the language of my heart. Mortal language is too imperfect. I cannot find words in its whole vocabulary to express *one half* the deep joy and gladness of my soul for this blessed, though not unexpected privilege, of being able to control the brain of one in the form, and writing to you, through the instrumentality of another, all that my heart prompts me to say.

Last night I could not find utterance to tell you, or say what I wished. I could only tell you by my motions, and but imperfectly by them, of my great love for you, and the nearness of myself to you. Oh! truly I am with you every day of your weary life, striving to scatter pearls and roses in thy pathway; and thank God that after trying so long, I have been able to bring you to the blessed fount of life's eternal form, where your thirsty soul may drink its fill, and your hungering spirit may eat of the manna of life, and be satisfied.

And now, my own precious darling, I wish to speak of some things that are on your mind, and of which, on account of my imperfect control of the medium, and of my own agitation at being allowed to come, I could not tell you what I wished. It was in regard to marrying again. You ask, if you should marry another, if I could still think and feel that you were all to me that you are now, and I answer—*Yes*; for I know that your heart is large, and by taking another to dwell in some nook of it, would not crowd me from my queenship there; for I know that your soul responds unto mine, and mine to yours, as the loving soul *ever responds* unto that soul's true spirit mate. And I know that human hearts need human sympathy, and human love and maternal or bodily magnetism calls for corresponding magnetism of the opposite sex. But, my husband, pause awhile and look around you; for though the lady you have in your mind's eye, now, if any, as the one to take her place in your heart, was and *is* a friend, and a dear friend, too, you may find some one far better fitted to fill that place than she. Looking around, my husband, with my spiritual perceptions quickened, and unclothed of their mortal obstructions and darkness, I can see, my husband, what is for your good better than you, and is better adapted to your needs, than you, you being yet obliged to see through your mortal organism; and O, darling! trust in me—I will help you; and if, when I see the time has come for you to take another into that unfurnished chamber in your heart, I am unable to draw you together by the magnetism of my presence, with both, I will, by either written or verbal communication, tell you my wishes. I thought I would express my thoughts to you in poetry, but I had so much to say to you, and I saw it would meet your need better to be written in prose, so I've so given it. Oh! my own darling, my heart *aches* with its wealth of love for you, and my selfishness cries out passionately sometimes for your presence here, but a gentle monitor touches my shoulder, an earnest, loving look into mine, mutely asking—Is it right? and instantly the passion is settled and my better nature resumes its sway, and I know that it is not right to feel so; but my heart is so full, sometimes, of its old human love and selfishness, that I cannot repress those feelings. But I have the gentlest, tenderest guides and advisers. It seems so strange, that one so unworthy, and little, in comparison with others, should be admitted into the society of such advanced spirits, of such glorious truths and knowledge; and to think that they should care so much for me, as to admit me as a learner or pupil into their grand school of love and progress. And oh! to find what I always believed to be true is indeed so—that spirits can return to earthly friends and communicate with them.

It is one of the grandest manifestations of God's love to his children, that I have yet seen for, from it springs every good and noble aspiration and motive, which brings about such glorious results from a strict adherence to those aspirations, and which are innate in the soul of man; but which alas! are often choked down by the rank weeds of error and misuse. But an angel's eye can read the inmost depths of man's soul, and he knows that the spark of divinity and goodness, which is inherent in every one, only wants the weeds which hinder its development and growth torn away, that it may spring into great beauty and happiness; and with gentle fingers he touches the harp strings of the human heart, and sends its sweet notes vibrating, and trembling through every chamber of his soul, until his inner or better nature responds in one glad outburst of welcome, and he rises superior to his sensuous instincts and the world, and stands on the pedestal that God designed him to occupy in the beginning. And all this is done, my husband, by the means of spirit influence, mental telegraphy and spirit intercourse; and I am granted the privilege, too, of returning and communicating with you and others. It is indeed something sweet to think of, for both you and me; and though I sometimes long for your presence here, yet above everything, I desire your best good, and I know it is best for you to stay in the form till your work on earth is accomplished, and so I want you to stay and know that I and our babe are with you every day, with my heart full of love that has been intensified and purified by my transition from a mortal to an immortal sphere, and throw down my influence upon you to make you a better and nobler man. Now, my time is almost up, and I must wait until another time to tell you more. Now I must express my thanks to this young lady, who kindly laid by her own feeling of delicacy, and permitted me to give some token of my love for you through her organism last night. God bless her. She is a true sister and friend.

Now, my husband, my pleasant duty is ended. And this is but the beginning of many communications I hope to give you through her and others. I will leave you the influence of a spirit kiss from me and our "*baby Johnny*." The angels will keep you, darling, and I will watch over you and for you. Meet often with these dear friends for my sake.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

Wonderful Manifestations Through a Little Girl—Low Order of Spirits.

BY H. A. EASTLAND.

Some of the most singular occurrences have transpired in this vicinity ever witnessed by me. About three months ago, a young girl, the daughter of D'Loss Lyon, formerly a resident of Richland County Wis., now living west of the Kickapoo river in the county of Crawford, was seized upon by a strange influence, which controlled her thoughts and directed her movements to such an extent that her parents called her crazy. She would go for six or seven days in succession without food or sleep. At times her eyes would roll back in her head and become fixed; her muscles rigid and inflexible; again she would have no pulse, would cease to breathe, become cold and apparently lifeless and remain in this condition from one to three hours. She would be thrown into convulsions, seize her hair, pulling it with violence and when restrained would bite her lips and do other injuries to herself as she could. The whole country became to her visible; she saw, heard and knew all that was passing, read the thoughts and intentions of those around, and nothing was hidden from her search. She was profane in her language, using the most horrid oaths with the aptness of a sailor.

Upon one occasion as her father stepped before her to restrain her oaths, she cursed him to his face, and turning to her sister, exclaimed, "We'll kill him, G——d——n him, we'll kill him."

She conversed at will with a young man (invisible to others), whom she described as one of great beauty, who dictated to her and whose dictation she was forced to obey. If she made any resistance, she was fearfully handled by this intelligence; thrown into convulsions, and not unfrequently reduced to a state of insensibility. The ablest physicians were consulted and medicines administered, but to no purpose. Her parents thought her possessed of devils and began to despair of her recovery, when her father, while searching for help, was by some cause directed to Richland Center. He called at my house and stated to me the condition of his daughter, expressing belief that she could live but a few days. I counseled him at once to procure the services of Mr. B. H. Thomas, a resident of Richland Center, who is mediumistic and highly clairvoyant, and is rapidly being developed as a healing medium. He was sent for. Upon coming into the presence of Mr. Lyon, he went under spirit influences, and in a state of unconsciousness, explained to Mr. Lyon, the cause of his daughters illness, the manner in which she was exercised, the peculiar manifestations and alarming symptoms, with a fullness and particularity that convinced Mr. Lyon, though an unbeliever in Spiritualism, that his daughter's case was clearly seen and well understood; that she was not possessed of devils, but by a spirit of the lower order.

Mr. Lyon returned home full of hope and expectation; sent his daughter in company with her sister to Richland Center and placed her under the care of Mr. Thomas. The conflict that took place as I passed with Mr. Thomas into the presence of the girl, I shall never forget. She was immediately seized by the spirit or intelligence controlling her; her eyes were fixed in her head; her hands clenched in her hair; and her whole appearance so terrible, it was evident that a desperate struggle was about to ensue. Mr. Thomas was at once taken possession of by the spirits, and commenced manipulating the girl, apparently for some time, with little effect. At length the muscles of her face began to relax, her countenance to change, and the control of Thomas was evident. Again she was seized, every nerve and muscle was wrought up to its highest capacity, and her hands so swollen that it seemed as though the rings would burst from her fingers, and thus for hours the conflict continued, until at length the spirit controlling the girl began to yield. She then placed her hands in the attitude of prayer, and her lips moved as though pleading for the spirit—perhaps as of old, "If Thou cast us out suffer us to go into the herd of swine." A long conversation followed in which the lips of both Thomas and the girl were seen to move, but no voice was heard from her. Thomas could occasionally be heard to say, back, back, as he shook his head and beckoned away, as though driving some one from his presence.

At length Thomas gained full control; the countenance of the girl assumed its natural cheerfulness, and she saw and conversed with other spirits. She is still controlled by Thomas, clothed in her right mind, eats, sleeps and exercise as in former times of health.

Fatalism or the Doctrine of Necessity.

BY DAVID ALLEN.

Fatalism lies at the base or foundation of all physical and spiritual existence, change, revolution and progress. Fatalism is as high as heaven, and as low as hell, and as deep as divinity and as broad as the universe. Whatever there was in the past, was as it was, fate; and whatever there is in the present is, as it is, fate; and whatever there is to be in the coming future, will become as it will be, fate. What there has been in the past, has become parent of what the present is, and will become grandparent of what the future will become. And what there is in the present, has become child of what the past has been, and will become parent of what the future will become; and what there is to be in the coming future, will become child of what the present is, and grandchild of what the past has been. What there has been in the past, has become a producing cause of what the present is, and first producing cause of what the future will become. And what there is in the present, has become an effect of what the past has been, and will become a producing cause of what the future will become. And what ever there is to be in the coming future, will become, from what the present is and past has been. There is potency or significance in all things. There is impotency and insignificance in any thing only relatively and comparatively. Fatalism is a synonym, or representative of law, causation, condition and circumstances.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

Interesting Letter From O. S. Abbott.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Santa Barbara, on the Pacific Coast in latitude thirty-four degrees and 30 minutes, is entirely protected from the Northern winds of Winter by the Santa Yuca range of mountains, three miles back from the town. The county of the same name is one hundred and twenty miles long, sixty wide, and its surface is covered with mountains and lovely valleys, the bottom lands of which are more fertile than those of the Wabash or the Mississippi. They are private property, held under Mexican grants, called Ranches, containing from one to eleven square leagues, formerly sold at nominal prices, and are now in the market at from two to ten dollars per acre. When owned by Americans, subdivided sold and settled by enterprising people, these same acres will sell at from twenty-five to one hundred dollars; covered with fruit trees and vines, from that to one thousand, and will pay good interest on a larger sum.

Those who need these beautiful lands, and have the patience to cultivate and improve them, can only make such vast purchases by combining their capital, and purchasing together, after which subdivide, form a colony,—each take his portion, settle the valley and form a community of their own. A company is now being organized with a view of making such a purchase, in which each invests whatever he chooses and receives land in proportion.

So far as we know, the climate of these valleys is the most even and lovely in the world. Here the mercury is seldom above ninety, not often above eighty-five, and generally ranges at all from sixty to eighty. Frost is rarely seen, and snow never, except on the tops of the high mountains. Winter is the most charming portion of the year.

We have eternal Summer, and the only change, is the alternation of the wet and the dry seasons.

Our flower gardens are always in bloom; and our last Christmas dinner table was supplied with new sweet, and Irish potatoes, ripe watermellons, mush mellons, green corn, green beans, ripe tomatoes, green apple sauce, fresh figs, new beets, raddishes, lettuce, pomegranates and lemons, fresh from the garden. A beautiful boquet containing roses, apple, lemon and many other blossoms, blessed the occasion with their fragrance.

The dry season usually commences in June and continues six or seven months, during which time the aqueous blessings of heaven, only fall in homœpathic doses.

Although there are few clouds during this portion of the year, the atmosphere is hazy so that the rays of a vertical sun have no injurious effect on vegetation, and extracts little moisture from the soil. Irrigation, for agricultural purposes, is only resorted to where it is desired to raise crops out of season. Our best soil retains moisture to such an extraordinary extent that it is preferable to plow and plant corn, beans, and other crops requiring like cultivation, after the last rain, to prevent the germination of weeds, and they require little or no further attention until harvest.

The rainy season usually commences in Dec., and the gentle showers sprout the grass, soften the ground, and wake up Mother Earth from her six months' slumber. Soon the plows are running, the fields are green, the cattle are in the clover, the birds are singing, and all Nature seems happy and gay. Like your May and June, this is the lovliest portion of the year. The rain-fall is said to average about fourteen inches per annum,—just enough and not a drop squandered in leaching out the soluble parts of the soil; and this is the reason why vegetation grows so luxuriantly. We can spend these months more comfortably in tents, than Eastern people can in brick houses.

The soil is a mixture of sand, clay and vegetable mould, and varies remarkably in the proportions of its constituent parts. It works easily and yields when cultivated to advantage,—at least twice as much from the same labor as can be expected from the Eastern States.

On the coast we do not yet succeed in raising wheat, but back of the first range of mountains it can be produced fifty bushels per acre, and seventy-five will be no extraordinary yield. In 1878, Mr. Bristol raised two thousand bushels of corn from twenty acres, and his barley last season averaged seventy-five; fourteen acres of which, yielded a little more than fourteen hundred bushels. Other crops yield about in proportion. A beet in my garden is bigger around than a nail keg, probably twice as long, and still growing. Our produce can be shipped on the ocean without the assistance or tariff of railroads, and at almost nominal expense, can be offered in the best sea port markets of the world. Our beef is slaughtered from the field at all seasons. This country formerly noted for the exportation of hides and tallow, occupied by thousands of cattle, slaughtered annually to furnish these commodities, and worth on foot with pasture lands thrown in, not to exceed a dollar per head, was formerly the exclusive home of a people who were principally occupied in catching, branding calves, and slaughtering stock.

Earthquakes few and far between, although terrific, are probably not more than one-tenth as destructive as lightning in the East. Lightning-rods and mad-stones are never seen here, and never will be, unless in a museum as a curiosity. The water is excellent; change of temperature slow; evaporation slight, and vicinity remarkably healthy. The people are mostly Eastern,—liberal, enterprising, educated and refined.

This county will eventually be noted for the production of the orange, lemon, lime, olive, almond, English walnut, prune and grape; five acres of which, will be a fortune for a poor man. From the following facts, those who are interested, can make their own calculations. Judge Fernald has a nine year old olive tree that produces twenty dollars' worth per annum. Mr. Forebush sold thirty dollars' worth of almonds from one tree in 1868. Orange trees in the adjoining county, pay from twenty to sixty dollars per annum. Although young, the trees yield from one to twenty-five hundred, estimated always by count. Lemons and limes yield about the same. From one to two hundred trees of the above varieties, can be set to the acre. The English walnut, like the black walnut, is a much larger tree; and when bearing, is said to yield anually from fifty to one hundred dollars worth of nuts.

Persons intending to emigrate to this country, and wishing further information, can obtain it by addressing the undersigned with stamped envelope re-directed, inclosed.

O. S. ABBOTT.

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Pacific Fast Line	10:45 a. m.	3:25 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	‡11:00 p. m.	‡7:00 a. m.
Dixon Passenger	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.
Freeport Line.		
Freeport Passenger	*9:00 a. m.	*2:00 p. m.
Freeport Passenger	*9:45 p. m.	*3:00 p. m.
Rockford, Elgin, Fox River and State Line	*4:00 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:45 a. m.
Lombard Accommodation	*6:10 p. m.	*6:50 a. m.
Wisconsin Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street.		
Mail Passenger	10:00 a. m.	7:15 p. m.
Night Passenger	*5:00 p. m.	5:30 a. m.
Janesville Accommodation	*3:00 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
Woodstock Accommodation	5:30 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
Milwaukee Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie streets.		
Day Express	*9:45 a. m.	*10:45 a. m.
Rosehill, Calvary and Evanston	*1:30 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Afternoon Express	*5:00 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
Kenosha Accommodation	*4:15 p. m.	9:10 a. m.
Waukegan Accommodation	*5:25 p. m.	8:40 a. m.
Waukegan do	*6:10 p. m.	*8:10 a. m.
Milwaukee Accommodation	*11:00 p. m.	5:45 a. m.

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Night Express	4:30 p. m.	*9:10 a. m.

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Special N Y Express	*6:00 a. m.	*10:00 p. m.
Pacific Express (daily)	4:45 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
Night Express	*‡9:00 p. m.	†*6:30 a. m.
Detroit Line.		
Day Express via Adrian	*8.00 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
Night " " "	*‡9:00 p. m.	*†6:30 a. m.

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Fast Line	4:45 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
Night Express	9:00 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	4:50 p. m.	8:40 a. m.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Cairo Mail	*6:30 a. m.	*9.30 p. m.
Cairo Express	†9:30 p. m.	*8:20 a. m.
Keokuk Day Passenger	*8:30 a. m.	*9.30 p. m.
Keokuk Night Passenger	*9.30 p. m.	*6:30 a. m.
On Saturdays this train will leave at	4:50 p. m.	
Champaign Passenger	*4:10 p. m.	*9:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*6:20 a. m.	*7:45 a. m.
" " " "	*8:05 a. m.	*9:30 a. m.
" " " "	*12:10 p. m.	*1:40 p. m.
" " " "	*3:00 p. m.	*5:15 p. m.
" " " "	*6:10 p. m.	*7:55 p. m.
(St. Louis through trains.)		
Day Express	*8:30 a. m.	*9:30 p. m.
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Hinsdale Accommodation	*12:30 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
Afternoon Passenger	*3:30 p. m.	*9:50 p. m.
Aurora Passenger	*5:30 p. m.	*8:35 p. m.
Hinsdale Accommodation	*6:00 a. m.	*7:15 p. m.
Night Express	†11:30 p. m.	†6:00 a. m.

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Columbus Night Express	†7:45 p. m.	

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Night Express	‡9:00 p. m.	*6:30 a. m.
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Frontier Department.

BY.................................. E. V. WILSON.

Notice to Correspondents and Others.

All letters, papers and matter for us or the Frontier Department, must be addressed to E. V. Willson, Lombard, Dupage County, Illinois.

Our Tour Through Michigan, Illinois and Iowa.—No. 9.

Nov. 1st, 1869.—"Westward ho!" At 9 o'clock this morning, we found ourself in the depot of the Michigan Central R. R. Being too late to take the morning train for Lombard, our home, we gravitated toward the office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, the standard bearer of Spiritualism in the West; but when we reached room 8, number 192 South Clark street, instead of finding the usual company of editors and compositors, we found a well furnished room, occupied by ladies. Being bashful, and always afraid of the women, we blushed, stammered, stumbled into our apology backed out, and left the angels in their bower. At the foot of the stairs, halting in meditative mood, we reflected thusly: Strange rumors are abroad, the Rostrum has gone into the Universe, the Universe is going to New York, as a New Year's gift. The Present Age is coming to Chicago, and the Journal has left room 8, 192 South Clark street. Then for the first time, we learned that the Journal had been born again, gone up higher, into a new sphere and new quarters, has crossed the "shining street," and could be found in an upper sphere, 189 South Clark Street. Away we went, and soon found ourself in the editorial department, neat, tidy, clean and pleasant. We like it. It is spiritual and all is well.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., we are on the cars, bound for home. Arrive at 5½ P. M. Found all well. Had a romp with Susie and Willie.

Nov. 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, we lectured in McHenry, Ill. Gave some tests, but do not think we did as well as usual. Among the tests given, one was of so marked a character that we refer to it. To a stranger we said:

"Life with you has been a failure—always a failure. Whatever you have undertaken has proved a failure."

We then detailed many incidents of the past, all of which proved true.

Friday, Nov. 5th—We left for home, remaining for four-and-twenty hours with Mary and the little ones. Found all well.

Saturday, Nov. 6th—Left for Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the 10:15 fast train, over the N. W. R. R. Arrived Sunday morning, Nov. 7th, and found ourself at home in the quiet house of I. L. Childs and lady, true and good Spiritualists. Long shall we remember the very pleasant time passed in their quiet home. We were greeted in the morning with a good house of attentive listeners, and in the evening the hall was crowded full. We gave three readings.

No. 1—To Mr. Smith we said, "At ten years of age you are nearly killed by a runaway team," minutely describing the affair. "At seventeen, you are rescued from drowning. There are four of you together. It is a close rub," fully describing the place and parties. "At twenty, you take upon yourself the responsibilities of a man. You are opposed, but triumph. You succeed, and that too, against the opinions of others. At 24, you enter into a change that affects you socially, locally and pecuniarily. This is one of the marked events of your life. At thirty-three, you and yours are in sorrow. There is sickness and death in the house. Your house is full of sorrow. Finally, 13, 12 and 11 years ago, a plot is laid to ruin you, and nearly accomplished. You are not yet fully recovered from its effects." We then fully described the parties.

Mr. Smith arose, turning to an old lady by his side, saying;

"Is he right?"

"Yes," said the wife, then turning to the audience, he said:

"It is wonderful, and the best reading I ever had, and I have had several. I am surprised."

Charley B. was next called for, and read with same success as Mr. S.

Monday, Nov. 8th.—Gave a seance at night. Two hundred souls present. Gave many fine tests.

No. 1.—Potter Christ, an old man who believes he will go up bodily to heaven,—will never taste death. Claims to be the son of God, and has a paper written in Hebrew by the Jews, and delivered to him by the angel Gabriel, of all which we knew nothing until after reading him, and yet we found all of these peculiarities in his nature. So correct was the reading of this old eccentric, that the people said with one accord, "It is Potter Christ he is reading."

We saw his daughter, who died long ago.

No. 2.—A lady, on challenge. We gave a diagnosis of her physical condition, which proved correct.

No. 3.—Dr. W. We gave a careful reading of this man. Saw the destruction of his home by a Rebel Major—the death of his children. The Doctor approved all that was said.

No. 4.—By A. A. Smith there stood a spirit who gave his name as Joseph Smith, the Mormon, and said:

"Brother Smith, why do I find you here? Why have you left our cause?"

This was before we heard the name of A. A. Smith. We were asked to describe Joseph, and did, so correctly that several in the audience identified him who had known him. Mr. Smith said:

"It is correct. I was once a Mormon, and for good and sufficient reasons, am not one now."

These are but few of the many fine tests given on this occasion.

Tuesday, Nov. 9th.—We went to Brownsville, Nebraska. Lectured there on the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th. Our lectures were well attended, and many fine tests given; but on the whole, the lectures in B. were not equal to those given in other places. Our numbers were on the increase there, and Spiritualism certainly has a strong hold in Brownsville.

Saturday, Nov. 13th—Returned to Council Bluffs. Dined at Hamburgh, on the St Joseph and Council Bluffs R. R. Had cold meat, cold vegetables, cold muddy coffee, dirty table cloth, slow dirty waiters, cold room—paid a dollar for it. Went away satisfied with the fact that it was a cold, dirty place. The railroad is a good one, and the conductor and servants of the road well behaved men, treating their patrons well. But the Company should look to this dining establishment at Hamburgh.

Sunday, Nov. 14th.—Lectured morning and evening to crowded houses, in fact, the seats were all taken and many were standing. We saw the following spirits while lecturing, all of which were fully identified:

1st.—A lawyer, whom we fully described.

2nd.—A woman came, with a little child in her arms. Said she died in child-birth, giving her age, and when she died.

No. 3.—A murdered man came and told of his death, which proved true.

Monday, Nov. 15th.—Gave a seance at night, and notwithstanding it rained quite hard, we had one hundred and fifty men and women out. A challenge was given to read the character of such men and women as might be chosen by a committee. This was accepted, and resulted in a triumph, giving many fine tests, among which, we said, to one of the men chosen by the committee:

"There is a spirit with you—an old negro, and he says, "You are right; the man you suspected of the offense, committed the act, and was my poor boy.""

This was a remarkable test. Some months ago, this man's house was entered in the night, a crime attempted, but foiled in its results by timely alarm. A young negro was suspected, tried, but got clear, and yet the old father accused him from Spirit Life.

We gave many other points, reading and incidents during the evening, most of which were approved. Thus far our lectures have been a success; and the Spirit World is with us, and all is well.

Council Bluffs will be THE city of Iowa, and as a railroad terminus, possesses advantages not found in any other city of the State. Here the U. P. begins, and the C. N. W. Iowa Division ends. The C. R. I. and P., the C. B. G. via the B. and M., and H. and St. Joseph, the Mo. and C. B. all terminate, besides several proposed routes. The Illinois Central will ultimately terminate here.

Our Appointments.

Our appointments for February, 1870, are as follows:

At Vineland, N. J., Feb. 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

Troy, N. Y., Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays—Feb. 5th, 6th, 7th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 26th, 27th, 28th.

Binghampton, N. Y., on Tuesday, Wednesday, evenings—8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.

Pottsdam, New York, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th.

Center Lisle, N. Y., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,—22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th.

All letters should be directed to me at Troy, N. Y., during the month.

The friends of our cause will govern themselves in accordance with the above notice.

Home and his Wonderful Manifestations

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA

The New York *Times*, in a letter from its London correspondent, gives the outlines and leading statements of a book entitled "Experience in Spiritualism with D. D. Home," by Viscount Adare, with introductory remarks by the Earl of Dunraven. The two "noble authors" are father and son, and the book consists of filial epistles from the illustrious Viscount to his still more illustrious sire, detailing with great minuteness a series of miracles of which Lord Adare and other eminent persons, some of whom are of wide reputation as scholars and authors, were witnesses. The correspondent sheds no other light on Lord Durvan's position as an investigator, than that he long since distinguished himself by his aquisitions in the science of mesmerism, and succeeded Archbishop Whately as President of the London Mesmeric Infirmary. As the book has not been published, but only a few copies printed in purple and gold for distribution among the aristocratic friends of the House of Dunraven, it will be seen that the advertisement of Mr. Home's supernatural powers is got up in the most gilt edged and attractive style. For beside the testimony of its authors, the book places before the public as witnesses, such well-known names as those of Mrs. Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Dr. Elliotson, besides the Master of Linslsay, the Countess de Pomar, and others, the aroma of whose excellencies has not spread over this western Hemisphere, but who, we doubt not, are the unadulterated product of the fifth distillation of the blue blood of England, and very good society indeed. This very fragrant and altogether exclusive testimonial to Spiritualism, declares that Spiritual phenomena have not that hostile attitude toward Christianity which has been sometimes assumed, but, on the contrary, that it has converted some noted Deists to Christians, Unitarians to Trinitarians, and Protestants to Catholics. It recounts thirty-three instances wherein pianos and other heavy objects, including especially Mr. Home himself, were moved across large rooms without any visible means of support or locomotion, at various distances, of from one to ten feet from the floor. In fourteen instances flowers are brought by invisible hands and presented to the assembly. The fragrance is taken from flowers and thrown around the room, and the spirit from alcohol, leaving only the water. Twenty-three times spirit forms are visible. Nine times spirit voices are heard. Mr. Home would pass through solid walls, emerge through a window, horizontally, as if carried, and stand upon nothing in the outer atmosphere. But this was nothing remarkable when compared with the singular lengthenings and contractions of Mr. Home's own person. He would lengthen from his natural height of five feet ten inches to six feet six inches, leaving a space of four inches between his waistcoat and his trousers, and would then contract to five feet. He would elongate young ladies by a symmetrical longitudinal expansion of their persons by some three inches. Whether the ladies came back to their original forms, we do not know, but presume they did—at least in time. Standing against the wall and extending his arms upon it, the witnesses marked the point reached by his finger ends, before and after elongation, and found it nine and a half inches. Materialists, given over as they are to untruth, might have called it ten; but spiritual witnesses, with a tender accuracy, decline to budge beyond nine and a half. Why Mr. Home's arms did not continue to elongate until they could be used as a submarine Atlantic cable, the narrator strictly confining himself, as will be observed, to facts, and venturing no theories, does not say. Finally Mr. Home had the valuable power, for one who deals with spirits of doubtful origin of not only resisting all the influences of fire himself, but enabling all who had faith in him to do likewise. He stirs up the fire in the grate, and laves his countenance in handfuls of the flaming coals as if they were icicles. He placed a large lump of blazing coal on the nearly bald head of Mr. S. C. Hall in the presence of his devoted spouse, and then gathers the silvery locks of the venerable author in a fine pyramid over the glowing coals, with no other result than that, when Mr. Hall next goes through his locks with a fine tooth comb, he finds them powdered with cinders. All who have not faith in Mr. Home are burned in quite the natural way. The book thus describes Mr. Home's operations with fire:

"Walking over to the fireplace he took from thence with his hand a red-hot glowing ember, about the size of a small orange. Mrs. G. (the names are given in full, but I omit those of persons unknown to me, and who might object to publicity), became nervous, fearing that he would request her to take it. He, however, went to Miss D. and said, 'now, if you have sufficient faith let me place this coal in your hand.' She replied, 'I have faith but I cannot overcome the physical dread: pray do not ask me to take it. Home then placed it on the Master of Lindsay's head, but immediately took it, crushed it in his hand, and threw it away because it had become black. But presently he took another red-hot ember from the fire, and, holding it in his hand spoke a few words to Miss D. on the subject of faith. She held out her hand and he placed the coal in it. Miss D. was not in the least burned, and said it felt rather cold, like marble. After allowing it to remain a few seconds, Home took the coal, and requested Miss D. to touch it; she placed her fingers near it, but withdrew them immediately, saying that it burned her. He then placed it in Mr. B's hand. Earl Dunraven adds a note: "I am informed by Miss D. and the Master of Lindsay, that Lord Adare has omitted to state that Mr. Home put this coal between his coat and shirt, under the arm; and that no mark of singing or burning was visible on the shirt."

It would seem that, if all spirits possess such remarkable powers over fire, Milton's hell would not be a very uncomfortable place after all. And it is difficult to see how they can impart to Mr. Home, and Mr. Home to others, greater powers than they themselves possess. We confess, after a careful survey of Mr. Home's field of achievement, that we see nothing left to be desired in his peculiar line. Some doubting Thomases might require him to swallow a half-peck of blazing turpentine, and declare that short of this achievement they would not believe. Some might require an exterior exhibit of his lungs, aorta, stomach and intestines, so as to satisfy themselves by ocular demonstration that the secret of these marvelous powers did not lie in the spontaneous evolution of those phenomena under the reciprocal agency of the nebular hypothesis and the development theory. In a word, we read of Mr. Home's achievements, and we respectfully desist from any attempt to account for them, except through the agency of spirits—pure spirits—taken in liberal potations by all parties before the performance began. If this doesn't account for it, what does?

Convention of Mediums and Speakers.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers will be held at Batavia, N. Y., Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19th and 20th next, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., and holding three sessions each day.

A cordial invitation to attend, is extended to all workers in, and sympathizers with this new angelic dispensation.

Nearly two years have elapsed since, in accordance with a request of angel guardians, the first Convention of this series was called at Batavia. That was a season never to be forgotten by those in attendance, among whom were eighty mediums, whose names, residence and phase of mediumship were recorded. Since that time, similar Conventions have been held at Johnsons Creek, Gowanda, Rochester, Buffalo, Avon and Le Roy, all of which have been seasons of deep interest and permanent good.

These quarterly gatherings have become so embalmed in the affections of participants, that their arrival is anxiously awaited—some making long journeys to be present.

Again, brothers and sisters, we invite you to this spiritual feast. Our Batavia friends also invite us, and will, as far as possible, extend the hospitalities of their homes—and our dear angel guardians, who, with tireless eyes and ceaseless interest embrace their human brotherhood in arms of love, engage to be with us in force on the occasion, to bless by their presence—to instruct by their wisdom, and to fraternize and harmonize by their sympathy and affection.

J. W. Seaver,
P. I. Clum,
Francis Rice. } Committee.

Byron, Jan. 19, 1870.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield lectures in Willimantic, Conn, in Feb; in Vineland, N. J. in March, He will make engagements for the Spring or Summer Months, East or West. He has been holding forth in Lynn, Mass, to large and appreciative audiences. His Address is Ancora, N. J.

Clemens Jones writes, and sends three dollars for subscription to the Journal, from Ironton, but does not give his State. There are several in different States of that name. Please give your State.

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